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ESSENTIALS
— OF —
Elocution
AND Oratory

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ESSENTIALS

DISCARD

OF

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

BY

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DIRECTOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ELOCUTION IN THE COLLEGE OF
MUSIC OF CINCINNATI, AND FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF SACRED
ORATORY IN LANE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

It is the high aim of the Trustees and Faculty of the College of Music of Cincinnati to train the voices of their students according to physiological principles; that health may not be sacrificed; that the vocal organs may be given endurance; and that a quality of voice-expression may be cultivated, whether in speech or in song, that is easy, natural, and agreeable. For a long time, in common with my associates, I have felt the need of a text-book on Vocal and Visible Expression, prepared with these ends in full view. Herein, therefore, lies my apology, if apology be necessary, for throwing another book upon the world.

I would call especial attention to the pages devoted to the Anatomy and Physiology of the vocal organs, and to the chapter on the Mechanism of Respiration, as I believe that a careful study of this portion of the work can but produce excellent results.

A somewhat comprehensive course on Calisthenics I have introduced, because such a drill as recommended here will promote health, will increase the strength of the vocal apparatus, will improve the tone and timbre of the voice, and will add grace and beauty to bodily movements.

In the pages on Gesture I have studied to point out in a form as condensed and as easy of comprehension as

possible, all that the student of Oratory needs to learn from books. Perfection in gesture, and in other modes of visible expression, like perfection in speech, can come only from long and constant practice, and under never-failing watch and correction.

To Phonetics I have given considerable space, believing that a thorough understanding of the different sounds is essential to good reading and good speaking.

I have taken some pains to prepare the pages on Orthoepey, in the hope that the learner may acquire a love for the study of pronunciation that will lead him to proficiency in this department of study. Without accuracy in accentuation and in enunciation, no one will meet with full success in reading or in speaking. As lawyers, physicians, preachers, artists, and scientists may be held justly accountable for the correct pronunciation of words peculiar to their respective professions, so may the orator be held responsible for the correct pronunciation of every word that falls from his lips.

The very important subject, Modulation, I have endeavored to present somewhat to advantage. Suggestions as to the character of thought requiring modulatory method; brief extracts, the reading of which is calculated to cultivate skill in the use of that method; and selections in which the method is questioned, are prominent characteristics, and, I believe, are valuable features of this book.

Drawing from my experience as a teacher of Elocution for several years in Lane Theological Seminary, I have tried to write a chapter on Sacred Oratory that will be of use to students of Theology and to the Ministry as well, thinking

that, perhaps, a few practical suggestions on this subject might be well received.

In the choice and arrangement of the Oratorical Selections I have made an effort to present such a variety that examples for practice, senatorial, dramatic, ethical, descriptive, dialectic, humorous, colloquial, and juvenile, may be easily found.

In fine, it has been my aim to prepare a book on Elocution and Oratory that may serve as a guide to all grades of students who would acquire proficiency in the art of Vocal and Visible Expression, and, at the same time, a work that would contain only that which is true, pure, and practical.

My thanks are due to those authors and publishers who have favored me with contributions, as well as to my friends and colleagues who have been kind enough to give me the benefit of their counsel and assistance during the progress of this work.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

CINCINNATI, August 4, 1888.

TO

DR. JOHN MARTIN CRAWFORD,

CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES AT ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA,

TRANSLATOR OF THE "KALEVALA,"

who so generously and ably revised these pages;
and to all who take an
interest in

THE ART OF SPEECH OR SONG,

THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS VOLUME.

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ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ORATORY is the vocal and visible expression of one's own thoughts. Elocution is the vocal and visible expression of the thoughts of another. Speech is articulate vocal expression. Gesture is visible expression. Good elocution or oratory is the art of putting speech and gesture into harmony with the thought to be expressed.

Both elocution and oratory, therefore, fall legitimately and logically within the province of this book.

The cardinal essentials to good reading and speech are breath, body, voice, intellect, and emotion. When breath, body, and voice are made subservient to the mind; when the mind is made to know what are the demands of thought; when the emotions are in keeping with the character of the thought; when all these forces act in harmony with the requirements of the thought,—then has the Art of Elocution and of Oratory touched its zenith.

Who will say that this is the work of a day, of a month, of a year? Surely graduation is fittingly called Commencement.

The highest mission to which these pages can address themselves is the furnishing of a vocal and physical equipment for the purpose of speech, the greatest gift of God to man.

The body must be trained until it becomes the obedient servant of the mind, to which end Calisthenics is a fundamental step, with gesture as its culmination.

The voice must be given purity, fullness, flexibility, compass, and projectile power, all of which come under the head of Vocal Culture.

The mind must be capable of fully grasping the meaning embodied in the thought. Of what avail is a good voice and a well-trained body if the mind can not comprehend what the voice and body are to express? Intellectual acumen is essential to the broadest success of the reader or speaker. Among many subjects, so far as they relate to the Art of Delivery, the following may be named:

INVENTION—As the art of materializing and crystalizing thought, and discovering suitable dress in which to clothe it.

ETYMOLOGY—As one of the greatest of all illuminators of the hidden meaning of words.

DICTION—As a training in the pure, precise, and appropriate use of words.

LOGIC—In its development of the reason as an aid to analysis, and of the judgment as an aid to expression.

CRITICISM—As the art of judging impartially of the merits of a theme and its delivery.

HISTORY—In its bearing upon the rise and development of the science and art of Elocution and Oratory.

Some will ask, what has mental culture to do with a course in elocutionary training? It has much to do with it. The intellect is at the very foundation of all good vocal or visible expression. If the student thoroughly understand the thought, and understand why that thought may be better expressed in one way than in another, his delivery will be the outcome of his own intelligence and temperament. It is because instructors have neglected the fundamental conditions, the understanding of the thought, and of the laws which govern its delivery, that so many pupils read and speak mechanically. Such defective instruction is, in a large degree, accountable for the superficiality, affectation,

and exaggeration which abound, to the disgust of the thoughtful and the sensible.

And, finally, back of all these lies yet another essential—namely, feeling—without which all is cold and passionless. Can emotion be cultivated? one asks. Why not? Its cultivation involves Ethics, as the art of extracting from words their moral and emotional power; it involves Esthetics, in so far as it throws about delivery the mantle of the beautiful.

May the day soon come when the public, fully awake to the importance of this subject, will frown out of existence those elocutionists (?) whose sole stock in trade is a few selections they have learned to recite as their teachers recited before them!

Should one's delivery be natural? Yes, if his natural delivery be the best he can command. If a speaker has, naturally, a nasal tone, he should be unnatural to the extent of ridding himself of that tone. If he is naturally awkward, he should get rid of that phase of naturalness. It seems natural for some people to be unnatural.

Shall one speak as he talks? That depends, to some extent, on how he talks. If he talks ill, he should not speak as he talks.

In truth, the instructor finds no more gigantic task than the bringing of a stiff, angular, distorted, self-conscious adult back to his child-like simplicity and self-forgetfulness. When an adult has made that return, he has touched the top-most round in Art. The author has no higher hope than that he may be of some service in driving out affectation, exaggeration, superficiality, and in encouraging originality, individuality, and independent thought. Noise is not the whole of Elocution. A rolling of the eyes, or a writhing of the muscles, is not the only outlet of the soul. To say "me father," for "my father," is not art; it is flippancy, or ignorance. There are those who are ever ready to affirm that elocutionary and oratoric excellence of the highest order is

the direct outflow of genius. If you ask them what they mean by genius, the usual reply is: "That gift which enables one to accomplish wonders without work." To any such theory emphatic exceptions may be taken. No eminent reader, no artistic actor, no great orator, in the history of the world, has attained his skill without labor. To say that real greatness is the result of idleness, is an insult to reason, and a slander upon industry.

There was a time when the author listened to wonderful oratoric flights, with the feeling that they were the spontaneous outbursts of direct inspiration. Since then he has learned from the lips of orators that their skill is the outcome of the closest attention to details, the result of long-continued toil.

On this subject H. W. Beecher says:

"But oratory is disregarded largely; and one of the fruits of this disregard is, that men fill all the places of power with force misdirected; with energy not half so fruitful as it might be; with sincerity that knows not how to spread its wings and fly. If you were to trace and to analyze the methods which prevail in all the departments of society, you would find in no other such contempt of culture, and in no other such punishment of this contempt.

"How much squandering there is of the voice! How little is there of the advantage that may come from conversational tones! How seldom does a man dare to acquit himself with pathos and fervor! And the men are themselves mechanical and methodical in the bad way, who are most afraid of the artificial training that is given in the schools, and who so often show by the fruit of their labor that the want of oratory is the want of education.

"Conversation itself belongs to oratory. How many men there are who are weighty in argument, who have abundant resources, and who are almost boundless in their power at other times and in other places, but who, when in company among their kind, are exceedingly unapt in their methods!

HAVING none of the secret instruments by which the elements of nature may be touched; having no skill and no power in this direction, they stand as machines before living, sensitive men. A man may be as a master before an instrument, only the instrument is dead; and he has the living hand, and out of that dead instrument what wondrous harmony springs forth at his touch! And if you can electrify an audience by the power of a living man on dead things, how much more should that audience be electrified when the chords are living and the man is alive, and he knows how to touch them with divine inspiration!

“I advocate, therefore, in its full extent, and for every reason of humanity, of patriotism, and of religion, a more thorough culture of oratory.

“The first work, therefore, is to teach a man’s body to serve his soul; and in this work the education of the bodily presence is the very first step. What power there is in posture and in gesture! By it how many discriminations are made; how many smooth things are rolled off; how many complex things men are made to comprehend!

“Among other things the voice—perhaps the most important of all, and the least cultured—should not be forgotten. The human voice is like an orchestra. It ranges high up, and can shriek betimes like the scream of an eagle; or it is low as a lion’s tone; and at every intermediate point is some peculiar quality. It has in it the mother’s whisper and the father’s command. It has in it warning and alarm. It has in it sweetness. It is full of mirth and full of gayety. It glitters, though it is not seen with all its sparkling fancies. It ranges high, intermediate, or low, in obedience to the will, unconsciously to him who uses it; and men listen through the long hour, wondering that it is so short, and quite unaware that they have been bewitched out of their weariness by the charm of a voice, not artificial, not prearranged in the man’s thought, but by assiduous training made to be his highest nature. Such a voice answers to the soul, and is its beating.

“‘But,’ it is said, ‘does not the voice come by nature?’ Yes; but is there anything that comes by nature which stays as it comes, if it is worthily handled? We receive one talent that we may make it five; and we receive five talents that we may make them ten. There is no one thing in man that he has in perfection till he has it by culture. We know that in respect to everything but the voice. Is not the ear trained to acute hearing? Is not the eye trained in science? Do men not school the eye, and make it quick-seeing by patient use? Is a man, because he has learned a trade, and was not born with it, thought to be less a man? Because we have made discoveries of science, and adapted them to manufacture; because we have developed knowledge by training, are we thought to be unmanly? Shall we, because we have unfolded our powers by the use of ourselves for that noblest of purposes, the inspiration and elevation of mankind, be less esteemed? Is the school of human training to be disdained, when by it we are rendered more useful to our fellow-men?

“If you go from our land to other lands; if you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence; if you go to the people of Great Britain; if you go to the great men in ancient times who lived in the intellect; if you go to the illustrious names that every one recalls, Demosthenes and Cicero, they represent a life of work.

“You shall not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one great painter, nor one eminent man in any department of art, nor one great scholar, nor one great statesman, nor one divine of universal gifts, whose greatness, if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution that comes from study.

“To make men patriots, to make men Christians, to make men the sons of God, let all the doors of heaven be opened, and let God drop down charmed gifts—winged imagination, all-perceiving reason, and all-judging reason. Whatever there is that can make men wiser and better,

let it descend upon the head of him who has consecrated himself to the work of mankind, and who has made himself an orator for man's sake and for God's sake."

On this subject Bishop Simpson thus expresses himself:

"Should there be schools of elocution, is a question which sometimes presses on the mind; and I answer, the necessity for schools of elocution is founded on the general law of culture. God has given us organs which need development; there is a law of growth and culture everywhere.

"But it is said, why not study elocution alone? why not cultivate the voice privately? Much may be done by private effort, and nothing can succeed without personal effort; yet we learn from others. Our task is lightened by skillful teachers, who have met and mastered a hundred difficulties. And they can assist us; they can tell us how these voices can be strengthened; they can tell us how notes can be more easily and gracefully enunciated, and they build up a stronger human voice, and give a more graceful and easy utterance. Thus the teacher becomes a blessing to the pupil. Time is saved, less effort is required, and the results are better for the individual and better for society. There are some of us always blundering. We need a teacher to guide us; we need a friend to admonish us, to point out the errors into which we fall, and to save us, if possible, from some of those errors that so greatly disfigure orations.

"This age demands elocution. The world is calling today as it never called before. In ancient times languages were many. Pass a few miles, and a different dialect required a different address; and men studying dialect were unable thoroughly to pursue the study of elocution. But mark how times are changed. The ends of the earth are brought together, and audiences can come from the remotest parts in a few hours; and wherever there is a man who has thoughts to give, and can give them in an attractive manner, multiplied thousands are ready to dwell upon his lips. There is a motive for elocution which there never was

before. Our republican government demands it. Monarchies discuss but little, despotisms never. But in a republic, men must discuss; and what questions are there of finance, of Church and State, of labor and capital, of slavery, of temperance, and of reform! How many questions are pressing upon us from all parts of the earth! and these questions must be discussed."

PART I.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene

OF THE

RESPIRATORY AND VOCAL AGENTS.

THE NOSE.

1. **Air Chambers.**—The nose is supplied with sinuous passage-ways which, in cold weather, act as moderators of the in-going air. If people would shut their mouths when they inhale cold air, there would be a decided decrease in the number of deaths from pneumonia.

2. **Filaments.**—The nose is furnished with fine filaments which are designed to protect the lungs from irritants, such as flying bits of metal, coal, and dust. The cause of inflammation of the lungs can often be traced to open-mouth inhalation.

3. **Nasal Glands.**—The nose is provided with nasal glands, which furnish moisture for the inhaling air, that fits it for its introduction to the throat and lungs. If speakers would seek relief from aching throats and husky voices, they should inhale the air as nature intended, through the nose. With such inhalation there would be fewer cases of catarrh, and fewer throat congestions.

THE THROAT.

1. **The Uvula.**—The uvula is suspended from the rear of the roof of the mouth, just in front of the posterior nares. By it can be gauged the amount of air one wills to exhale through the nose, or through the mouth. If one lowers the uvula until egress of air through the mouth is impossible, the nasal tone is the result. If one, while suffering from a cold, would conceal to the uttermost its effect upon the voice, he should elevate and retract the uvula until the tone must be emitted wholly through the mouth. An abnormally long uvula may become a source of irritation to the throat, in which case the knife is sometimes resorted to, although vocal training, by enlarging and strengthening the throat and removing the irritation, often renders surgical treatment unnecessary.

2. **The Tonsils.**—The tonsils are found one on either side of the uvula. They are oval in shape. They, too, when abnormally enlarged, become a source of irritation to the throat, and an injury to the voice. As a means of their reduction the knife is sometimes used. Sometimes they are burned. There are few instances in which swollen tonsils and throat-irritations will not disappear under proper elocutionary training.

3. **The Pharynx.**—The pharynx is an opening about four and a half inches in length, beginning with the posterior nares, just back of the uvula, and merging below into the œsophagus. In shape it somewhat resembles a cone, the base being near the root of the tongue, and its apex at its junction with the œsophagus. There are seven openings connected with the larynx, six of which are concerned in vocalization—the two eustachian tubes, the two posterior nares, the opening into the mouth, and the opening into the larynx, known as the glottis. During the act of swallowing, the glottis is protected by a little leaf-like lid, called the

epiglottis. The pharynx is bounded in front by the base of the nose, tongue, and mouth, and the upper part of the larynx, and behind by the upper five cervical vertebrae.

4. **The Larynx.**—The larynx consists of cartilages so articulated and bound together by membranes as to be exceedingly pliant. It is bounded above by the base of the tongue and by some of the muscles of the pharynx; behind by a portion of the pharynx and the front wall of the œsophagus; and below by the trachea.

The hyoid bone is at the base of the tongue, and constitutes the upper portion of the larynx. It lies in a horizontal plane, and is shaped somewhat like a horseshoe, with the toes of the shoe looking backward.

The thyroid cartilage forms the part known as the "Adam's Apple."

The cricoid cartilage has something of the shape of a seal-ring, the setting being in the rear. It is narrow in front, and rapidly widens from the front backward. It lies in a horizontal plane. It is attached to the thyroid in front. Behind, it serves as a support for the two arytenoid cartilages, which articulate with it in a manner permitting considerable rotary movement. The two arytenoids stand upright, and near their articulation with the cricoid are found the posterior attachments of the vocal cords. These cords are attached to the thyroid cartilage in front. The rotation of the arytenoids upon their axes pulls the vocal cords together, enabling their free edges to vibrate as they receive the shock of the expiring air. Thus the vocal cords, aided by breath, produce sound. A certain number of vibrations of the vocal cords per second must be attained before sound becomes audible. It is claimed that a well-trained, sensitive ear can distinguish sound at fifteen vibrations per second. Vibrations may occur so rapidly that sound ceases to be audible, estimated by some to be about forty thousand per second. In repose, the male

vocal cords are a little more than one-half an inch in length. In women they are slightly shorter. Highly tensioned, they are almost an inch in length. They are larger in men than in women. In inspiration they so separate as somewhat to resemble a triangle, the apex being in front and the base in the rear, where they are, sometimes, a third of an inch apart. In health they are almost pearly white. Irritation of the mucous membrane of the larynx causes hoarseness. When the irritation becomes chronic, the voice suffers permanent derangement, and can not be restored until the ill condition of the larynx is corrected.

When the vocal cords are most lax, the vibrations are slowest and the pitch lowest. A depression of the rear of the cricoid cartilage, by the downward pressure of the arytenoids, stretches the vocal cords, and it is chiefly to this little act that the world is so much indebted for an infinite variety of pitch. The longer the vocal cords are by nature, the slower the vibrations and the graver the voice. In infancy the cords are shortest and the voice highest. In women the cords are shorter than in men, and their voices are the higher keyed. The length of the cords in men is variable, the longest and largest cords producing the deepest bass, the shortest and smallest the highest tenor.

THE TRACHEA AND BRONCHI.

THE trachea is from four to four and one-half inches in length, and about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It is flattened behind, where there are no rings, and it serves as the front wall of the œsophagus. Its principal mission is to admit air to, and convey it from, the lungs. At its sides and in front are circular rings throughout its length. At its base it divides into the right and left bronchial tubes. The right bronchial tube is shorter, larger, and more horizontal than the left. The right is about one inch, and the left about

two inches in length. These two divide and subdivide, forming passage-ways for the air to all parts of the lungs.

THE THORAX. { INTERNAL. EXTERNAL.

INTERNAL THORAX.

1. **The Heart.**—The heart occupies more space in the left side than in the right. The right lung, although shorter than the left, contains three lobes, and is the heavier by about two ounces. The right lung weighs about twenty-two ounces. The left lung contains but two lobes, the heart taking up almost enough space to be equal to a third lobe.

2. **The Lungs.**—Relatively, the lungs are larger and heavier in men than in women, but in shape they are almost identical. The circumference of the lungs at the base is about twice as great as at the apex.

EXTERNAL THORAX.

1. **The Sternum.**—This body is composed of three bones closely knit into one. They are the upper, the middle, and the lower. The lower is sometimes called the ensiform cartilage. The sternum is from five to seven and one-half inches long. It varies in breadth, being broadest at the top. It then narrows, again broadens, and again begins to grow narrower at its ensiform junction. At its top it unites with the clavicle. By means of cartilages it has direct communication with seven ribs on each side. The eighth, ninth, and tenth ribs on each side articulate, each by its cartilage with the cartilage of the rib above. The sternum is longer in man than in woman.

2. **The Ribs.**—There are twelve ribs on each side. The eleventh and twelfth have no attachments in front, which accounts for their being sometimes called floating ribs. The first, or upper rib, is but little more than half the

length of the second, but is thicker and stronger. These two join the sternum more nearly at right angles than do any of the others. The ribs, beginning with the first, increase in length until the seventh is reached, then diminish until the twelfth is found to be but little more than half the length of the eleventh. This gives the ribs an arch forward. Their outward curve arches them laterally, and they articulate with that portion of the spine which arches backward.

3. **The Costal Cartilages.**—Each rib has a cartilage. These cartilages, in common with the ribs, grow longer from the first to the seventh, and then diminish until the eleventh and twelfth amount to no more than simple tips for their respective ribs. The first cartilage is shorter, thicker, and broader than the others. It is the first to ossify. It ossifies earlier in man than in woman. These cartilages are about one-sixth the length of their respective ribs.

4. **The Vertebrae.**—There are twelve dorsal vertebrae. The first, eleventh, and twelfth have a simple articulation with their respective ribs. Each of the others serves a compound purpose, articulating with the rib above and the rib below. There are seven cervical and five lumbar vertebrae. The sacrum and the coccyx, with which the spinal column terminates, are sometimes classed with the vertebrae.

5. **The Clavicles.**—The clavicle on either side articulates in front with the sternum and cartilage of the first rib, and behind with the scapula, where it is quite movable. In front it can move only as the sternum moves. It has a double curve, the anterior part being convexed forward, the posterior part concaved forward. It is heavier, rougher, and thicker in man than in woman. The right one is, usually, larger, stronger, and rougher than the left. They are highly elastic.

6. **The Scapulæ.**—They constitute the back part of the shoulders. They are broad, flat bones, articulating with the clavicles and humeri, and extending downward behind to about the plane of the eighth rib.

THE MUSCLES. { INSPIRATORY. EXPIRATORY.

INSPIRATORY MUSCLES.

1. External Intercostals.—There are eleven of these on each side, partly filling the eleven rib-spaces. They arise from the lower edge of the rib above, extending downward and forward to their insertion in the upper edge of the rib below. Their contraction lifts the ribs, especially in front, increasing the thoracic capacity.

2. Internal Intercostals.—They fill the anterior portion of the eleven rib-spaces. They arise from the lower edge of the rib above, and extend downward and backward to their insertion in the upper edge of the rib below. Their contraction raises the ribs.

3. The Scaleni Muscles.—These are three in number. The anterior arises from the upper edge of the first rib, and is inserted into the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth cervical vertebræ.

The middle scalenus also arises from the upper surface of the first rib, and is inserted into the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh cervical vertebræ.

The posterior scalenus arises from the outer surface of the second rib, and is inserted into the fifth, sixth, and seventh cervical vertebræ. Their contraction lifts the ribs and induces inhalation.

4. The Serratus Posticus Superior.—This muscle arises from the last cervical, and the first, second, and, sometimes, third dorsal vertebræ, and is inserted into the upper borders of the second, third, fourth, and fifth ribs, just beyond their angles. Their contraction lifts the ribs.

5. Levatores Costarum.—Taking their origin from the transverse processes of the last cervical, and all the dorsal vertebræ, save the last, they attach themselves to the upper edges of the posterior parts of the ribs. As they

originate from a fixed point, their contraction must lift the ribs, thus aiding inhalation.

INSPIRATORY AND EXPIRATORY.

The Diaphragm.—The diaphragm is a large, strong, elastic muscle which forms the floor of the thorax and the roof of the abdomen. It is attached in front to the ensiform cartilage; at the sides, to the lower six or seven ribs and their cartilages; behind, on the right side, to the second, third, and fourth lumbar vertebræ; and on the left side, to the second and third lumbar vertebræ. In expiration the diaphragm presents an upward convex surface, which fits into the concavity at the base of the lungs. In inspiration the diaphragm descends. This muscle is mainly inspiratory. In its ascent it is principally passive. However, it participates actively in expulsive or explosive exhalation.

EXPIRATORY MUSCLES.

1. **Triangularis Sterni.**—This muscle arises from the ensiform cartilage, from the base of the sternum, and from the lower costal cartilages. It is attached to the second, third, fourth, and fifth ribs. The sternum being comparatively fixed, the contraction of this muscle depresses the ribs and aids in expiration.

2. **The Obliquus Externus.**—This arises from the outer and lower portions of the eight inferior ribs, and is inserted into the lower abdomen. Its contraction pulls the ribs downward and inward, and, by compressing the abdomen, pushes the diaphragm upward, thus expelling the air.

3. **The Obliquus Internus.**—This muscle crosses under the obliquus externus much as the internal intercostals cross under the external intercostals. Arising from the lower abdomen, and inserting, in part, into the cartilages of the four lower ribs on either side, its contraction assists in pulling down the ribs, and in compressing the abdomen.

4. **The Transversalis.**—This muscle lies under the obliquus internus. It arises, in part, from the inner surface of the cartilages of the six lower ribs on either side, and as it is inserted, in part, into the lower abdomen, its contraction aids in expiration.

5. **The Rectus Abdominus.**—Originating from the lower abdomen, and inserting into the cartilages of the fifth, sixth, and seventh ribs on either side, it assists in pulling down the ribs, compressing the abdomen, and pushing up the diaphragm. In profound inspiration or expiration other muscles are called upon.

THE ABDOMEN.

THE abdominal contents are pushed down by the descending diaphragm in inspiration. If the inspiration be very deep, the abdominal viscera are pushed downward and outward, until the ribs no longer surround any part of them, the liver descending almost three inches. Thus distended, these contents possess a strong tendency to return to their normal position, thus affording expiratory power.

PART II.

RESPIRATION.

JUDICIOUS respiration is essential to good speech. He who fails fully to vocalize the vowel sounds is an expiratory spendthrift. He who corrupts the sub-vocal sounds by an aspirated hissing of them, offends the educated listener, and wrongs the English language. He who exaggerates the aspirates, exasperates the cultivated ear.

INHALATION.

The Inhalatory Method.—“And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.” As a proof that inhalation should be carried on through the nostrils, one needs but to sleep an hour with open mouth. When he awakes his throat will be dry, hot, often painful.

Shallow, feeble inhalation is another foe to health. There are adults who never know what it is to be entirely alive. Their hands and feet are always cold. Their inhalations are too shallow wholly to aerate the blood. The heart weakens; the lower cells of the lungs decay; and, as a sequel, heart-disease and consumption carry off an alarming proportion of the people. An epidemic of fever, or small-pox, or cholera, causes consternation in any community; but an enemy nearly as destructive—an open-mouthed and feeble inhalation—stalks among us all the time, none the less fatal that it is so little understood. If those who suffer from cold extremities, who

rarely, if ever, sensibly perspire, knew the peril of their position, and knew the value of inspiratory exercises in restoring the circulation and toning the vital functions, they would not be slow in seeking relief.

Again, it is not generally known to what extent a full inhalation adds to the carrying power of the voice. With lungs almost empty, the voice can have but little vitality, and drops lifeless not far from the lips of the speaker or singer. It is estimated that in taking an inhalation, such as skillful speech or song demands, a resistance of about one thousand pounds of power must be overcome. Think of the projectile force a thousand pounds of pressure upon the out-bound breath will give to the voice!

Medical authorities speak of two forms of inhalation, the diaphragmatic and the thoracic. The descent of the diaphragm increases the thoracic diameter. The lifting of the ribs enlarges the thoracic circumference. Regardless of sex, the lungs should be allowed perfect liberty to expand in every direction. If you wish to see real, genuine, artistic inhalation, behold the child, the savage—aye, even an educated adult—when asleep! Only among the cultivated and refined, whose bodies are inflexibly bound by those delicate bands of high-toned torture and untimely death, will you find the diaphragm divested of its natural function. It cost four years of war, with all its wealth and blood, to free four million slaves. If we could capture once the ear, and through that citadel the conscience and the sense, we might, without the loss of coin or blood, free from bondage the waists of an unnumbered multitude.

The Inhalatory Course.—Entering the nasal passages, the air emerges from the posterior nares into the pharynx, through the glottis into the larynx, into the trachea, then into the two bronchial tubes, which, dividing and subdividing, supply every part of the lungs with air.

Inhalatory Action.—The nostrils dilate; the epiglottis stands erect; the vocal cords separate; the diaphragm

descends, enlarging the waist, and pressing the abdomen downward and outward; the ribs move forward, upward, sideward, backward; and the lungs expand in every direction.

INHALATORY EXERCISES.

1. **Dorsal Expansion.**—With the thumbs fixed at the sides, spread the fingers backward upon the dorsal muscles. Take six quick, rapidly succeeding inhalations, producing the greatest possible outward pressure of the dorsal muscles against the fingers.

2. **Costal Expansion.**—With the thumbs placed behind on the dorsal muscles, spread the fingers at the sides. Inhale six times, as in No. 1, taking care that there shall be a decided outward action of the costal muscles against the fingers.

3. **Abdominal Expansion.**—Fix the thumbs at the sides, and spread the fingers forward over the abdomen. Inhale six times as above. If properly done, a marked outward expansion will be observed.

4. **Waist Expansion.**—This is a grouping of the preceding three into a single exercise, and, instead of being tested by touch, should be tested by measurement. Tightly and inflexibly laced, the waist can not expand; but when properly dressed, the expansion will reach, at first, an average of an inch, which can be tripled by three months daily drill.

5. **Chest Expansion.**—Test this exercise, too, by measurement. An expansion of two inches is a good beginning. It does not require long practice to be able to expand four inches.

6. **Prolonged Inaudible Inhalation.**—Inhale as slowly as possible, letting the air escape the moment the lungs can receive no more. To keep the lungs on a strain, by trying to retain the imprisoned air after the lungs are completely full, can do no good, and may do much harm. Students rarely reach ten seconds at their first effort at prolonged inhalation. They rarely fall short of sixty seconds at

the close of one year's course in elocution. Many succeed in reaching ninety seconds. We have found, without exception, that those whose respiration is the feeblest, are those who have the smallest, weakest voices. The muscles of the waist and chest are given tone and strength by practice upon these exercises, while the voice uniformly improves in force and fullness. Discontinue the effort of prolonging the inhalation, for the time being at least, if faintness is felt, and be especially careful if a fluttering or smothering sensation is felt about the heart. He who escapes such feeling may conclude that his heart is strong. If a smothering sensation is felt on attempting to prolong the inhalation, stop instantly, and try again another time, and so continue until the heart affection is entirely removed. If a twinge of pain is felt in either lung, be certain there is danger there. Of this, too, you may rest assured—that taking long, deep draughts of fresh air into the lungs will restore them, if restoration is possible. Pure air is a divinely prepared remedy for pulmonary ills. No medicine that man can mix will so surely counteract the inroads of disease upon the lungs.

There are times, in song and speech, when the inhalations must be taken quickly. To do so inaudibly and almost invisibly requires great skill. There come times when dramatic art requires an upheaval of the shoulders in inhalation. Except as occasion demands, never permit the shoulders to rise perceptibly. It is said that a great artist never gets out of breath. He may, in personating intense anguish, or some consuming passion, appear to be exhausted, but in reality his breath is wholly at his command.

EXHALATION.

It is estimated that the expiratory is one-third greater than the inspiratory power. Besides the actions of the muscles which aid expiration, the fully inflated lungs exert

about one hundred pounds of elastic anxiety to return to their normal size, while the pressure of the outer air upon the external thorax amounts to nearly seven hundred and fifty pounds. The costal cartilages, tired of their stretch, display a two-hundred-pound desire to return to their state of repose. The flattened diaphragm exerts an upward pressure of about one hundred pounds to return to its normal arch. Thus we see the expiratory muscles receive not far from one thousand pounds of involuntary aid in expelling the air from the lungs. Dr. Hutchinson found in one man an expiratory power of twenty-two hundred pounds. He claims that men of about five feet eight inches in height possess the greatest average inspiratory and expiratory power.

EXHALATORY EXERCISES.

1. **Inaudibly Prolonged.**—With a quick inhalation through the nostrils, completely fill the lungs; then slightly separate the lips, and exhale the air as slowly and steadily as possible. Time the exercise. Pupils, at their first efforts, do not average more than eight seconds. A daily practice of a few minutes will, in a short time, enable one to exhale for a minute, continuously, without discomfort.

2. **Audibly Prolonged.**—This exercise differs from No. 1, in that it requires the giving out of the air with sufficient force to make it distinctly audible. Many pupils are unable to carry this exhalation longer than five seconds on their first attempt, while the same pupils frequently make a record of thirty seconds before their first quarter has closed.

3. **Expulsive Exhalation.**—Placing the hands successively on the dorsal, costal, and abdominal muscles, expel the air with a sudden shock, prolonging it by a brief vanish. Expel the letter *h* in the same way. Give the exercise three times in rapid succession, with the hands in each of the positions named,

4. **Explosive Exhalation.**—Follow the directions given for No. 3, omitting the vanish. Instead of the letter *h*, the letter *k* may be used. Those who are afflicted with diseased or delicate throats will find Nos. 3 and 4 a hazardous drill, unless directed by a skilled instructor. To gain command of these exercises is to take a decided stride in the direction of artistic speech and song.

COMPOUND MOVEMENTS.

THERE are some acts which include both inhalation and exhalation, and which, although accompanied by sound, do not come under the head of speech, and may be mentioned in this connection.

1. **Sighing.**—This act is the result of a quick, audible exhalation, preceded by a deep, long-drawn inhalation.

2. **Yawning.**—A yawn is a magnified sigh, accompanied by a decided dropping of the lower jaw, and, usually, by an uplifting of the shoulders.

3. **Hiccoughing.**—This is caused by a convulsive contraction of the diaphragm; a sudden in-rush of air, and a closure of the glottis, against which the out-bound breath is hurled.

4. **Sobbing.**—Sobbing resembles No. 3 in its action, the glottis closing earlier in the inspiration, allowing but little, if any, air to enter the lungs.

5. **Coughing.**—In this act the glottis closes itself firmly against the expiratory air, until the pressure becomes so great that it is violently opened by the outburst of breath.

6. **Sneezing.**—This differs little in its action from No. 5, the expelled air escaping through the nose, instead of through the mouth.

7. **Panting.**—In panting, the inhalations and exhalations are deep, short, and labored.

8. **Laughing.**—In laughter, each inspiration is followed by a series of interrupted explosive exhalations; glottis wide open, and vocal cords in violent vibration.

9. **Weeping.**—Although the product of emotions the reverse of those which produce laughter, yet in its movements weeping closely resembles laughing.

RESPIRATORY VOLUMES.

1. **The Residual Air.**—After one has expelled all the air possible, there remains in the lungs a considerable volume, which, according to the estimates of various authorities, averages about one hundred cubic inches.

2. **The Tidal Air.**—This is the amount which is received and displaced at each respiration. In a state of moderate activity, twenty-five cubic inches may be considered an average estimate of the amount of tidal air.

3. **Complemental Air.**—The amount that can be inhaled above the tidal air is called supplemental air. It is evident that this volume must be greatly governed by physiological circumstances. Under normal conditions the supplemental air is placed at about one hundred cubic inches.

4. **Supplemental Air.**—After an ordinary or tidal exhalation, there remains in the lungs a reserve fund, which may be drawn upon for extraordinary occasions. As in No. 3, so here the amount depends upon the physical state, being greatest in repose, and least under great exertion or exhaustion; the extremes being estimated from seventy to one hundred and seventy cubic inches. The normal amount is about one hundred cubic inches.

5. **Vital Capacity.**—The vital capacity is the amount of air it is possible to exhale from the lungs after the fullest inhalation. At the height of five feet eight inches, condition normal, the vital capacity is about two hundred and twenty-five cubic inches.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS AND CAUTIONS.

TO TEACHERS.

As a rule, teachers do not know to what extent their daily exhaustion is due to a waste of breath. Place near your lips a slip of tissue paper, and then utter, with force, any vowel sound. If the paper does not move, your breath is wholly vocalized. If it flies from your lips, it will pay you to learn the lesson of breath-economy.

TO THE CLERGY.

Ministers, if you knew how largely this expiratory defect is responsible for your "Monday morning prostration," you would not be slow to seek relief. "Clergyman's sore throat," in a large majority of cases, is caused by the shock of outgoing unvocalized breath against the tender tissues of a tightly congested throat. When that is the cause, medicine can not cure it. Right respiratory and vocal methods will be effective.

TO LAWYERS.

The essentials to an attorney's success are body, brains, breath. How many attorneys have failed when they should have been in their prime, because of mismanagement of breath! "Why does my throat burn and ache, and my voice grow husky, before I have spoken thirty minutes?" attorneys often ask. The answer is, because you inhale through the mouth; inhale too little breath, and waste a part of that as you speak. It is in the power of well-used vocal organs to labor, unimpaired, for many successive hours. Indeed, well ordered speech is one of the most exhilarating and wholesome of exercises. We repeat that many of the ills incident to teaching, preaching, and pleading, are directly traceable to faulty respiration.

The experience of Talma, the famous actor, will illustrate and emphasize the value of respiratory skill. He

heard Dorival perform in a heavy dramatic role, and noticed that he looked as fresh at its close as at its beginning. Amazed, he said: "Dorival, I am strong; you are slight. With such an effort as you made to-day, I should be utterly exhausted. Tell me how you save your strength?" Dorival playfully replied that his friend was in need of no advice from him. Talma would not be thus denied, and on one occasion secreted himself where he could closely watch his rival's performance. He soon observed that Dorival always kept his lungs well supplied with air, never allowing them to approach an exhausted condition; and, it is said, Talma rushed from the theater exclaiming: "I have found it!" Dorival was master of his breath. That was his secret.

WAIST COMPRESSION.

WHILE it is true that, by nature, women have greater action of the upper chest in respiration than men, it is equally true that, for health and best of vocal results, they must not deaden the diaphragm by ribs of bone or steel, or by constriction of the waist in any form. Prima donnas know this secret, and make free use of the muscles of the waist in scoring their vocal triumphs. Lacking this freedom of the waist, the breath will come in gasps; the chest will violently heave, the shoulders will jerk unseemly, and will rise and fall to extremes. If the lungs are not allowed to expand at the base, they will find room at the top, and the shoulders are raised. Would that we could write in letters of light so large that all the world could read: "*Do not lace the waist! Give the lungs room!*"

PART III.

SIMPLE PHYSICAL CULTURE,

OR

CALISTHENICS.

THERE are many who argue that if one feels what he says, his gestures will always be appropriate. They mistake. Feeling, as a guide, is as unsafe as it is uncertain. One may be honest and awkward. Sincerity and stiffness have been known to go together. One may mean well and act ill.

Calisthenic exercises are an admirable preparation for gesture. With as much reason might one expect, with untrained fingers, to touch the proper keys, in the proper order, with the proper force, producing exquisite music, as to expect to be able with untrained muscles to clothe speech in fitting action. When the body is put under complete control, then, and not before, is it in condition faithfully to respond to all calls of intelligence or emotion.

It is the aim of calisthenics to give the greatest freedom and mobility to the joints and muscles of the body. Practice in calisthenics heightens health, secures symmetry and strength, produces pliability and poise, and gives grace to attitude and action.

CALISTHENIC COURSE.

FOR the substance of what is presented under this head, credit should be given to instructors, to daily experience and observation, and to books. It is in some such way that all information comes. It would be vain to attempt to give acknowledgment in all cases; but, in this connection, the reader is referred to a most admirable work by Oscar Guttman on "*Æsthetic Physical Culture*," and to Professor Shoemaker's well-named "*Practical Elocution*."

CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.

FINGER MOVEMENTS.

Position: Arms extended horizontally to the front; hands open and prone. Move the fingers up and down, slowly at first, gradually quickening the movement. Repeat the exercise with the hands facing each other; with the backs toward each other; with the hands supine. Repeat the same exercise with the arms extended obliquely in the horizontal plane; laterally in the horizontal plane.

WRIST MOVEMENTS.

Practice the same order of movements as in the preceding exercise, the action proceeding from the wrist-joints. Rotate the hand from right to left, and reverse, steadily increasing the rate of movement.

FORE-ARM MOVEMENTS.

With the elbow-joint as the center of action proceed as in the foregoing exercise. Rotate the fore-arm from right to left, and reverse, as in the preceding exercise.

FULL-ARM MOVEMENTS.

Transferring the pivot of action to the shoulder-joints, follow the foregoing order. Rotate the full-arm from right

to left, and reverse, faster and faster. Swing the right arm from back to front in a side-ellipse. Make the ellipse approach the circle as nearly as possible. Reverse the movement. Conduct the same exercise with the ellipse in front. Same order of movements with the left arm. Same with both arms.

In all the calisthenic exercises which remain, count thus: *Oné* and, *twó* and, *thré*e and, *four* and, *fivé* and, *síx* and, *sevé*n and, *éight* and, repeating the strain as often as necessary. Instrumental music will add much to the precision and enjoyment of these exercises.

HEAD MOVEMENTS.

Position: Arms hanging loosely at the sides; shoulders level; body erect; face to the front. Turn the head as far as you can to the right without moving the body; return; in the same way to the left; return; repeat. Drop the head as nearly as you can to the right shoulder; return; same to the left; return; repeat. Drop the head to the breast as nearly as you can; return; drop the head backward as far as you can; return; repeat. Right, erect; back, erect; left, erect; front, erect.

ARM MOVEMENTS.

First Fore-arm Leadership.—**Position:** Hands clinched, on the chest near the shoulder; body erect; shoulders level; heels together. Thrust the clinched right hand downward at the side until it rests against the thigh; return; repeat. Left hand through the same movement. Right hand down. As the right returns, thrust the left down. As the left returns, thrust the right down. Return the right. Thrust them both down; return; repeat.

Do not permit the body to be pulled out of the perpendicular, nor the shoulders to lose their level, during this drill.

Second Fore-arm Leadership.—Repeat the first exercise, making the movements sidewise in the horizontal plane.

Do not permit the body to sway from side to side in this exercise.

Third Fore-arm Leadership.—Repeat the first exercise, making the movements directly upward. Do not, in this exercise, pull the body out of plumb. Hold each shoulder, when not at work, in its proper position.

Fourth Fore-arm Leadership.—Repeat the first exercise, striking to the front. In the forward stroke do not allow the corresponding shoulder to be drawn forward, nor the opposite shoulder to be drawn backward, nor the body to be pulled out of position.

Fifth Fore-arm Leadership.—Position: Finger-tips resting on the shoulders; arms akimbo; heels together; body erect; shoulders level. With the shoulder as a starting-point, reproduce exercises one and four inclusive.

Sixth Fore-arm Leadership.—Position as in the first exercise. Thrust the right arm down; return; thrust the right arm directly upward; return; repeat. Same movements with the left arm. Thrust the right hand down and the left up, simultaneously; return both simultaneously; reverse; return; repeat. Both down; return; both up; return; repeat.

Seventh Fore-arm Leadership.—With the position as in the fifth exercise, repeat the movements of the sixth exercise.

Eighth Fore-arm Leadership.—Position: Fingers in the arm-pits; arms akimbo. Thrust the right hand down at the right side; return; repeat. Same movements with the left. Right down; right back and left down simultaneously. Right down as the left returns; return the right. Both down; both back; repeat. Do not lower the shoulder as you strike down, nor should the opposite shoulder be jerked upward.

Ninth Fore-arm Leadership.—Position: Hands clinched and on the chest. Thrust both hands downward, forward, upward, returning to starting point. Repeat the circuit seven times. Do not bend the body forward with the forward stroke, nor backward with the upward stroke.

Tenth Fore-arm Leadership.—Repeat the ninth exercise,

moving the hands downward, sideward, upward, and back to starting point.

Eleventh Fore-arm Leadership.—Repeat the ninth exercise, starting from the shoulders.

Twelfth Fore-arm Leadership.—Repeat the tenth exercise, starting from the shoulders.

Thirteenth Fore-arm Leadership.—Position: Hands clinched on chest; face to the front. Strike obliquely backward, with the right arm in the horizontal plane, turning the body to the right, and opening the hand with the stroke; return; strike with the right arm obliquely to the left; return; repeat. Obliquely backward with the left arm; return; obliquely to the right with the left arm; return; repeat. Obliquely to the right with both arms; return; obliquely to the left with both arms; return; repeat. Both arms twice obliquely to the right with returns. Both arms obliquely twice to the left with returns.

First Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—Position: Fingers interlaced in front. Lift the arms forward and upward; return; repeat seven times. Stand erect during the exercise.

Second Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—Same as the preceding, except that the hands are to be behind.

Third Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—Position: Hands clinched, arms extended laterally and horizontally. Raise rigid right arm directly upward to a vertical position; return; lower it to the body; return; repeat. Same with the left arm. Lift right arm up and put the left arm down simultaneously; return; right down and left up simultaneously; return; repeat. Both down; return; both up; return; repeat.

Fourth Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—Repeat the preceding exercise, making the movements to the front.

Fifth Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—Position: Hands with palms resting against the thighs. Raise the rigid right arm sideward and upward into a vertical position; return; repeat. Same with left arm. Right up; right down and left up, simultaneously; reverse; right return; both up; return; repeat.

Sixth Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—Same order as in the preceding exercise, making the movements to the front.

Seventh Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—Position: Arms horizontal; front; hands open; palms together. Throw the arms backward in the horizontal plane, bringing the backs of the hands into contact behind; return; repeat seven times. Very few will succeed in this without long continued practice.

Eighth Rigid Full-arm Exercise.—With the backs of hands together in front, strike with palms backward in the horizontal plane. No one, perhaps, succeeds in bringing the palms together behind in this exercise.

SHOULDER MOVEMENTS.

First Shoulder Exercise.—Position: Arms hanging at the sides; body erect. Lower the right shoulder; return; lift the right shoulder; return; repeat. Same with the left shoulder. As the right shoulder drops, lift the left shoulder; return; reverse; repeat. Drop both; return; lift both; return; repeat. Keep the body in the perpendicular.

Second Shoulder Exercise.—Position as before. Thrust right shoulder forward; return; thrust right shoulder backward; return; repeat. Same with the left shoulder. As the right goes forward, thrust the left one back; return; reverse; repeat. Both forward; return; both backward; return; repeat.

TRUNK MOVEMENTS.

Position: Body erect; arms hanging at the sides. Turn to the right without moving the feet; return; turn to the left; return; repeat. Bend the body to the right side; return; bend the body to the left side; return; repeat. Bend the body forward; return; backward; return; repeat. Bend to the left; return; backward; return; to the right; return; to the front; return.

By this exercise the muscles, upon which the voice

almost solely depends for its propelling power, are given an admirable drill. With feeble muscles of the trunk, one can not cast the voice very far. This exercise gives the muscles strength.

MOVEMENTS OF THE LOWER LIMBS.

Position: Arms hanging at the sides; hands open. Lift the body until the weight rests upon the toes, at the same time thrusting the arms vertically upward; return. Without permitting the knees to project, bend the body forward, touching the floor with the finger-tips; return; repeat three times.

Very few will be able, at first, to touch the floor with the fingers without relaxing the knees. Insist on the rigidity of the knees.

PART IV.

VISIBLE EXPRESSION,

OR

GESTURE.

GESTURE is visible expression. It consists in action and attitude. It appeals to the eye. Motion is the most usual manifestation of gesture, yet there are times when an attitude is profoundly impressive, and expressive. Attitude may be defined as action arrested, motion congealed. A monument, though mute and motionless, may enforce many a moral. Napoleon at St. Helena, hat in hand, eye fixed upon the boundless sea, lips silent and compressed, body as motionless as marble, speaks volumes to an admiring world.

Good gesture makes melody for the eye, as good modulation makes melody for the ear. To be truthful, gesture must be in harmony with the thought. The hand of a miser does not illustrate generosity. A corrugated brow is not indicative of joy. In the impersonation of character, the performer should see that it is not his own individuality to which he gives expression. In all cases, the surroundings, the circumstances, the sense, must be the guide to gesture.

There are many idolaters of the "divine afflatus" theory, who contend that gesture can be founded on no law, that it can not be learned; that it bubbles out of the being; that it is essentially an inspiration. There is a bit of truth in this claim. Spontaneity is a good thing if it springs from a

well-trained body. One who, by culture and by custom, unconsciously acts well, may with safety trust to impulse. No one else can afford to do it. Instinct does not teach a pilot how to guide a boat. No one would trust his life with such a pilot. One might just as reasonably ask him to know where lie the shoals, the sands, the snags, the eddies, without study and observation, as to ask artistic action of one who is ignorant or indolent.

There are laws upon which gesture is founded, and by which a course of instruction may be systematically conducted. As space will not permit an exhaustive treatment of this subject, an endeavor will be made to employ only representative terms, such as are most suggestive, and best calculated to lead the student into a more thorough line of thought. Moreover, in the analysis of action, of attitude, facial expression, and of the various agents of each, space permits but a simple statement of the cardinal divisions.

ACTION.

Action is, comparatively speaking, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{UNIMPASSIONED,} \\ \text{IMPASSIONED,} \\ \text{HIGHLY IMPASSIONED.} \end{array} \right.$

Action should be always in harmony with the thought. In quiet moods it should be unimpassioned.

Heroism, valor, decisiveness, and kindred emotions, call for impassioned action.

Fury, frenzy, vehemence, and their kind, require action of a highly impassioned character.

Require the pupil to read or recite lines which require these types of action.

ATTITUDE.

Attitude may be considered as $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{PASSIVE,} \\ \text{ACTIVE,} \\ \text{INTENSELY ACTIVE.} \end{array} \right.$

In the expression of weakness, weariness, carelessness, and like conditions, the passive position is employed.

The attitude is active in aggression, defiance, dominance, and in kindred feelings.

An intensely active attitude is adapted to feelings of fury, revenge, and all highly dramatic situations.

Require the pupil to illustrate the attitudes by quoting from authors, or by his own composition.

CENTER OF MOTION.

Arm movements center at the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{WRIST,} \\ \text{ELBOW,} \\ \text{SHOULDER.} \end{array} \right.$

Gestures of a conversational nature pass through but a limited area of action, and, when of a very quiet, simple style, center at the wrist. Ask the pupil to illustrate.

If the conversation take a lively, animated turn, the center of motion transfers itself to the elbow, and the gestures cover a more extended area. Illustrate.

Gestures of an oratoric, heroic, exalted, dignified, majestic, tragic, or dramatic character, call for yet broader action, and the center of motion is found at the shoulder. Illustrate.

With the thought given, require the pupil to state what position, what facial expression, and what center of action, would be required. Give any one of the four conditions to find the other three.

MISSION OF GESTURE.

The mission of gesture is threefold. It sometimes precedes, sometimes accompanies, and sometimes follows the spoken words. Its principal mission is to act as a fore-runner and illuminator. By a flash of the eye, a twitch of the mouth, a toss of the head, a turn of the hand—by any one of an infinite number of gestures, the mind of the listener may be prepared for the words that follow.

Whether gesture shall precede, accompany, or follow, depends entirely upon the nature of the thought that demands the gesture. If there is a series of gestures called for by a series of thoughts, the action must partake of the nature of the thought; quickening as it quickens; intensifying as it intensifies; culminating as it culminates.

Not unfrequently gesture waits until speech has wrought its work upon the ear, when like a flash it follows, emphasizing the same thought by presenting it to the eye.

Give examples requiring anticipative action, accompanying action, subsequential action.

LINES.

The lines in which gestures are made are { STRAIGHT,
CURVED.

Self-defense takes a straight line; so does impetuosity, ferocity. The curve-like flourish is employed in serener, more æsthetic moments.

The parts of a simple gesture are { PREPARATION,
EXECUTION,
RETURN.

Sometimes the preparation passes through a limited space; sometimes through space more extended. Sometimes the preparation is made swiftly; sometimes more deliberately. Sometimes the preparation is made in silence; sometimes with words. The area through which it shall pass, its rate of motion, at what moment it shall occur, and how long continue, all depend upon the thought to be expressed. Do not begin the preparation prematurely, nor tardily. Once begun, carry it through to its consummation. Nothing looks more ludicrous than to see an arm start out as if to gesticulate, and then fall back as with paralysis.

The consummation should be in harmony with the preparation; deliberate if it is deliberate, swift if it is swift.

The return should be in keeping with the body of the gesture, the distance through which it must travel being entirely dependent upon the point at which the execution terminates. Give illustrations.

DIRECTIONS.

The four principal directions are { FRONT,
FRONT-OBLIQUE,
LATERAL,
BACKWARD-OBLIQUE.

The gesture to the front is one of especial directness and emphasis. The pugilist strikes to the front, even if he must

turn around to do it. Give illustrations of gestures to the front.

We begin to generalize with the front-oblique direction. In this direction we show parts of a great whole. In reciting the words "charging an army, while all the world wondered!" to carry the arms entirely to the sides on the words "charging an army" would be manifestly illogical. The world is broader than an army, and requires greater breadth of action. Give examples of gestures to the front-oblique.

The lateral direction should be used in showing greatest breadth, fullness, completeness.

In the following, "Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!" the action gradually broadens until the culmination is reached on the words, "O pleasant land." Give other illustrations.

The oblique-backward gesture is suggestive of remoteness, indistinctness, indifference, disgust. Illustrate.

ZONES.

The zones of gesture are { UPWARD, OR SPIRITUAL;
MIDDLE, OR INTELLECTUAL;
DOWNWARD, OR PHYSICAL.

These three zones have several distinctive characteristics.

First. We may say, in a general way, that descending gestures belong to the realm of determination; horizontal gestures to the realm of reason; ascending gestures to the realm of imagination.

Second. Meanness of every type should be expressed by descending gestures; morality, by horizontal gestures; spirituality, by ascending gestures.

Third. All objects, real or imaginary, lying beneath us, require descending gestures; on a plane with us, horizontal gestures; above us, ascending gestures.

Fourth. We may speak of the upper zone, as the torrid; the middle, as the temperate; the lower, as the frigid zone.

For love, warmth, purity, lightness, brightness, gleeful-

ness, and all that is ennobling or spiritualizing, the ascending gestures are suited.

For calmness, simplicity, and unimpassioned speech in general, horizontal action is adapted.

In giving expression to incision, decision, dogmatism, degradation, destruction, malevolence, and all forms of brutality, or bestiality, gestures should take the descending direction.

Require the pupil to recite, with appropriate gesture, examples calling for movements in the zones named.

THE HEAD.

The head is to be held in a normal position in the expression of composure, contentment, trustfulness, and the like.

The head is bowed forward in submission, embarrassment, contemplation, timidity, melancholy, and in kindred feelings.

The head is turned to the side with averted face in disgust, horror, and evasion.

The head is thrown back in defiance, haughtiness, and egotism.

The head held high or erect is indicative of dignity, independence, and self-reliance.

A rocking of the head to and fro is employed in assent, consent, conviction, and in like feelings.

A movement of the head from side to side is suggestive of pomposity, presumption, voluptuousness, and vanity.

A rotary action of the head is an index of dissatisfaction, disagreement, senility, and idiocy.

Do not keep the head in perpetual motion. An occasional movement may be made very effective. Unless the circumstances require it, the head should not be drawn toward, nor react from, a gesture of the arm.

THE BROWS.

An elevation of the brows is an expression of surprise, inquisitiveness, superciliousness, and haughtiness.

The brows are depressed in languor, sorrow, listlessness, and remorse.

The brows are contracted in pain, suspicion, impatience, and in similar mental conditions.

When the eyebrows are normal, the forehead is smooth. When the eyebrows are elevated, the forehead is relaxed, and lies in horizontal folds. When the eyebrows are depressed, the forehead is in a state of tension.

When the eyebrows are contracted, the forehead is contracted, and lies in perpendicular folds. Constant smiling creates horizontal lines, and constant frowning creates perpendicular lines in the forehead. Avoid a continual wrinkling of the forehead, or an over-use of the eyebrows.

What feelings other than those already mentioned require an elevation of the brows? A depression of the brows? A contraction of the brows? Give illustrations both from authors and from your own composition.

THE EYES.

The eyes are well open in amazement, expectation, and exultation.

They are partly closed in the expression of discouragement, debility, debasement, and of similar sentiments.

The eyes have an eccentric expression in courage, resistance, aggression, and in hostility.

The eyes have a concentric look in soliloquy, abstraction, introspection, and the like.

The eyes are averted in shame, disgust, fear, and aversion. Give examples.

The eye is the indicator of thought. In the eye gesture has its birth, just as in the larynx voice originates. Like the lightning's flash, which springs from the cloud and illuminates the earth, so thought radiates from the eye, and reflects the soul within. While with the voice one may utter but one language, and that imperfectly, with the eye one may speak intelligibly in all languages, to all peoples. The

eye, then, being a factor of paramount importance, its correct use is surely worthy of cultivation. Have you not heard a speaker whose eyes seemed never to behold his audience; who looked in one favorite upper corner of the hall, or in both upper corners alternately, or above your heads, or below your eyes, anywhere rather than into your faces? This is bad, and should not be tolerated. When you read or speak, look at your listeners, unless you are impersonating some character that does not admit of it.

THE NOSTRILS.

The nostrils are dilated in the expression of indignation, contemptuousness, malevolence, and like sentiments.

In the expression of pain, avarice, anxiety, and distress the nostrils are contracted.

An elevation of the tip of the nose is suggestive of ridicule, contempt, bigotry, and prejudice.

THE MOUTH.

The corners of the mouth are lifted in anticipation, satisfaction, mirthfulness, and kindred feelings.

The corners of the mouth are depressed in the expression of scorn, grief, and hatred.

The degree to which the corners of the lips should be lifted, or lowered, should be in proportion to the intensity of the emotion that inspires the action.

THE LIPS.

The lips are compressed in the portrayal of determination, defiance, distress, and agony.

They are puffed or projected as an index of disgust, sensuality, petulance, and sullenness.

The upper lip is lifted in derision, menace, haughtiness, and contempt.

The lower lip droops as an exponent of verdancy, imbecility, insanity, and the like.

A protuberance of the lower lip is suggestive of vulgarity, brutality, and selfishness.

A shortening and receding of the lower lip would be employed in depicting indecision, effeminacy, and superficiality.

THE CHEEKS.

The cheeks are puffed or eccentric in merriment, and in the impersonation of contented, self-satisfied, phlegmatic conditions.

The cheeks are compressed or concentric in terror, remorse, suspense, and pain.

THE CHIN.

Cunning, curiosity, and incisiveness are the language of a projected, pointed chin.

Sternness, stability, and valor are better represented by a square or broadened chin.

Liberality, geniality, and frankness are indicated by the round, full chin.

A rapidly receding chin is suggestive of timidity, vacillation, and mental weakness.

THE FINGERS.

The fingers in position are found $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{APART,} \\ \text{TOGETHER.} \end{array} \right.$

Fright, disgust, detestation, all emotions expressive of unfriendliness or lack of companionship, tend to separate the fingers.

Sorrow, sympathy, communion, whatever is attractive or congenial, has a tendency to bring the fingers into close companionship. Give examples.

In condition, the fingers are $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{NORMAL,} \\ \text{RIGID,} \\ \text{RELAXED.} \end{array} \right.$

They are rigid in horror, repulsion, vituperation; and relaxed in melancholy, resignation, and docility.

The index-finger is made serviceable in locating, limiting, illustrating, and in emphasizing.

In the use of the index-finger, if you wish to emphasize a thought, or specify a thing, be sure to straighten it. Nothing can look weaker or more ridiculous than an angular index-finger, shaking its crooked self in the belief that it is giving pith, power, incisiveness, to some statement.

Guttman speaks of the third finger as the wishing-finger, and says it plays a prominent part in the hand of greed. He calls the fourth, or little finger, the feeling finger, saying that if we would scratch the chin or rub the eye, we should use the little finger. The little finger may be used for the purpose of belittlement, tantilization, and scornfulness. The same may be expressed by the throwing back and pointing of the thumb.

The fingers may be interlocked as a rest, or recreation, or for the sake of variety, and in the expression of anguish, despair, and remorse. Give examples.

THE HANDS

The positions of the hands may be designated as $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{PRONE,} \\ \text{SUPINE,} \\ \text{VERTICAL.} \end{array} \right.$

The prone position is used to express compression, depression, oppression, suppression, destruction, degradation, and the like.

We use the prone hand for a placing upon, whether it be a fact, a principle, a blessing, or an object, real or imaginary. The prone hand, in one sense, is the hand of limitation, an illustration of which will be given later.

The supine position is the one employed in giving expression to frankness, friendliness, and benevolence. The supine hand removes all limitation, and is expressive of infinitude. In illustrating the tossing of the waves of the sea one could not wisely employ the supine position of the hand, as the waves are borne to a limited height. To attempt to waft a

spirit to the heavens by the use of the prone position of the hand is quite as injudicious.

With the vertical position of the hand we may attract, or repel; warn, or adore.

The hand is open in candor, invitation, and persuasion. We generalize with the open hand.

The hand is closed in avariciousness and exclusiveness. It is clinched in anger, revenge, and resolution.

Delight, approval, a desire to attract attention, and the like, find fit expression in a clapping of the hands.

Self-content, appreciation, and pleasurable anticipation, may rub the hands together, one upon the other.

The hands are often wrung as an expression of torture of mind or body. Give examples illustrative of the various positions and conditions of the hand.

Caution.—If you mean to use the open hand, open it. Do not cramp it, nor throw it into unseemly angles.

WHEN TO USE THE LEFT, WHEN THE RIGHT HAND.

We are often asked, how can we know when to use the left, when the right, when both? Many seem to think that the left hand is given man as an ornament, and not to use in gesture. With such persons, this hand has more of a paralytic than an ornamental look. Action to the left side should usually be made with the left arm, and it should be under as complete control as the right. There are very few occasions that would draw the right arm across the breast in a struggle to cover the left field of action. There are some acts which custom calls upon the right hand uniformly to perform; among them, salutation, hand-shaking, and taking the oath.

Both hands are in demand when the area of action is too broad to be compassed by one, or when the force to be employed is too great to be accomplished by one, or in response to any sentiment or situation suggestive of the use of both.

THE ARMS.

The movements of the arm are many, intricate, and complex. There is no agent of the body more difficult to manage gracefully than the arm; none that so frequently mars the effect of speech or song by its angularity and awkwardness.

Every teacher should give his pupils special drill in the movements of the arms. Their preparation for gesture may be brought about by the following preliminary exercises.

Silent-arm Exercises.—Move the right arm through all the planes, in all the directions, with all the positions of the hand; same with the left arm; same with both arms. This furnishes the arms with one hundred and eight distinct movements, and the transformation they will work in the action of a pupil is surprising. After this silent subjugation of the joints and muscles, the instructor may ask the pupils to produce language that requires these various movements, and to fit them to the words.

Cuts, and labelings, and figurings, and directions, at this stage of the study of gesture, are of little value unless the teacher is present to explain and exemplify.

Of the many purposes of the movements of the arm, some of the more prominent are, location, illustration, limitation, generalization, and emphasis.

A single gesture may serve a compound purpose. For example, in delivering the words, "On yonder jutting cliff," the movement of the arm led by the index-finger may express limitation, location, illustration, and emphasis. The index-finger limits the number to a single peak. If there are thousands of them, the open hand would be required. The index-finger points out or locates the peak.

The whole arm and index-finger, in the forward thrust, is an illustration of the "jutting peak." The force with which the movement should be made imparts the emphasis.

In the statement, "O'ertaken by the furious mountain blast, I've laid me flat along," the words "I've laid me flat

along" require some visible as well as vocal expression. A gesture of illustration is necessary. To say "laid me flat along" with the supine hand, would be palpably improper, as in such a crisis a man would not lie on his back.

The instructor should require his pupils to give other illustrations exemplifying the various purposes of the movements of the arm.

A good illustration of the full-arm flight of gesture, and its culmination, in harmony with the vocal flight and culmination, is found in the following: "Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow, in very presence of the regal sun." If the pupil were asked to what zone this compound gesture belonged, he would see in an instant why it must belong to the ascending. If asked what condition of the hand is required, he might not feel so sure. This is an admirable mode of awakening self-investigation and self-reliance in the minds of pupils. For the first clause, "Or as our peaks," the open hand is demanded. "Peaks" can not be indicated by one finger. "Caps of snow" employs the same condition with an upward movement. "In very presence," still higher movement. "Of the regal sun" calls for the index-finger only, and brings the gesture to its climax at the moment the pitch of the voice reaches its highest point.

THE SHOULDERS.

The shoulders are normal in repose. They are thrown back in independence, bravado, and pomposity. They are drawn upward or shrugged in skepticism and insinuation. Such a statement as, "What are you to do about it? I have no fear of you," could be made by a shrug of the shoulders, without the use of a single word.

Languor, debility, dejection, surrender, shame, and similar feelings, cause the shoulders to fall forward or droop.

Caution.—Do not jerk nor shrug the shoulders unless occasion demands. A continued and meaningless twitching

of the shoulders is very distasteful to the average observer. Give illustrations of the shoulder movements.

THE CHEST.

In the representation of such feelings as resistance, arrogance, and bravado, the chest assumes the eccentric form.

In the impersonation of sickness, weakness, decrepitude, fear, and exhaustion, the chest becomes concentric. The chest of the gladiator is eccentric; of the coward, concentric. The eccentric chest suggests activity; the concentric, passivity. Give illustrations.

THE TRUNK.

The body is thrown backward in the delivery of such feelings as those of defense, defiance, bombast, and pride. The pupils may be required to enlarge the list of emotions which employ this position.

Secrecy, curiosity, anticipation, and the like, incline the body forward.

A rotary movement of the trunk is suited to the expression of verdancy, coquetry, and embarrassment.

A movement to and fro, or from side to side, is a sign of woe, despair, and insanity.

A manly bearing, a military bearing, a courageous bearing, all carry the body erect.

The body is rigid in revenge, wrath, and in all types of vehemence.

Sorrow, soliloquy, surrender, and the like, relax the body. Recite such words as will illustrate the various movements and attitudes of the trunk.

Caution.—Unless the sense demands it, avoid, by all means, a monotonous movement of the body to and fro, or from side to side, or in a rotary way. When not in harmony with the thought, such motions are extremely ungainly, and exceedingly trying to the nerves of the beholder.

THE FEET.

There is no easier or more graceful position of the feet than at an angle of from forty to sixty degrees, the heel of the advanced foot about two inches from the hollow of the retired foot. To denote a military precision the feet approach the right angle. In buffoonery, or burlesque, or in the impersonation of extreme awkwardness, the feet may be placed in a parallel position. A swaggering, or intoxicated, or ruffianly bearing, plants the feet widely apart.

THE FEET AS WEIGHT-BEARERS.

In the bearing of the weight the feet are put in five distinctive positions, namely :

1. Right foot advanced, bearing the burden of the weight.
2. Right foot retired, bearing the burden of the weight.
3. Left foot advanced, bearing the burden of the weight.
4. Left foot retired, bearing the burden of the weight.
5. The two feet sharing the weight.

Give examples illustrative of the feet-positions. Which shall be advanced is, as a rule, a question of comfort. However, there are laws which determine whether the advanced foot shall bear the excess of weight, or whether the principal portion of the weight shall be put upon the retired foot. Salutation, sympathy, affinity, and kindred feelings, throw the greater weight upon the advanced foot; while dread, fright, and all forms of repulsion, assign more weight to the retired foot. Stolidity, stability, and sturdiness, place upon the feet, approximately, an equal amount of weight.

THE KNEES.

The protruding of the knees is a sign of slothfulness, ver-dancy, sycophancy, and servility, and is seen often in burlesque. The knees are held firmly back in place, in feelings of rage, resentment, and malice. In kneeling, if the side is toward the audience, and but one knee is to touch the floor, that knee should be the one nearest the audience.

THE LEGS.

The legs should be rigid in all impassioned or dramatic situations. They should be relaxed in the expression of feebleness, exhaustion, melancholy, and soliloquy. Illustrate.

Caution.—Avoid standing in such a manner as to make one leg eclipse the other. Such a position gives one the appearance of standing on a very narrow base, and makes his figure look unsymmetrical. As all who recite, or speak, or act, are required at times to take steps in presence of the public eye, a few suggestions in that connection will not be amiss.

Steps of delight, pleasant anticipation, exhilaration, and the like, are quick and elastic. Daintiness, undue nicety, vanity, and mock-modesty move with mincing steps. Stealth, suspicion, and treachery glide noiselessly on their mission. Imbecility, incapacity, indolency, self-abandonment, are symbolized in a slow and shuffling gait. Doubt, reluctance, repugnance, approach their object, if at all, with faltering step. Indignation, infuriation, and aggression employ steps which are firm and swift. The steps of dignity, deliberation, and ponderosity are slow and steady. The swaggering step is the delight of the clown. It is put into frequent use by the caricaturist, and is admirably suited to either top-heaviness or top-emptiness.

SPECIAL GESTURES, SUGGESTIONS, AND CAUTIONS.

There are countless numbers and varieties of gesture which come under no specific law. These may be known as special gestures. To give an impression of the breadth of the field they cover, attention is called to a few that are common to the hand. The palm of one hand is alternately run over the back of the other in quick succession to express pleasure in the contemplation of a subject, in its cheerful presentation, in gladly accepting its truth, in creat-

ing warmth of subject, or warmth of hands when cold. The fingers are thrust between each other and quickly separated, the movement being rapidly repeated in childish glee, and in the impersonation of child-simplicity. The fingers are run through the hair, or beat a tattoo, or nervously clutch at something, or nothing, as circumstances may dictate. The hand may go to the heart, or the head, or the side, in the expression of whatever calls for such action.

Handling of the Handkerchief.—The public reader, especially if a man, should use care in his management of this article. To be constantly fumbling it, to move it from hand to hand, from pocket to pocket, to tuck it away about a stand where he can not find it, gives him a nervous and effeminate air.

“Suit the action to the word.”—This is a bit of advice that will live as long as law. To have a calm or passive face in the expression of impassioned thought, is not logical. Good gesture simply holds the mirror up to nature. All people of intelligence must indorse the study of gesture, so defined. To speak the words, “Ten feet they measure from tip to tip,” with an up-and-down movement of the arm, places the flying-machine of Darius Green in quite an awkward position. Since they are buckled tightly upon the youth, where would Darius be at such a moment? Saying, “With paddle or fin or pinion, we soon or late shall navigate,” with a series of up-and-down strokes of the hands, is not holding the mirror up to nature. For pinions the gesture is a good one so far as the vertical portion of the flight is concerned. “For Darius was sly, and whenever at work he happened to spy at chink or crevice a blinking eye, he let the dipper of water fly.” To make the gesture with open hand would be to put Darius to a great many needless steps, as each time he lets the “water fly” in that way, he must go after the thrown away dipper. Such a gesture shows lack of logic. To have the tip of the thumb against the forehead, and the hand shading the eyes, when you speak of “Mabel flatten-

ing her face against the window-pane," is a thoughtless, irrational gesture.

A youth in a Philadelphia school of Elocution, whose egotism exceeded his wisdom, criticised a classmate by saying she should have indicated the upward flight of the bird thus: and he made a beautiful compound flourish of the supine hand upward and outward. Picture the poor bird's predicament, flying feet upward into infinite space!

"O'erstep not the Modesty of Nature."—In writing with a pencil, do not put the tip of it in your mouth. Do not continually toy with a watch-guard. It is indicative of abstraction, indifference, or nervousness. Keep the hands out of the pockets. The fingers should not pick at the clothing or buttons. Fingers clasped, with one thumb revolving around the other, is a gesture that one need not covet. A disposition to stick the little finger straight out from the others, is not an enviable one. Avoid standing with either hand on the hip, or with either hip drooping. Do not cultivate a mustache in presence of an audience. In impersonating the act of lifting, the gesture must depend upon the character of the object to be lifted. To lift some objects, the hand is placed beneath. Other objects are grasped from above by the fingers. If one were exhibiting an imaginary canary, it would show little thought in him to use the latter gesture. Be logical. Be consistent.

If in a public performance pouring must be done, let it proceed with propriety. Do not make a farce of it by seeming to pour from a single small pitcher more than you could pour from a three-gallon pail. Do not pour with an unreasonable precipitancy. Do not lift a glass containing imaginary drink, and in a single gulp accomplish the impossible. Be consistent: If you are to impersonate the character of an aged man, remember that old age makes fewer and slower gestures than youth. Remember, also, that old men are as unlike as young men, and the mastery of one old-man character is not the mastery of all old age. For another old man you would need

another voice and another manner. If you are impersonating a part in a play, do not mar the character by lapsing into yourself, even for a moment, while in presence of the audience. Many forget this, while being addressed, or upon leaving the stage. In writing, some ply the tongue so vigorously that they suggest the question, which is mightier, the tongue or the pen? In the personation of letter-writing, another inconsistency occurs, viz.: the penning of a full-page letter in less time than a single line would require a lightning-like folding without the use of a blotter, and directing of the letter by pitching the pen at the envelope. Be logical. Be consistent.

In the impersonation of letter-reading, or the reading of any message, take at least time enough to make a reasonable suggestion of its perusal.

Poise is power. There are some who seem to think that repose is no part of gesture, no part of Elocution. Experience demonstrates that nothing so magnetizes an audience as the manifestation of great force issuing from a comparatively quiet source, with an appearance of almost limitless strength in reserve. Speakers sometimes weep in such a way as to make listeners laugh. If one would move others to tears, he should, as a rule, restrain his own. Thinking that he is with intensity picturing the purest pathos or the deepest despair, the speaker is shocked by seeing smiles on the faces of those who listen. Those who so repay him are, as a rule, ill-bred. However, the speaker should hold himself largely responsible for his uncivil reception. It is usually the outcome of his own inartistic methods.

You will see the whole arm, and sometimes the entire body, thrown into violent commotion in the efforts to give expression to an idea, for which the movement of a single finger would be adequate. The throwing back of the body is not essential to the lifting of an arm. The arm may move independently of the body, and should in the majority of cases. Sympathy is a proper thing, but it can exist without

awkwardness. In the preparation for seating one's self, a sweeping separation of the coat-tails is as uncouth as it is unnecessary. In falling, the law of self-preservation may assert itself by first relaxing the lower limbs, and then by causing the arms to strike the floor slightly in advance of the body. In arranging pupils for public exhibition, the director should see that they group themselves in curves, whether they stand or sit.

In dialogue, the one listening should so place himself that the speaker may give at least three-quarters of his face to the audience. A vast amount of indistinctness would be avoided by observing this simple direction. The performer of a minor part should not try to outshine the star. A subordinate should approach his superior, and not wait for his superior to take extra steps to reach him.

The pupil is warned against the common fault of making too many gestures. The young, especially, are prone to overact. Above all things do not impose upon the imagination of the listener.

A public reader in Philadelphia, in impersonating a stabbing scene, fell to the floor presumably dead. There was no merciful curtain to drop upon the scene. Imagine the impression made upon the audience when the slain man arose to his feet!

A lady reader of renown, in reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," would have the audience believe (judging from the gestures she makes) that she herself was hanging to the rope and swinging out, far out over the city; but the imagination of the average listener rebels against any such representation. The reader must not let his emotion run riot with his reason. O'erstep not the modesty of nature. He who thinks least, who cares least for logic, who values truth least, is he who is most prone to "tear a passion to tatters;" to substitute roar for reason, sound for sense. The "applause of the groundlings" is slight remuneration for a sacrifice so great.

PART V.

PHONETICS.

PHONETICS is the science of sounds, separately considered. As a prelude to proper pronunciation the study of phonetics is of prime importance. Not long since the author read a statement, that not one-tenth of those who are graduated from our educational institutions can give correctly the simple sounds of the English language. It, doubtless, could be made stronger and still be within the bounds of truth. Until orthoepists agree as to how many simple sounds there are in the English language, it will not be easy for any one to know that he can give them all correctly. By some orthoepists, a simple sound is defined as being one that is made by a single position of the vocal organs. There is no sound in our language that can be made in that way. Motion is essential to sound. A simple sound is a single sound. There are forty simple sounds in the English language. To know how to give them as they should be given is as essential to good pronunciation as a knowledge of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet is to correct spelling. Nevertheless, phonetics is so shamefully neglected in our educational system, that there are but few speakers who pronounce well. There are a few sounds which, easy enough to give in connection with other sounds, are difficult to give alone. They are the sounds of *h*, *k*, *p*, *t*, *w*, and *y*. When sounded separately they are almost unavoidably followed by a vanish, which in *h*, *k*, *p*, and *t*, sounds like some whispered

vowel; in *w* and *y*, like some vocalized vowel. The harsh sounds of our language are the aspirates. Foreigners complain of the English language as being unmusical. The language is not so much at fault as its speakers. The sound of *d*, is a sub-vocal, and yet one seldom hears it so uttered. Instead of *ānd*, one hears *āndt*. The word *big* has in it but three sounds, *bĭg*, not *bĭgk*; *large* is *lārj*, not *lārjch*; *has* is *hāz*, not *hāzs*. With a custom, so nearly universal, of forcing upon the ear almost double the number of aspirates the words actually contain, it is a matter of no amazement that people exclaim: "How sadly your language is lacking in melody!" A correct enunciation of the sounds not only spares our language much reproach, but gives to one's pronunciation a neatness and accuracy that can be insured in no other way. Until one knows what short *ē* is, and learns to appreciate it at its full value, he is in danger of saying *bleśīd* for *blessēd*; *ashūs* for *ashēs*. Thousands of similar mistakes he will make.

An honest endeavor has been made to put the following phonetic system in its simplest and most lucid form.

LESSON I.

DIACRITIC MARKS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

The Macron (—) indicates that the sound of the vowel above which it is found is long.

The Breve (˘) shows that the sound of the vowel above which it is found is short.

The Tilde (~) shows that the sound of the vowel over which it is placed is that of *tilde e*.

The Dieresis (¨) shows that the sound of the vowel over which it is placed is that of the Italian *a* long.

The Semi-dieresis (·) shows that the sound of the vowel over which it is found is that of short Italian *a*,

The Caret (^) indicates, when it is found above *o* or *u*, that the sound is broad; when found above *a*, that it has its long flat sound.

LESSON II.

SIMPLE SOUNDS.

TONICS.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|-----------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Long a , | as in pāle. | 9. Short i , | as in ĭt. |
| 2. Long flat a , | " pāir. | 10. Long o , | " ōre. |
| 3. Long Italian a , | " pärt. | 11. Short o , | " ōx. |
| 4. Short Italian a , | " pāst. | 12. Broad o , | " fôr. |
| 5. Short a , | " händ. | 13. Long-double o , | " fōöd. |
| 6. Long e , | " mēte. | 14. Short-double o , | " gōöd. |
| 7. Short e , | " mēt. | 15. Short u , | " ŭp. |
| 8. Tilde e , | " ĕarn. | 16. Broad u , | " ūrn. |

SUB-TONICS.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. b , as in bay. | 6. m , as in my. | 11. v , as in vie. |
| 2. d , " day. | 7. n , " in. | 12. w , " we. |
| 3. g , " gay. | 8. <u>n</u> , " ink. | 13. y , " yes. |
| 4. j , " jay. | 9. r , " rye. | 14. z , " zest. |
| 5. l , " lay. | 10. <u>th</u> , " thy. | 15. zh , " usury. |

ATONICS.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. ch , as in chin. | 4. k , as in kin. | 7. sh , as in shy. |
| 2. f , " fin. | 5. p , " pin. | 8. t , " try. |
| 3. h , " him. | 6. s , " sin. | 9. th , " pith. |

The only sub-tonics that need any given name are Nos. 8 and 10. The former is *under-line n*, the latter is *sub-tonic th*. But one (No. 9) of the aspirates requires any given name; it may be called *atonic th*.

LESSON III.

COMPOUND SOUNDS.

Long i,	composed	of	ä	and	ĩ,	as	in	ĩce.
Long u,	"	"	ē	"	ōō,	"	ūse.	
oi,	"	"	ô	"	ĩ,	"	oil.	
ou,	"	"	ä	"	ōō,	"	out.	

From the analysis of these four proper diphthongs, it will be seen that their introduction adds no new sounds to our language. They draw their material from the list of simple sounds.

The macron is used to denote how many sounds? The breve? The tilde? The dieresis? The semi-dieresis? The caret? Does Webster use any other diacritical mark? For what sounds does Webster use markings other than the ones we have given? Tell what they are. What is an improper diphthong? Phonetically speaking, an improper diphthong is but a simple sound. For what sounds do Webster and Worcester use different markings?

LESSON IV.

NEEDLESS DISTINCTIONS.

1. **THERE** is no need of hard and soft *c*, since there is no such thing as *c*, phonetically. In the word *cent*, *c* has the sound of *s*; in the word *card*, the sound of *k*; in the word *sacrifice*, *c*, in the last syllable, has the sound of *z*.

2. What orthoepists call hard *ch* is but the sound of *k*.

3. Soft *g* is not *g*, but *j*. Hard *g* is *g*, nothing more.

4. What is styled soft *s* is not *s*; it is the *z* sound.

5. Worcester marks *oi* and *ou* diacritically. This is unnecessary. There is but one *oi*, and but one *ou*, and they should go unmarked.

INCONSISTENCIES.

Webster makes the mistake of using the symbol ζ for both *s* and *z*.

Worcester would have us believe that the initial sound in *oi* and of *ou* is the same.

In the following phonetic study we shall call sounds by their right names. If we hear *j*, we shall say *j*.

LESSON V.

LONG FLAT *A*, SHORT *A*, SHORT ITALIAN *A*, SHORT *O*,
BROAD *O*, LONG ITALIAN *A*.

THE flattest sound in our language is long flat *a*. Short *a* differs from long flat *a* more in quantity than in quality. Short Italian *a* is shorter in quantity than long Italian *a*. It is also a little less open in its mechanism.

Short *o* resembles long Italian *a* very much in sound, but it is much the shorter in quantity.

Broad *o* has a quality quite distinct from those already named.

Long flat *a* is always followed by *r*.

PHONETIC ILLS.

1. Long flat *a* is sounded by many almost as if it were long *a*. Pear is *pār*, not *pār*.

2. Short *a* is immutably, constitutionally, unconditionally short. So are all short sounds. To prolong any one of them is a phonetic error. Their beauty is their brevity. Take from them their dash, and the drawl remains. Hat is *hăt*, not *há ět*, nor *há üt*, nor *hăt*. Short *a* suffers special mistreatment when found in unaccented syllables.

Formal is *formăl*, not *forměl*, nor *formül*, nor *formül*.

3. By the masses short Italian *a* is miserably mangled.

The student should be drilled upon it until he can produce it with perfect precision. To pronounce the *a* in *flask* as broadly as the *a* in *father*, sounds pedantic; while to sound it as short as *a* in *mat*, sounds unscholarly.

Pupils should prepare an exhaustive list of words containing short Italian *a*. Give twenty monosyllables containing it; twenty dissyllables; twenty proper names; twenty geographical names.

4. Long Italian *a*, one of the most beautiful of sounds, is by many sadly marred. The words *bäth*, *päth*, *läugh*, *äunt*, *cän't*, *shä'n't*, *läundry*, may be cited as a few of the serious sufferers.

Prepare a list of words containing this sound. Drill upon it until you can pronounce the words correctly.

5. Short *o* has its perils. To say *fôx* for *föx*, is to strand on Scylla; while to say *föüx*, is to strand on Charybdis. Sail between.

There is no such thing as a *dóg*, much less *döüg*. The golden mean is *dög*. Short *o* is often banished unjustly. Do not say *mel'n* for *melön*. In unaccented syllables short *o* is a frequent victim, as in *sciün* for *sciön*.

6. Broad *o* also suffers. If it could feel, how it would writhe on hearing *rôt* for *wrought*; *tôt* for *taught*; *côt* for *caught*! There would come an extra twinge of pain when *sôt* is said for *sought*!

A list of words containing broad *o* should be written and mastered. *God* is not *Gawd*, although the ignorant and superstitious so pronounce it.

PHONETIC SPELLING.

Observe the following order in all phonetic spelling:

1. Pronounce the word.
2. Give the sounds separately.
3. Pronounce the word.
4. Name the sounds separately.
5. Pronounce the word.

SPELL PHONETICALLY.

Stand,	e'er,	balk,	trough,	piquant,
plaid,	eyre,	clause,	ought,	Aaron,
fare,	balm,	naught,	wasp,	prayer,
fair,	daunt,	awful,	watch,	knowledge,
there,	hearth,	George,	flog,	sergeant,
wear,	guard,	stork,	hough,	extraordinary,
heir.	grass,	broad,	water,	authorities.

In the preceding list what equivalents are found for short *a*, short Italian *a*, long Italian *a*, long flat *a*, short *o*, broad *o*? Do you know of any other? Does *ua* stand for short *a* in any word other than *piquant*? Is there any in which *ey* stands for long flat *a* other than in *eyre*?

One can oftentimes locate the State from which a speaker comes by his use of long Italian *a*. Beginning in the east, where it is heard in all its breadth and beauty, it gradually dwindles away as it proceeds westward until, long before it reaches the Mississippi River, it becomes a lank, sickly, long flat *a*.

LESSON VI.

SHORT *E*, TILDE *E*, SHORT *U*, BROAD *U*, *R*.

IN this, as in the preceding group of sounds, there is a close phonetic resemblance. As to the mechanism of the sounds, the student will find the mirror more valuable than any description that can be put in print. Learn exactly what each sound is; practice until each can be accurately produced, and then consult the mirror to see how each is made.

PHONETIC ILLS.

1. Short *e* suffers most at the tongue of the irrepressible drawler. The drawler says *sẽüt* for *sêt*. It suffers but little less when found in unaccented syllables. *Ashes* is not *ashũs*;

children is not *childrĕn*, nor *childrĭn*. *Sĕt* for *sĕt* is a luxury very few can now afford.

2. The greatest foe of tilde *e* is broad *u*. As a usurper broad *u* is not surpassed by any other sound. *Earn* is not *ĕrn*; *serge* is not *sĕrge*. There are some things custom can not do. Wrong is wrong, and custom can not make wrong right. It is wrong to pronounce *fir* as *fĕr*, custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. One of the most marked characteristics of the perfect short *u* is its shortness. In the drawler's speech it is most noted for its lack of shortness. *Dust* is not *dĕĭst*. *Dst* is often mispronounced.

Short *o*, for short *u*, is a relic of barbarism not often met to-day. There are few localities in the United States where *on* for *un* is the rule; as *ĕnknown* for *ĭnknown*.

4. Broad *u* is sometimes given the sound of tilde *e*, but is less mispronounced than other vowel sounds.

5. As a phonetic sufferer the sound of *r* takes high rank. Why *r* should be sounded in the word *raw*, and omitted in the word *war*, deserves an explanation. *Ah* is no more the terminal sound of *war* than it is the initial sound of *raw*. There are those who appear to pronounce on the principle that *r* is not *r*, unless initial, or if *r* is *r* in any other position, it is inelegant to let it be heard. Thus they *heah* with their *eahs*, when they should *hear* with their *ears*. Again, there are those who make *r* do double, triple, quadruple duty. Such people never ramble, they *r-r-r-ramble*. Their rats are all hydra-headed *r-r-r-r-rats*. Never trill an *r* unless the sense demands it. There are other speakers who introduce some spurious sound before or after *r*; thus *ĕrrain* for *rain*; *farĭ* for *far*.

Webster says that *r* is commonly suppressed in the United States, when it follows a long vowel or a diphthong in the same syllable. The statement is too strong, as the error mentioned prevails but little outside of New England and the Southern States.

SPELL PHONETICALLY.

Many,	girl,	says,	doth,	Wednesday,
heifer,	gallows,	fœtid,	world,	verge,
earl,	again,	myrtle,	tread,	tough,
scirrhus,	friend,	scirrhus,	guess,	iron,
æsthetic,	guerrilla,	bent,	flood,	children,
jeopardy,	flung,	burial,	journal,	picture.

What equivalents in this lesson do you find for short *e*, tilde *e*, short *u*, broad *u*? Have they other equivalents? Prepare a full list of words containing the five sounds which are the subject of this lesson. Of these lists what words have you heard mispronounced? In what way? Pronounce them correctly. Has *r* any equivalents? How have you heard the word *idea* mispronounced? Name other words likewise mispronounced.

LESSON VII.

LONG *A*, LONG *E*, SHORT *I*, *Y*.

PHONETIC ILLS.

1. The sin which most besets long *a* is its tendency to end in the sound of long *e*. The drawler is never happier than when saying *fāel* for *fail*. There is a foppish pronunciation which gives to long *a* a sound somewhat resembling long flat *a*; thus, *fāce* for *face*.

2. Long *e*, too, is troubled by a tendency to spurious vanishes; for example, *meil* or *meül*, for *meal*.

3. Short *i* is beset with a similar tendency. Thus one hears *fřët*, or *fřüt*, for *fit*.

Short *i*, as an unaccented syllable, or in an unaccented syllable, suffers various indignities. Short *i* has a *beautiful* sound, not a *beautěful*, nor a *beautřful* sound. *Divinity* is not *děvinřty*, nor *děviněty*, nor *děvinřtě*; it is *divinřti*.

4. The sound of *y* bears a striking phonetic resemblance

to long *e* and short *i*. Pronounce *ět*, *ŷt*, *yět*. The three combinations sound almost as one. The loss of *y* would not be a serious one, phonetically, to our language.

SPELL PHONETICALLY.

Fate,	weight,	sieve,	fountain,	tortoise,
stain,	whey,	yet,	Thursday,	sovereign,
straight,	gaol,	union,	England,	machine,
gauge,	theme,	pleiads,	surfeit,	reprieve,
stay,	sheaf,	Æsop,	volley,	champaign,
aye,	greet,	people,	victuals,	champagne,
fete,	key,	deceive,	women,	aitch-bone,
break,	quay,	fœtal,	busy,	guayaquil,
vein,	been,	melee,	folly,	hallelujah,
deign,	mint,	bouquet,	guilty,	vicinity.

What equivalents in this list for long *a*, long *e*, short *i*, for *y*? Have they any other equivalents? Give some word, other than the one given in the lesson, containing each equivalent.

Is there any word beside *gaol* in which *ao* is equivalent to long *a*? any beside *quay* in which *uay* equals long *e*?

Prepare a list containing the sounds of which this lesson treats, showing how they are often mispronounced; pronouncing them correctly.

LESSON VIII.

LONG *O*, LONG DOUBLE *O*, SHORT DOUBLE *O*, *W*.

THE drawler finds long *o* an easy victim. To say *moōr*, or *moēr* for *more*, is a joy he can not forego. *Goŷ*, or *goō* for *go*, is his delight. Its usurpation by broad *o* is another of its ills. *Board* is not *bawrd*, nor *bawērd*, nor *bawūrd*. To say *bawd* for *board*, is a depth of phonetic degradation painful to contemplate.

Long double *o* is not exempt from misuse. Of all affectations of speech, there is none more offensive than short

double *o* for long double *o*. To say *rōōt* for *rōōt*, or *fōōd* for *fōōd*, is a phonetic abomination.

Long *u* for long double *o*, is as bad as long double *o* for long *u*. *Two* is not *tū*. *Dew* is not *dōō*. *Do* is *dōō*.

Short double *o* is, comparatively, well treated. To substitute long double *o* for it, is an error of little magnitude in America. Were it used as a terminal sound, it would be subjected, as they all are, to spurious vanishes.

Notice how similar are the sounds of *w*, and *ōō*. Pronounce *ōōēt*, *wet*. But little phonetic loss would attend the disappearance of the sound of *w* from our language.

SPELL PHONETICALLY.

strew,	dough,	grew,	thought,	weave,
cone,	glow,	rheum,	bruise,	quest,
roam,	douche,	move,	stood,	caoutchouc,
foe,	bureau,	moon,	should,	manœuvre,
four,	yeoman,	group,	bush,	connoisseur,
brooch,	hautboy,	rue,	wolf,	Worcester,
owe,	canoe,	rule,	choir,	rendezvous.

Do you know of any equivalents not found in the list? Do you know of any word other than *manœuvre* that contains the triphthong *œu*?

Prepare lists as in previous lessons. Give a word containing silent *w*.

LESSON IX.

COGNATE SOUNDS.

Two sounds are cognate when they have a common origin. When the vocal organs are in position to produce the sound of *b*, they are also in position to produce the sound of *p*. Hence *b* and *p* are cognate sounds. The cognates are: *b—p*, *d—t*, *g—k*, *j—ch*, *th—th*, *v—f*, *z—s*, *zh—sh*.

PHONETIC ILLS.

The most troublesome trinity in this list is, doubtless, *b*, *d*, and *g*. They are by construction absolutely shut, but it requires some force of character to make them so, especially when they are used terminally. The ignorant speaker does not know that it is wrong to say *andt* for *and*. The indolent speaker does not care. *Andŭ* for *and* is quite as objectionable. *Tub* is not *tubp*, nor *tubŭ*. *Log* is not *logk*, nor *logŭ*. *Large* is not *larjöö*. *With* is not *withŭ*. *Love* is not *luvŭ*; it is not *luyf*, but *lŭv*. *Has* is *haz*, not *hazs*, nor *hazŭ*. Be careful not to make *ch* sound like *sh*; or *zh*, like *sh*. The digraph *zh* is never seen in an English word, but it is often heard. Give examples. Which of the cognate sounds are, as a rule, used explosively? Which are least fitted to bear long quantity?

SPELL PHONETICALLY.

ball,	ghost,	puff,	this,	glacial,
pall,	egg,	phlegm,	breathe,	chaise,
hiccough,	kill,	tough,	thick,	dough,
diphthong,	hough,	trough,	withe,	nauseous,
dropped,	quest,	draught,	azure,	shall,
add,	stack,	zone,	mirage,	version,
time,	chaos,	czar,	glazier,	caption,
thyme,	coquette,	laud,	regime,	schottish,
worked,	antique,	discern,	jet-d'eau,	conscientious,
yacht,	jest,	Xenophon,	transition,	conscience,
phthisic,	gem,	sole,	explosion,	fissure,
coquette,	chest,	fuchsia,	inclosure,	passion,
seven-night,	vast,	pass,	luxurious,	negotiate,
asthma,	Stephen,	cent,	ocean,	laxity,
gone,	fast,	goal,	oceanic,	ouch.

There are, doubtless, a number of substitutes for the sixteen cognate sounds not given in this list. Students should be asked to make a search for them. Name some

word that contains silent *b, d, f, g, k, p, s, z*; *j* is never silent; *v* is never silent. What is assimilation? What examples of assimilation in the foregoing list? Give some word in which *b* becomes assimilated with some preceding or succeeding sound. Give one illustration of a similar change in the remaining cognates. Does *j* ever change to *ch* for the purpose of assimilation? Is there any assimilation of sounds other than cognates?

LESSON X.

LIQUIDS—*L, M, N, Ñ, H.*

THESE five sounds complete the list of simple sounds. The first four are liquid sounds. Accommodating as are the cognates in pronunciation, the liquids are yet more so; they coalesce with either an aspirate or a sub-vocal. For example, in the word *and* the sound of *n* unites with that of *d*, no more readily than with the sound of *t*, in the word *ant*.

Illustrate the coalescent tendency on the part of the other liquids. Is there any liquid not named in this lesson?

Of the forty simple sounds in the English language, the sound of *h* possesses, perhaps, the least individuality. But that it has a work to perform is shown by those speakers who say *at* for *hat*, and *hat* for *at*; and *harmole* for *armhole*.

As said of *b, d, and g*, so may be said of *l, m, and n*. They are mispronounced most in terminal positions. *All* is not *ollü*; *jam* is not *jamü*; *ten* is not *tenü*. Underline *n* is sometimes given too much of the nasal quality, and is allowed sometimes to partake too freely of the sound of *g*. To omit an *h* when it should be sounded, and sound it when it should be omitted, is an error too common to the English-speaking people. However in England, no less than in America, this custom is chiefly confined to the lower classes.

The pupil may furnish his own lists of equivalents for *m, n, w, and h*. Spell the lists phonetically. Name some word containing silent *h, l, m*.

LESSON XI.

PROPER DIPHTHONGS—LONG *I*, LONG *U*, *OI*, *OU*.

WHAT is a proper diphthong? There are a number of combinations which to the eye appear as proper diphthongs, but which to the ear are nothing more than simple sounds, as in *please*, in which *ea* is a single sound. How many other similar combinations are there? Give examples. What is such a combination sometimes called? The eye occasionally beholds a triphthong, as in the word *lieu*; but to the ear it is not a triphthong.

As to the analysis of long *i* orthoepists differ. Sheridan says it is composed of *ó* and *ē*; Walker and Webster say *ā* and *ē*; Smart says *ú* and *ē*; while Worcester is sagely silent. Among them there would seem to be a uniform feeling that long *e* is the proper vanish. Every drawler in the land indorses that conclusion.

However, as long *i* is always found where its initial sound (*ā*) consumes the more time, there is no reason why the vanishing sound may not always be short *i*; certainly it is more agreeable to the ear.

The sound of long *u* has aroused more discussion and more diversity of opinion than any other sound. Worcester says $\bar{u} = y + \bar{u}$, a quantity equal to itself and something more. We leave that problem with the mathematicians. Webster says $\bar{u} = y + \bar{o}\bar{o}$, or $\bar{e} + \bar{o}\bar{o}$, or $\bar{i} + \bar{o}\bar{o}$, and in the latest edition is added $\bar{e} + \bar{o}\bar{o}$. No one can question the flexibility of his analysis. For all practical purposes $\bar{e} + \bar{o}\bar{o}$ is sufficient, let the \bar{u} be found in what position it may. When a prolongation of the sound of long *u* becomes necessary, the prolongation should fall upon the vanishing sound. Long quantity on the initial sound does it great injury.

The attempt to prolong the vanish of long *i* not only introduces some spurious sound, but adds a syllable unlawfully. Thus, *fire* becomes *fiēr* or *fiür*. *Fôēr* for *fire*, although sanc-

tioned by Sheridan, has very few followers. Long *u* is very often mispronounced. There are many who habitually suppress its initial sound, as *dōoty* for *dūty*. With equal propriety they might say *ōose* for *ūse*. In the pronunciation of the word *lūte*, one frequently hears nothing but the vanish of long *u*, thus, *lōōt*. The sound of long *u* undergoes another distortion fully as disagreeable as the one just noted. It is the attempt to prolong its initial sound, the sequel to which is *plēūm* for *plume*, *vēū* for *view*.

The sound of *oi* is not so much misused. *Ile* for *oil* is the fault of but a limited class. The sound of *ou* is somewhat more harshly treated. A *cow* is, ordinarily, a harmless animal; but a *kēou* is not to be trusted. *Abōōt* for *about* is another ludicrous error. Do you know of any other ills that beset these four diphthongs? Spurious sounds before long *i* are as much to be condemned as when found preceding long *u*. *Gēyīd* for *guide*; *gēyērl* for *girl*; *skēī* for *sky*, are samples of this provincialism. Give other illustrations. Name a number of words in which long *u* is mispronounced.

SPELL PHONETICALLY.

ay,	why,	oil,	you,	beauty,
ey,	isle,	guide,	blew,	pursuit,
eye,	aisle,	slime,	blue,	adieu,
vie,	light,	rhyme,	feed,	maneuver,
buy,	height,	eider,	flute,	accoutre.

What equivalents? Replace the words in this lesson, so far as you can, with other words containing the same equivalents. Are there other substitutes not given here? Prepare a full list of words containing the sound of long *u*. In the word *feed*, *eo* equals long *u*. Can you give another example? In the word *bough*, what is the equivalent? Give other illustrations of the same. Analyze the twenty-six letters of the alphabet phonetically. In the analysis how many of the forty simple sounds appear? What are they? Name those that

remain. How many simple sounds are used in the pronunciation of the letter *w*? What are they? What letters of the alphabet entirely disappear in the phonetic analysis? Name twenty words of one syllable containing the sound of long *u*; twenty words of two syllables; twenty words of more than two syllables.

PART VI.

ORTHOEPY.

WHAT is good pronunciation? To this question we have seen no more fitting answer than that of Dr. Johnson, an eminent English lexicographer of the eighteenth century. This is his definition: "The best general rule is to consider those as the most elegant speakers who deviate least from the written words."

Of this statement Worcester says: "This is a principle which seems worthy of being encouraged rather than checked."

Smart, the most prominent English lexicographer of the present day, sanctions this definition.

Webster's Dictionary also argues that the more nearly words are pronounced as they are spelled, the better is the pronunciation.

However, all of these authorities are found frequently to violate this most commendable law. A few illustrations must suffice.

Worcester attributes the sound of *e* to that of short *i*, in unaccented syllables; thus, *dutiful* he calls *duteful*; *ability* he calls *abilete*; but he does not say what *e* is meant. He is guilty of an inexactness almost as great when he places a semi-dieresis under a vowel in an unaccented syllable, to show that the vowel is to have an obscure sound, failing to say what obscure sound is meant.

Walker, in speaking of the word *nature*, violates the prin-

ciple when he says: "Some critics have contended that it ought to be pronounced as if written *nāte-yūre*; but this pronunciation comes so near to that here adopted [*nāchūr*] as scarcely to be distinguishable from it." Walker apparently errs here, as there is a very keen distinction between *yūre* and *chūre*.

Webster conforms to the principle in treating of words ending in *dure*, *ture*, as *verdyōōr*, *gestyōōr*; but when the word ends in *sure* he disregards it; thus, instead of saying *censyōōr*, he says *censhōōr*.

Worcester agrees with Webster in the foregoing, except that he puts a semi-dieresis under the *u* in each case; as *dure*, *ture*, *shure*.

All of these authorities drop the initial sound of *ū*, when preceded by the sounds of *r*, *sh*, or *zh*. This they justify on the ground of ease of utterance. Smart goes further by dropping the initial sound of *u* in such words as *lute*, *conclude*; and Sheridan went so far as to say *shoopreme* for *supreme*, *shooicide* for *suicide*.

Worcester is guilty of a violation more flagrant than any yet cited. He would have us pronounce such words as *hire*, *lore*, *more*, *soar*, *sore*, *flour*, as though they were dissyllables, thus, *higher* and *lower*. This corruption can not be too severely criticised. He emphasizes his error by adding: "*a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *oo*, *ou*, in the words *fare*, *mere*, *ire*, *poor*, *our*, are not quite identical with the same sounds in *fate*, *mete*, *ide*, *ode*, *cube*, *pool*, *owl*." That the *a* in *fare* is not identical with the *a* in *fate* no one will question; but the remainder of the statement is open to criticism.

Smart maintains that the *a* in *care* is the same as *a* in *fate*, and that it owes all its peculiarity in the former instance to the subsequent *r*. The fact is, the sound of *a* in *care*, and of *a* in *fate*, is not the same. In the former, it is long flat *a*; in the latter, long *ā*. Long flat *a* has a sound of its own wholly independent of *r*, and, in phonetic spelling, we invariably sound the two separately.

We find in the Principles of Pronunciation of Webster's

Dictionary, as revised by Chauncey A. Goodrich and Noah Porter, these words: "When an unaccented syllable ends in a consonant, its vowel, if single, has in strict theory its regular short sound, though uttered somewhat more faintly than in an accented syllable, as in *assign'*, etc. In many words of this class, however, the vowel is apt to suffer a change or corruption of its distinctive quality, passing over into some sound of easier utterance."

In the foregoing quotation it will be observed the revisers condemn, as a corruption, the lapse in pronunciation. Almost immediately thereafter they encourage the corruption by saying: "As a general rule, *a* and *o*, in unaccented syllables ending in a consonant, verge toward, or fall into, the sound of short *u*, as in *ballad*, *method*, etc. In such words, it would ordinarily be the merest pedantry or affectation to give the vowel its regular short sound. Thus the vowel sounds in the unaccented syllables, *ar*, *er*, *ir*, *or*, *yr*, are coincident with the sound of *u* in *sulphur*."

Those who oppose both corruption and contradiction, as well as the violation of Johnson's most practical principle, will not say *ür* nor *úr* for *ar*, *er*, *ir*, or *yr*.

We quote from Webster's Principles of Pronunciation again: "In connected discourse, certain classes of monosyllables, such as articles, prepositions, pronouns, conjunctions, and auxiliary verbs, are usually unemphasized, and their vowel is liable to the same corruption of quality as that in an unaccented syllable of a word. Thus in the word *their*, when unemphatic, the vowel sound would resemble *u* in the word *urge*, and the words *a*, *your*, *that*, *the*, *from*, *for*, etc., would become nearly or quite *ű*, thus, *yűr*, *thűt*, *frűm*, *fűr*, etc."

Whether the words quoted may or may not be construed into an indorsement, is a matter of little moment, as they are self-contradictory; for the *u* in *urge* is not *u* short.

When words are pronounced precisely as they are spelled, then, and not till then, will Dr. Johnson's standard of good pronunciation be fully realized.

ORTHOEPIC INCONSISTENCIES.

WHY orthoepists insist upon the difficult accentuation of many words is hard to understand. The placing of the accent on the first syllable of the word *orthoepy*, for example, is difficult and unnatural. It will be answered that some law of philology or etymology has so decreed it. Fortunately an inborn love of comfort combats the law's austerity, and usually wins. The majority of speakers will continue to say *ortho'epy* until *or'thoepists* will do the same. Very many words might be cited as having undergone a change of accent in favor of easy utterance. *Dyspepsy* was once accented on the first syllable. Speakers, as a rule, prefer Webster's *discrep'ant*, *discrep'ancy*, *acces'sary*, *acces'sory*, to Worcester's *dis'crepant*, *dis'crepancy*, *ac'cessary*, *ac'cessory*. There are many other words destined to surrender to this innate love of euphony and ease. One does not often hear Worcester's pronunciation of *balco'ny*, *quanda'ry*, *elegi'ac*.

Why Webster finds fault with orthoepists for being inconsistent in their pronunciation of trisyllabic adjectives ending in *ose*, and then accents the following words thus, *acetosé*, *ad'ipose*, *animosé*, *op'erose*, and *cō'matōse*, is beyond comprehension.

Why Worcester accents the noun *increase* upon both the *first* and *second* syllables, and accents the noun *decrease* only upon the *second* syllable, would probably puzzle the philologists. Why he accents the noun *detail* on both the *first* and *second* syllables, and the noun *retail* only on the *first* syllable, is quite as puzzling. *Proceed*, as a noun, he accents on either the *first* or *second* syllable; *proceeds*, as a noun, he accents only on the *last* syllable. Why? His treatment of the word *gallant* is as novel as it is intricate and confusing. As a noun, meaning gay, *gallant'*; as an adjective, meaning gay or brave, *gal'lant*; as an adjective, meaning polite, *gallant'*. Webster says, *gallant'*, as a noun; *gal'lant*, as an adjective.

The student finds such inconsistencies very confusing, and they add immeasurably to the difficulties in the study of orthoepy.

EVIL TENDENCIES IN ORTHOEPY.

THERE is a great tendency in America to give undue prominence to unaccented syllables, and to those with secondary accents. The English are much less given to this; and such words as *alimony*, *dedicatory*, *melancholy*, *gooseberry*, drop from their lips with a smoothness and elasticity most commendable. An American will pronounce *strawberry* in such a way that one would find it difficult to decide upon which syllable he means to place the primary accent. Nothing is more fatal to the flow of speech than exaggerated or ill-placed accentuation.

The substitution of illegitimate for legitimate sounds in unaccented syllables is one of the rankest corruptions to which pronunciation is subject. Thus one hears *brîär* for *brîer*; *jewîl* for *jewêl*; *cavîl* for *cavêl*; and *demûn* for *demôn*. Of course sounds in unaccented syllables and in unemphatic words should be given more lightly than those in accented syllables and in emphatic words; but they should not lose their individuality. It is inconsistent to say *my* when emphatic, and *mê* when unemphatic, or *thy*, emphatic, and *thû*, unemphatic.

The misplacement of quantity is another error in orthoepy of no little magnitude. To know what sound should be prolonged in different words is a matter of great importance. In any word that requires long quantity there is always some sound which may be prolonged without marring the pronunciation. Let the pupil give illustrations of this corruption, and state its remedy.

The mumbling and merging of sounds, syllables, and words is a common error; as, *virchoo* for *virtue*; *perpechual* for *perpetual*; *woojoo* for *would you*; *someore* for *some more*; *thislate* for *this slate*. Require the pupil to prepare a list of similar errors.

ORTHOEPIC RULES.

ONLY such rules will be given as will be of especial service to pupils in the study of orthoepy.

I. The sound of short Italian *a* is found in three positions: as an unemphatic word; as an unaccented syllable; as a terminal in an unaccented syllable. Examples: He is a man; Asa; America.

II. *C*, before *a*, *o*, *u*, usually has the sound of *k*, as in *cane*, *cone*, *cube*. As a rule, when *c* is found before *e* and *i* sounds, it takes the sound of *s*, as in *cent*, *cite*, *cyst*. Exceptions: Discern, sceptic, scirrhus, suffice, sacrifice.

III. In verbs and participles ending in *ed*, the *e* is usually silent; as in *blessed*. When they are derived from roots which end in *d*, or *t*, the *e* is sounded; as in *accorded*.

Adjectives ending in *ed* sound the *e*; as in *bless-ed*.

Participles used as adjectives generally retain the *e*; as in *crook-ed*.

Adverbs formed by adding *ly*, and nouns by adding *ness*, to terminal *ed*, retain the sound of *e*; as in *resignedly*, *blessedness*.

IV. It is the rule to sound the *e* in terminal *el*; as in *chisel*. Exceptions: Betel, drazel, driv^{el}, easel, grovel, hazel, mantel, navel, ousel, ravel, rivel, scovel, shekel, shovel, shrivel, snivel, swingel, swivel, teasel, tousel, weasel.

Worcester suppresses the *e* in the word *barbel*. Webster suppresses the *e* in *mispickel*.

V. In terminal *en* the *e* is usually silent; as in *even*, *heaven*, *seven*, *eleven*.

Words which are not participles, in which the *en* is preceded by *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, form an exception to this rule. Outside of these the exceptions are few.

Webster both sounds and suppresses the *e* in *sloven*; Worcester does not suppress it in *sloven*, nor in *Eden*, *bounden*.

VI. *G*, before the sounds of *e* and *i* usually has the sound of *j*; as in *gem*, *gin*, *gymnast*. Before *a*, *o*, and *u*, it retains its sound; as in *game*, *goad*, *gun*. The word *gaol* is an exception.

VII. Chemical terms ending in *ide*, by almost all orthoepists, are pronounced with the *i* short; as in *chloride*.

VIII. Terminal *il* usually sounds the *i*, as in *anvil*. *Devil*, *evil*, *weevil*, are exceptions.

IX. The *i* is also retained, as a rule, in terminal *in*; as in *Latin*. Exceptions: *Basin*, *cousin*, *raisin*.

X. When preceded by *c*, or *k*, the *o* in terminal *on* is usually silent; as in *deacon*, *reckon*.

XI. *R* is never silent except when two are consecutive in the same syllable; as in *myrrh*. A vowel preceding double *r*, not terminal, takes its short sound, as a rule. Examples: *Merry*, *hurry*. The vowel is also usually short, if the *r* which it precedes is followed by a syllable beginning with a vowel. Examples: *Apparel*, *peril*.

Derivatives from words ending in *re* are exceptions. Example: *Daring*. To this may be added the words *alarum*, and *parent*.

XII. Nouns which in the singular end with aspirate *th*, usually retain that sound. Examples: *Youths*, *truths*. Exceptions: *Baths*, *cloths*, *laths*, *moths*, *mouths*, *oaths*, *paths*, *wreaths*.

XIII. DOUBLE CONSONANTS.—When any consonant is doubled in a single syllable, but one is sounded. Example: *Falling*.

If a syllable ends with a consonant, and the next syllable begins with the same consonant, it is the custom to sound but one, although that one is somewhat more prolonged than when found in other positions. Example: *Commence*. Nor does general usage, in ordinary speech, give the two sounds separately when one closes a word and the other is initial to the following word. However, speech would gain greatly in distinctness and dignity were both sounds given in such instances.

XIV. In the pronunciation of nouns, adjectives, and verbs, of more than one syllable, it is the rule to place the accent further back on nouns and adjectives than on verbs;

thus: *refuse* as a noun or adjective is accented on the penultima; as a verb, on the ultima.

XV. If there is nothing in the orthography or accent to distinguish the noun or adjective from the verb, some change in sound must be made. *Abuse*, as a noun or adjective, retains the sound of *s*; as a verb, the *s* takes the sound of *z*.

XVI. When words which are used antithetically, differ in their spelling in but one syllable, that syllable receives the accent. Example: I said *in'citement*, not *ex'citement*.

XVII. In poetry, accent is usually made to conform to the demands of rhythm and rhyme; but this is an unwarranted liberty.

XVIII. Dissyllabic nouns and adjectives are usually distinguished by placing the accent on the ultima of adjectives; and on the penultima of nouns. Example: *Au'gust*, as a noun; *august'*, as an adjective.

XIX. Accent is not found as a rule upon two consecutive syllables. Walker claims that *amen* is the only word in the language that must of necessity be accented on two consecutive syllables. With equal reason a double accent might be placed on many other dissyllabic words, especially compounds; as *pell'-mell'*, *up'-build'*.

ORTHOEPIC EXERCISES.

1. It is fair that she should share with the other heir.
2. A man with much land must hire a hand.
3. One could not ask a more pleasant task.
4. Let him bask in the sun with his mask.
5. In a cask or flask is the sting of an asp.
6. He could neither grasp nor clasp the hasp or rasp.
7. At last he cast a blast quite fast at caste.
8. His friends stood aghast at his bombast.
9. In the past a vast amount of brass was amassed.
10. Alas! the mass of the class could not pass.
11. A lass looked in the glass and saw the grass.

12. His wine he may quaff, may flourish his staff, but his words are chaff.
13. They dance and prance when they get a chance.
14. He woke from his trance and grasped his lance.
15. He quaffed a draught from the rickety raft.
16. He held out his arms to his aunt for alms.
17. He took a bath in the calm of the balmy afternoon.
18. She flaunts her jaunty hat in her favorite haunt.
19. I can't nor sha'n't take this taunt. Avaunt!
20. The calf was gaunt as though half-starved.
21. In wrath he strode down the path with a lath.
22. With a laugh and a psalm he carries the palm.
23. The words, laundry, gauntlet, dahlia, saunter, moustache, drama, rajah, jaundice, piano, agape, rather, half, and salve, are often mispronounced.
24. He ate a banana as a fitting finale.
25. The sot was sought and caught on a cot.
26. Do not say *tot* for taught; *not* for naught; *rot* for wrought.
27. Do not say *born* for borne; *bald* for bold; *scald* for scold; *call* for coal; *saul* for soul; *tar* for tore; *morn* for mourn; *sawn* for sown.
28. His children were gifted, trusted, honest, blessed.
29. Do not say *surge* for serge; *surf* for serf; *urn* for earn; *fur* for fir.
30. At first we saw the bird in the myrtle; then it flew to the earth, where it was at the hunter's mercy.
31. After we enter the car the rain will not annoy us.
32. An honor was conferred upon a certain, earnest, superb, fervid, perfect performer.
33. Do not say *goward* for gourd, nor *wah* for war.
34. If dew is *dōō*, then, surely, hew is *hōō*.
35. If news is *nōōz*, amuse is *amōōz*.
36. It is as proper to say *dispōōt* as to say *institōōt*.
37. If ladies *consōōm* candies, they should *perfoōm* their handkerchiefs.

38. One who is *seclōoded* may *refōōz* to come forth.
39. Say *illōōmination* if you say *ōōnited* States.
40. Upon his throne he reigns supreme.
41. And day had dawned before he rose.
42. Did you, would you, can't you, sha'n't you go?
43. Could you, should you, must you make such gestures?
44. His son seeks sources of highest culture.
45. He has fortune, who has health and content.
46. Eventually and effectually his education was complete.
47. In feature beautiful, in disposition amiable, in virtue unsurpassed.
48. When youths of this age tell truths, they are sage.
49. Black cloth is worn now by plebeian and courtier.
50. Perpetuate the right; ameliorate the wrong.
51. Do not venture to caricature that creature.
52. His betrothed said the furniture was fine.
53. If neither he sells sea-shells, nor she sells sea-shells, who shall sell sea-shells? Shall sea-shells be sold?
54. Shall she shun sunshine? Shall he shun sunshine? Shall sunshine be shunned?
55. The bituminous coal comes annually, or biennially.
56. Blessed is the man who makes men happy.
57. Cold and passionless, the snow, like a cerement, clung to the earth.
58. Cincinnati is on the eve of her centennial.
59. With the subject of civil service he is conversant.
60. You may come at half-past seven, Christmas eve.
61. The curator is eleven hundred and seventeen miles away.
62. In his decadence the executor is excessively exorbitant.
63. He is a bounteous, courteous, cultivated Christian.
64. Through his impetuosity the exposure came.
65. He seems to be naturally and perpetually tempestuous.
66. Beyond question she modulates well.
67. His system is an admixture of allopathy and homeopathy.
68. He is combative, vehement, indefatigable, peremptory.

69. His order is irrevocable; his loss irreparable, remediless.
70. He has the vagaries of an epicurian. .
71. Beware the revolting, sacrilegious traducer and blasphemmer.
72. A righteous soul is a treasure untold.
73. That the temperature is low is demonstrable.
74. Although he is virtually a usurer, he is not amenable to the law.
75. His complaisant opponent is an incomparable orator.
76. The acoustics of the Odeon are admirable, if not exquisite.
77. He resolutely, voluminously, turbulently, declines.
78. As an amateur he is conversant with the subject.
79. His mind is rational, fame national, conduct exemplary.
80. His gondola glides over the legendary waters of the Lethean stream.
81. Literature and eloquence flourish most in lands of frosts.
82. Do not misconstrue the allegorist's meaning.
83. His voice was canorous, his purse plethoric, his course chivalric.
84. The athenæum was pyramidal in shape.
85. What a gigantean mind his coadjutor displays!
86. Contumely, scathing raillery, was the product of his splenetic tongue.
87. That the recitative should be given is not obligatory.
88. Over your allies the brigand takes precedence.
89. That adult is an adept in address with large assets.
90. Contrary to expectation, the canine became acclimated.
91. The aeronaut in his aerial flight rose above the horizon.
92. The truculent Pythagoreans fill their stomachs with anchovies and apricot truffles.
93. The diocesan betook himself to absolutionary prayers.
94. Doffing his blouse and chapeau, the manager of the museum leaped upon the tepid and saline waters.
95. The superintendent of calisthenics in the Lyceum of Nice ended his life on the gallows.

96. The allopathic Esculapians prescribe quinine as an anti-periodic, and morphine as a soporific.
97. She wore a brooch of onyx set in platinum and gold, with a vine of clematis around her forehead.
98. He was an expert in telegraphy, telephony, and microscopy, and an experienced pedagogist and paragraphist.
99. My indefatigable and redoubtable military comrade was drowned in the Thames.
100. These one hundred exercises in orthoepey are not offered as examples of excellent diction.

PART VII.

MODULATION.

MODULATION is the stream on whose bosom thought finds vocal transmission. This stream is sometimes perfectly serene; sometimes it surges along tumultuously; and between the extremes of calmness and commotion there is infinite change. Modulation has reference to those alterations in vocal utterance by which the qualities of thought and the variations of feeling are expressed. By modulation the feeling soul unites with the thinking brain, and the utterance becomes subdued by sorrow, or thrills and trembles with pathos, or deepens with suppressed passion. Under this one generic term may be included pitch, force, volume, quality, rate, quantity, pause, and inflection. The science of Elocution comprehends and formulates the laws which underlie the whole range of expression, while the art of Elocution comprehends expression untrammelled by bodily defects or by conventional usage. Thus may be seen the value of elocutionary drill. Only those whose voices and bodies possess every virtue, and are free from every defect, are in no need of such training.

FUNDAMENTAL DRILL.

A VERY high degree of vocal excellence may be attained even though the drill be confined to the simple mutable vowel sounds. The first attempt to pronounce these sounds, even

in a simple conversational tone, will reveal some vocal defects. Attempting the same in very high keys will reveal other defects; in very low keys, still others. Various degrees of force will develop their own special difficulties. The following are some of them: huskiness, harshness, hardness, thinness, sharpness, aspiration, nasality, and indistinct articulation.

To develop smoothness, purity, flexibility, compass, volume, power, and control of the voice, the following fundamental exercises are commended.

LESSON I.

FUNDAMENTAL EXERCISES.

Crescendo.—Prolong the mutable vowel sounds, beginning with the smallest audible amount of volume, increasing each sound to the fullest extent. From five to ten seconds is as long as the beginner can carry a crescendo. He also finds it very difficult to make the increase in volume a gradual one. The voice manifests a desire to expand by jerks. It requires much skill to so shade the increase that the limit of fullness shall be reached at the instant the breath is exhausted. The breath shows a disposition to escape too rapidly, especially during the first two or three seconds. The quality of the voice oftentimes proves unruly. Ten minutes daily practice for three months will more than double the prolonging power, and improve in a marked degree the volume and quality of the voice.

Diminuendo.—Prolong the mutable vowel sounds beginning with the fullest possible volume, gradually decreasing it to the smallest audible tone. Time the exercise. Eight seconds will suffice for the first effort. Six months of proper elocutionary training will more than triple this amount of time. In prolonging the sound, as in the crescendo, see that a uniform pitch is preserved; that the vibratory movements

of the voice are not irregular; that the quality of the voice is good; and that no jerking of the tone is allowed.

Crescendo and Diminuendo Combined.—Prolong the mutable vowel sounds, beginning with the slightest volume, steadily swelling to the climax, and as gradually diminishing to the starting point. Profiting by preceding practice, the pupil should be able to prolong this combination at least ten seconds. The great difficulty will be to divide evenly his time and strength between the crescendo and the diminuendo. Avoid waste of breath, change of pitch, facial contortions, and labored action of the shoulders. Practice these exercises in pitch ranging from the lowest to the highest.

In testing the voice at different keys it will often be found that, while it is good in quality in one pitch, it is defective in another. Some have good control of the voice in the medium, but can not command a good quality in the higher keys. With others the reverse is the case. Again, many voices, pure enough when propelled by moderate force, become quite unruly when force is added or withdrawn. Practice will give control throughout the entire vocal range.

LESSON II.

CONVERSATIONAL TONES.

PRONOUNCE the vowel sounds in a conversational manner. At first glance this seems an easy exercise; but perfect simplicity of utterance is the reward only of much practice; and it is the highest type of art.

Upon some of the sounds, especially long *a*, *e*, and *i*, many voices will break, or harden, or grow husky. Let the drill be continued until each vowel sound can be pronounced with perfect purity. Not until the breath is thoroughly vocalized, and the molding agents put in proper position, can this be done. Insist on the pronunciation of each sound with the descending slide.

The instructor will learn that in almost every instance the student who has difficulty in uttering these letters with the downward slide, will have the same difficulty in reading. The upward inflection has done much damage. Many positive statements have lost their convincing power because of the final upward slide.

LESSON III.

TREMULANT TONES.

ABOUT one out of five beginners fail to produce and sustain a truly tremulous tone. Some will start the tone effusively, breaking occasionally into a momentary tremor, and again lapsing into the effusive. A very few do not so much as touch the tremor in their first attempts.

Exercise: Prolong the mutable vowel sounds tremulously. Preserve a uniform pitch, the same degree of volume, and an evenly distributed vibratory movement.

TREMULANT EXERCISES.

1. "Rest thee, my babe; rest on! 'Tis hunger's cry.
Sleep! For there is no food; the fount is dry.
Famine and cold their wearying work have done!
My heart must break! And thou!"—The clock strikes one.

COATES.

2. O Christ, who didst bear the scourging,
And who now dost wear the crown,
I at thy feet,
O True and Sweet,
Would lay my burden down.

Thou bad'st me love and cherish
The babe thou gavest me,
And I have kept
Thy word, nor stepped
Aside from following thee.
And lo! my boy is dying!
And vain is all my care;

And my burden's weight
 Is very great,
 Yea, greater than I can bear!
 O Lord, thou knowest what peril
 Doth threat these poor men's lives;
 And I, a woman,
 Most weak and human,
 Do plead for their waiting wives.
 Thou canst not let them perish!
 Up, Lord, in thy strength, and save
 From the scorching breath
 Of this terrible death,
 On this cruel winter wave.

ANON.

LESSON IV.

METHODS OF VOCAL EMISSION.

THERE are three cardinal methods of emitting the voice; viz., effusive, expulsive, explosive. In effusive utterance the vocal cords are acted upon in a smooth, steady, connected manner. The expulsive and explosive deliveries differ but little in their mechanism. In each style the vocal cords are in contact throughout their entire length. If the sudden glottal stroke be followed by a vanish, the result is expulsion. Deduct the vanish, and explosion is the result.

EFFUSIVE EMISSION.

Vowel Practice.—Give each vowel sound with a free, full, pure, prolonged outflow of the voice. Not a trace of hardness or huskiness is admissible in this exercise.

Thoughts of a quiet, respectful, subdued, resigned, benignant nature, employ the effusive mode.

EFFUSIVE EXERCISES.

1. Three of them! a charmed and mystic number, which, if it be broken in these young days—as alas! it may be—will only yield a cherub-angel to float over you, and to float over them,

to wean you and to wean them from this world, where all joys do perish, to that seraph-world where joys do last forever.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

2. My Paul has climbed the noblest mountain height
 In all his little world, and gazed on scenes
 As beautiful as rest beneath the sun.
 I trust he will remember all his life
 That to his best achievement, and the spot
 Nearest to heaven his youthful feet have trod,
 He has been guided by a guileless lamb.

J. G. HOLLAND.

3. Up! forth again, Pegasus! "Many's the slip,"
 Hath the proverb well said, "'twixt the cup and the lip."
 How blest should we be, have I often conceived,
 Had we really achieved what we nearly achieved!
 We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,
 And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.
 So it will be, so has been, since this world began!
 And the happiest, noblest, and best part of man
 Is the part which he never hath fully played out;
 For the first and last word in life's volume is—Doubt.
 The face the most fair to our vision allowed
 Is the face we encounter and lose in the crowd.
 The thought that most thrills our existence is one
 Which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.
 O Horace! the rustic still rests by the river,
 But the river flows on, and flows past him forever!
 Who can sit down and say, "What I will be, I will?"
 Who stand up and affirm, "What I was, I am still?"
 Who is it that must not, if questioned, say, "What
 I would have remained or become, I am not?"

OWEN MEREDITH.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine warm and tender
 Falls in kisses on the rills,
 We may read love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray;
 We shall know each other better

When the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over
And the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

ANON.

LESSON V.

EXPULSIVE EMISSION.

Vowel Practice.—Give the mutable vocal sounds expulsively, opening with fullest volume, and rapidly vanishing into silence.

Caution.—Avoid stiffness or tightness of the throat at the base of the tongue, as you value your voice and your health.

Incisiveness, aggressiveness, decisiveness, and obstinacy, usually move explosively.

EXPULSIVE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. O, comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves. If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors. If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle. E. KELLOGG.

2. Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves! Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl to see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look to see them torn from your arms, dishonored, dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice, be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome, that sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans! Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman was greater than a king. MARY R. MITTFORD.

3. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

In these exercises what words make especial use of the expulsive attack?

LESSON VI.

EXPLOSIVE EMISSION.

AGGRESSIVENESS, vindictiveness, anger, defiance, and kindred emotions use the explosive quality of voice.

Vowel practice.—Give the vowel sounds explosively. In giving this exercise, beware of throat-congestion. The labor of hurling the breath against the vocal cords should be borne mainly by the muscles of the waist and chest. It is

not necessary, in this exercise, to jerk the shoulders upward, nor to stand on the toes, nor to wrinkle the forehead, nor to shut the eyes.

In explosive practice, the teacher can not guard pupils too zealously. Better entirely to omit this practice than to engage in it injudiciously. Properly conducted, it exhilarates; improperly conducted, it exhausts. It should make one hungry, but not tired.

Intelligently employed, vociferous exercises exert a beneficent influence as up-builders of the voice; but when used injudiciously, they have few rivals as voice-destroyers.

EXPLOSIVE EXERCISES.

1. Who spake of life? I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine honor—a jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives! Begone! Redeem thine honor! Back to Marion, or Baradas, or Orleans; track the robber, regain the packet; or crawl on to age—age and gray hairs like mine—and know thou hast lost that which had made thee great and saved thy country. See me not till thou hast bought the right to see me. Away! Nay, cheer thee! Thou hast not failed yet. Fail! Fail! In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as fail!

BULWER.

2. Thou liest, knave! I am old, infirm—most feeble—but thou liest! Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand of man: the stars have said it, and the voice of my own oracular soul confirms the shining sybils! Call them all, thy brother butchers! Earth hath no such fiend. No! as one parricide of his fatherland, who dares in Richelieu murder France!

BULWER.

3. To thy knees, and crawl for pardon; for I tell thee thou shalt live for such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged! It was to save my Julia from the king, that in my valor I forgave thy crime. It was when thou, the rash and ready tool—yea, of that shame thou loath'st—did'st leave thy hearth to the polluter—in these arms thy bride found the protecting shelter thine withheld.

BULWER.

4. Ay, is it so? Then wakes the power which, in the age of iron, burst forth to curb the great and raise the low. Mark where

she stands! Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn church! Set but one foot within that holy ground, and on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—I launch the curse of Rome.

BULWER.

5. Irreverent ribald! If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark! I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs, when this snow melteth there shall come a flood! Avaunt! My name is Richelieu. I defy thee! Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman! Ha! ha! how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

BULWER.

Select the most decidedly explosive words and passages.

RICHELIEU AND FRANCE.

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your scepter.
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from kings,
Lo, I appeal to time! Be just, my liege.
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles
And dreadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The arts lay dead;
Trade rotted in your marts; your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust? So be it! and I leave you sole,
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm
From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without—
No foe not humbled! Look within—the Arts
Quit, for our school, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of nations! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel.
I am not; I am *just*! I found France rent asunder;
The rich men, despots; the poor, banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.

I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
 Civilization, on her luminous wings,
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove ! What was my art ?
 Genius, some say ; some, fortune ; witchcraft, some.
 Not so. My art was *Justice* !

BULWER.

LESSON VII.

REGISTER.

In its mechanism, pitch is dependent on the following:

1. Length of the vocal cords.
2. Size of the vocal cords.
3. Elasticity of the vocal cords.
4. Tension of the vocal cords.
5. Space between the vocal cords.
6. Position of the larynx.
7. Flexibility of the larynx.
8. Degree of expiratory power.

Other things being equal, the pitch is lower in proportion as the vocal cords are longer or larger. Enlarging the space between the vocal cords, or depressing the larynx, or diminishing the expiratory power, tends to lower the pitch. The greater the elasticity of the vocal cords, and the more flexible the larynx, the greater is the compass of the voice.

LOWER REGISTER.

Vowel Practice.—Utter the mutable vowel sounds in pitch gradually descending from the medium to the lowest possible. The instructor will know that the student has touched his lowest limit as soon as the voice begins to surrender to aspiration. Another evidence of the approaching limit is diminution of volume.

Caution.—Do not try too hard to reach a very low key. Tension is fatal to low key. The lowest pitch is the product

of the completest relaxation of the vocal apparatus. Whatever depresses, suppresses, secretes, or degrades, tends to lower the key.

At the close of a few weeks of diligent practice the beginner will be delighted to learn how much has been gained, both in volume and in compass.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts; and dying thus around us every day.

DICKENS.

2. In silence, and at night, the conscience feels that life should soar to nobler ends than power. So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist! But wert thou tried? ye safe and formal men, who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand weigh in nice scales the motives of the great, ye can not know what ye have never tried.

BULWER.

3. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

HALLECK.

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.

Another year

Has parted, and its knell is sounding now
O'er the Past's silent ocean. Ah! it is
An hour for tears! There is a specter-form
In memory's voiceless chambers, pointing now
Its dim, cold finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness

On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of dear, remembered Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet form that slumbers there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what is gone forever.

I am not
As in the years of boyhood. There were hours
Of joyousness that came like angel-shapes
Upon my heart; but they are altered now,
And rise on memory's view like statues pale
By a dim fount of tears. And there were springs,
Upon whose stream the sweet young blossoms leaned
To list the gush of music; but their depths
Are turned to dust. There, too, were holy lights,
That shone, sweet rainbows of the spirit, o'er
The skies of new existence; but their gleams,
Like the lost Pleiad of the olden time,
Have faded from my vision, and are lost
'Mid the cold mockeries of earth.

Alone!—

I am alone! The guardians of my young
And sinless years have gone, and left me here
A solitary wanderer. Their low tones
Of love oft swell upon the evening winds,
Or wander sweetly down through falling dews
At midnight's still and melancholy hour;
But voice alone is there. Ages of thought
Come o'er me there; and, with a spirit won
Back to its earlier years, I kneel again
At young life's broken shrine.

The thirst of power
Has been a fever to my spirit. Oft,
Even in my childhood, I was wont to gaze
Upon the swollen cataract rushing down
With its eternal thunder-peal; the far
Expanse of ocean, with its infinite
Of stormy waters roaring to the heavens;
The night-storm fiercely rending the great oaks
From their rock pinnacles; the giant clouds
Tossing their plumes like warriors in the sky,
And hurling their keen lightnings through the air

Like the red flash of swords. Ay, I was wont
 To gaze on these, and almost wept to think
 I could not match their strength. The same wild thirst
 For power is yet upon me: it has been
 A madness in my day-dreams, and a curse
 Upon my being. It has led me on
 To mingle in the strife of men, and dare
 The Samiel-breath of hate; and I am now,
 Even in the opening of my manhood's prime,
 One whom the world loves not.

Well—it is well.

There is a silent purpose in my heart;
 And neither love, nor hate, nor fear, shall tame
 My own fixed daring. Though my being's stream
 Gives out no music now, 't is passing back
 To its far fountain in the heavens, and there
 'T will rest forever in the ocean-tide
 Of God's immensity. I will not mourn
 Life's shrouded memories. I can still drink in
 The unshadowed beauty of the universe,
 Gaze with a swelling soul upon the blue
 Magnificence above, and hear the hymn
 Of Heaven in every starlight ray, and fill
 Glen, hill, and vale, and mountain, with the bright
 And glorious visions poured from the deep home
 Of an immortal mind. Past year, farewell!

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

In these exercises what parts require the lowest pitch?

LESSON VIII.

MIDDLE REGISTER.

COMMON conversation, simple narration, plain description,
 moderation in all its forms, employ the medium key.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Whatever the lagging, dragging journey may have been to
 the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the
 children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be

peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them, nightly, by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

MARK TWAIN.

2. Listeners, will you please cast your eyes over the following lines and see if you can find any thing harmful in them:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care;
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

MARK TWAIN.

3. On the first day of March it was, that Tommy Taft had been unquietly sleeping in the forenoon, to make up for a disturbed night. The little noisy clock that regarded itself as the essence of a Yankee, and ticked with immense alacrity and struck in the most bustling and emphatic manner,—this industrious and moral clock began striking whir-r-r, one; whir-r-r, two; whir-r-r, three (Tommy jerked his head a little as if something vexed him in his sleep); whir-r-r, four; whir-r-r, five; whir-r-r, six ("Keep still, will ye? Let me alone, old woman! Confound your medicine!"); whir-r-r, seven; whir-r-r, eight ("God in heaven! as sure as I live," said Tommy, rubbing his eyes as if to make sure he saw aright); whir-r-r, nine; whir-r-r, ten! Then holding out his arms with the simplicity of a child, his face fairly glowing with joy, and looking now really noble, he cried: "Barton, my boy, Barton, I knew you would n't let the old man die and not help him! I knew it! I knew it!"

H. W. BEECHER.

4. The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset, in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon
of rest!

FARNINGHAM.

Analyze the exercises in this lesson so far as pitch is concerned.

HAMLET'S ELOCUTIONARY ADVICE.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably!

SHAKESPEARE.

LESSON IX.

UPPER REGISTER.

GIVE the vowel sounds in keys steadily ascending from the medium pitch to the highest that can be attained without strain.

Suggestion.—A wrinkling of the forehead does not aid the voice in its upward flight. The tendency to rise upon the

toes should be restrained, as this does not conduce to highness of pitch. Shrugging, contorting, or elevating the shoulders may be omitted, as such action is as ungainly as it is unnecessary. Last but not least: *Do not congest the throat.* There is no pitch in the entire vocal range that can not be reached without damage to the vocal apparatus.

Gayety, vivacity, hilarity, joyousness, spirituality—whatever exalts or exhilarates—employs tones in the upper register. To these upper keys belong the shout of victory, the cry of alarm, the shriek of fear, and the wail of despair.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!

MACAULAY.

2. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian
shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my
door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!"
Quoth the raven: "Nevermore!"

POE.

3. "Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers pull your best," quoth he.
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play up, The Brides of Enderby."

INGELOW.

4. And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,

And, spurning with her feet the ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,
 She leaps into the ocean's arms!

LONGFELLOW.

5. "Hi! Harry Holly! Halt, and tell
 A fellow just a thing or two;
 You've had a furlough, been to see
 How all the folks in Jersey do!"

ETHEL LYNN

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array,
 To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,

 And Douglas gave a guide.

The ancient earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whispered in an undertone,

"Let the hawk stoop,—his prey is flown."

The train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.

 "Though something I might 'plain," he said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,

 While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,

Part we in friendship from your land,

And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,

Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still

Be open, at my sovereign's will,

To each one whom he lists, howe'er

Unmeet to be the owner's peer;

My castles are my king's alone,

From turret to foundation-stone,—

The hand of Douglas is his own,

And never shall in friendly grasp

'The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,

And shook his very frame for ire,

 And—"This to me!" he said.

"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride—

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),

I tell thee thou'rt defied!

And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.

Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?

No; by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!

Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, warder, ho!

Let the portcullis fall!"

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need!—

And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the archway sprung;

The ponderous grate behind him rung;

To pass there was such scanty room,

The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,

Just as it trembled on the rise;

Not lighter does the swallow skim

Along the smooth lake's level brim;

And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

And shout of loud defiance pours,

And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"

But soon he reined his fury's pace:

"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.

.
St. Mary, mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
"T is pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak and fairly-ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle walls.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Analyze the exercises in this lesson. What portions require the highest pitch? what the lowest?

LESSON X.

POWER.

THERE are two forms of power: moral and physical. The two do not always coincide. There may be a manifestation of much physical power, with scarce a semblance of moral power. Great moral force may be extracted from words, with seemingly but little outward physical effort. Indeed, external self-subjugation is frequently the very life of moral and magnetic influence.

The speaker, singer, or actor, never scores a greater triumph than when, having the bearing of perfect poise, he makes the beholder feel that beneath his outward repose there is throbbing a volcano of passion.

For the present, we shall treat of the physical phase of force. Note this word of warning: Do not strain the voice! Do not try to reach the top-round of the vocal ladder without touching the rounds below. Bide your time. The art of Elocution is not mastered in a day. Do not allow any one to beguile you into overexertion. One moment of such

indiscretion may cost you your voice. There are instances of partial adhesion of the vocal cords. In proportion to the amount of adhesion, is the compass of the voice lessened. A teacher, ambitious to see his pupil progress, and ignorant of the vocal mechanism, is liable to be betrayed into the infliction of an irreparable injury. The law should not allow one to undertake the direction of the human voice who is ignorant of the vocal mechanism, and of the laws underlying the art of vocal culture. To murder the voice is a crime.

There are too many teachers who trust too much to inspiration. They have what they are pleased to call "divine afflatus"—a most dangerous thing in the hands of ignorance—and with this as their sole stock in trade, they set about ensnaring the unsuspecting. Parents can not be too careful in deciding who shall conduct the vocal training of their children in either speech or song.

Slight Propelling Power.—Secrecy, feebleness, indecision, restraint, and like emotions, employ but little force.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. "Now, Barton, my boy, you've done a good thing. I've been waiting for you all winter, and you didn't come a minute too soon. I'm tired now, but I want to say one thing. Barton, when I'm gone, you won't let the old woman suffer? She's had a pretty hard time of it with me! I knew you wouldn't. One thing more, Barton, you know I never had much money. I never laid up any—could n't. Now you won't let me come on to the town for a funeral, will ye? I should hate to be buried in a pine coffin, at town expense, and have folks laugh at me that didn't dare open their head to me when I was 'round town."

H. W. BEECHER.

2. "Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I want to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me: 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he sez. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

DICKENS.

3. She was dead and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast; the garden she had tended; the eyes she had gladdened; the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour; the paths she had trodden as if it were but yesterday,—could know her no more.

DICKENS.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with, here and there, some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. This was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he passed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead and past all help, or need of it. The ancient

rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast; the garden she had tended; the eyes she had gladdened; the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour; the paths she had trodden as if it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on her cheek, and give his tears free vent—"it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

DICKENS.

In these exercises what words or clauses require the lowest keys? the slightest force? the highest keys? the greatest force? Give reasons.

LESSON XI.

MODERATE PROPELLING POWER.

THE entire temperate zone of thought requires the moderate use of force.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. No day so bright but seeds may fall,
 No day so still but winds may blow;
 No morn so dismal with the pall
 Of wintry storm, but stars may glow
 When evening gathers, over all. HOLLAND.

2. Should not we, too, go as strictly and as ingeniously to work, seeing that we practice an art far more delicate than that of music; seeing we are called on to express the commonest and the strangest emotions of human nature, with elegance, and so as to delight? Can any thing be more shocking than to slur over our rehearsal, and in overacting to depend on good luck, or the capricious chance of the moment? Why is the master of the band more secure about his music than the manager about his play? Because, in the orchestra, each individual would feel ashamed of his mistakes, which offend the outward ear; but how seldom have

I found an actor disposed to acknowledge or feel ashamed of his mistakes, by which the ear is so outrageously offended! I could wish, for my part, that our theaters were as narrow as the wire of the rope-dancer, that no inept fellow might dare to intrude on it; instead of being as it is, a place where every one discovers in himself capacity enough to flourish and parade. GOETHE.

THE WATER-MILL.

Listen to the water-mill, through the livelong day,
How the clicking of the wheels wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast:
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle can not reap the corn once gatherèd;
And the rippling stream flows on, tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again to the water-mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast:
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart, and true:
Golden years are fleeting by; youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid, love while life shall last:
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon thy way;
All that thou canst call thy own lies in thy to-day;
Power, intellect, and health may not always last:
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

O, the wasted hours of life that have drifted by;
O, the good we might have done, lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved by a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard;
Take the proverb to thine heart, take and hold it fast:
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

O, love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last;
 For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past;
 And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,
 And Heaven, in all its glory, shines amid the good and true,
 Then you'll see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast:
 The mill can never grind with the water that is past.

M'CALLUM.

The instructor should require an analysis of the comparative force with which various parts of the exercises in this lesson should be given.

LESSON XII.

GREAT PROPELLING POWER.

IMPETUOSITY, indignation, denunciation, frenzy, and hatred—intensity in any form—calls for a corresponding degree of propelling power.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, warder, hó!
 Let the portcullis fall!" —SCOTT.
2. 'Hear the loud alarum bells,—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon
 O the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!

POE.

3. If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
 And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear,"
 God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
 A crown at such hazards were valued too dear.

SCHILLER.

4. And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling banks amaine,
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls againe.
 Then banks came downe with ruin and rout;
 Then beaten foam flew round about;
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

INGELOW.

THE OLD "CONSTITUTION."

The famous old frigate, *Constitution*, was formally put out of commission at the Brooklyn Navy-yard on Thursday, December 15, 1881, and placed in "Rotten Row," to be either broken up or allowed to gradually fall to pieces. Her keel was laid in 1794, and she was the third vessel built for the United States after the adoption of the Constitution. She has always held a place in the affections of the American people equaled by no other ship; and when, in 1860, it was proposed to dismantle and break her up, a storm of indignation arose to which the Government was forced to yield. This stirring protest was contributed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and it has become a standard piece of American literature:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky.
 Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood—
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were humming o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below—
 No more shall feel the victors' tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave!
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave.
 Nail to the mast her holy flag;
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES.

What passages in this lesson require the greatest force?

LESSON XIII.

VOLUME.

OTHER things being equal, an increase of the expiratory power; an enlargement of the buccal or glottal aperture; an increase in the size of the larynx,—all tend to increase the volume of the voice.

Slight Volume. — Secrecy, timidity, debility,—whatever is suppressed or subjugated requires but little volume.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still;
 There's some bad news from Granger's folks."

ETHEL LYNN.

2. Then answers he: "Ah! Hal, I'll try,
 But in my throat there's something chokes,
 Because, you see, I've thought so long
 To count her in among our folks."

I s'pose she must be happy now,
 But still I will keep thinking, too,
 I could have kept all trouble off,
 By being tender, kind, and true.
 But may be not. She's safe up there,
 And when His hand deals other strokes,
 She'll stand by heaven's gate, I know,
 And wait to welcome in our folks."

ETHEL LYNN.

3. "Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
 In the sunshine bright and strong;
 For this world is fading, Pompey—
 Massa won't be with you long;
 And I fain would hear the south-wind
 Bring once more the sound to me
 Of the wavelets softly breaking
 On the shores of Tennessee." E. L. BEERS.

4. This is all that I remember! The last time the lighter came,
 And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the
 same.

He had not been gone five minutes when something called
 my name:

"Orderly Sergeant Robert Burton!" just that way it called
 my name.

F. WILLSON.

5. If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
 It were done quickly: if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.

SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are
 left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Snagsby should
 come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr.
 Snagsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays
 upon the table half a crown, that magic balsam of his for all kinds
 of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the
 stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Snagsby, I am," returns Jo, "and do n't want for nothink. I'm more cumf'bler nor you can 't think, Mr. Snagsby. I'm wery sorry that I done it, but I did n't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Snagsby," says Jo, "I went and giv a illness to the lady as wos and yet as war n't the t'other lady, and none of 'em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being so good and my having been so unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah, Jo!' she ses. 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin' so quiet, and do n't pass a word nor yit a look upon me for havin' done it, she do n't; and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Snagsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin' on day and night, and when he come a bendin' over me and a speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Snagsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I was thinkin' on, Mr. Snagsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I was thinkin' on, then, Mr. Snagsby, wos, that wen I wos moved on as fur as ever I could go, and could n't be moved no further, whether you might be so good, p'raps, as to write out, wery large, so that any one could see it anywheres, as that I wos wery truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I did n't know nothink at all, I know'd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin' could be made to say it wery large, he might."

"It shall say it, Jo; wery large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Snagsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumf'bler nor I wos afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown—he has never been so

close to a case requiring so many—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

(*Another Scene.—Enter Mr. Woodcot.*)

“Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don’t be frightened.”

“I thought,” says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, “I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone’s agin. An’t there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?”

“Nobody.”

“And I ain’t took back to Tom-all-Alone’s, am I sir?”

“No.”

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, “I am wery thankful.”

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: “Jo, did you ever know a prayer?”

“Never know’d nothink, sir.”

“Not so much as one short prayer?”

“No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin’ wunst at Mr. Snagsby’s, and I heerd him; but he sounded as if he was a-speakin’ to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I could n’t make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gen’l’men come down Tom-all-Alone’s a-prayin’, but they all mostly sed as the t’other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin’ to theirselves, or a-passin’ blame on t’others, and not a-talkin’ to us. We never know’d nothink. I never know’d what it wos all about.”

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

“Stay, Jo, stay! What now?”

“It’s time for me to go to that there berryin’-ground, sir,” he returns with a wild look.

“Lie down, and tell me. What burying-ground, Jo?”

“Where they put him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me, indeed he wos. It’s time for me to go down to that there berryin’-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. He used fur to say to me, ‘I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,’ he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him.”

“By and by, Jo; by and by.”

“Ah! P’raps they wouldn’t do it if I wos to go myself.

But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there as I used fur to clean with my broom. It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin'; let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven!—Is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead.

Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts; and dying thus around us every day.

DICKENS.

What parts of the exercises in this lesson should be read with slightest voice? In the "Death of Little Joe" how many characters are represented? How many are to be impersonated? What quality of voice should be used in impersonating Little Joe? what, Mr. Woodcot?

LESSON XIV.

MODERATE VOLUME.

CALMNESS, repose, quietude, moderation in general, finds expression through the medium of moderate volume.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Clear and cold and passionless, pure intellect looks down from its calm heights upon surging, pulsating humanity, immovable as the snow-crowned crest of Mont Blanc while whelming avalanches thunder below. No warm flush of sympathy prompts to fly to the rescue and assuage the woe. Grand and wonderful, indeed, is reason; but as one star differs from another in glory, so does the moral and spiritual nature of man transcend the intellectual, in its relations to the happiness and destiny of the race.

NEWTON BATEMAN.

2. Now, a living force that brings to itself all the resources of imagination, all the inspirations of feeling, all that is influential in body, in voice, in eye, in gesture, in posture, in the whole animated man, is in strict analogy with the divine thought and the divine arrangement; and there is no misconstruction more utterly untrue and fatal than this: that oratory is an artificial thing, which deals with baubles and trifles, for the sake of making bubbles of pleasure for transient effect on mercurial audiences. So far from that, it is the consecration of the whole man to the noblest purposes to which one can address himself—the education and inspiration of his fellow-men by all that there is in learning, by all that there is in thought, by all that there is in feeling, by all that there is in all of them, sent home through the channels of taste and beauty. And so regarded, oratory should take its place among the highest departments of education.

H. W. BEECHER.

THE CRICKET.

The cricket dwells in the cold, cold ground,
 At the foot of the old oak tree,
 And all through the lengthened autumn night
 A merry song sings he.
 He whistles a clear and merry tune
 By the sober light of the silver moon.
 The winds may moan
 With a hollow tone
 All through the leaves of the rustling tree;
 The clouds may fly
 Through the deep blue sky,
 The flowers may droop and the brooklet sigh,

But never a fig cares he;
 He whistles a clear and merry tune
 By the sober light of the silver moon,
 All through the lengthened autumn night,
 And never a fig cares he.

There's a tiny cricket within thy heart,
 And a pleasant song sings he;
 He sings of the mercies and goodness of God,
 That hourly fall upon thee.
 Let him whistle loud and clear,
 Never drown him in a tear;
 There's darkness enough on earth, I trow,
 Without the gloom of a gloomy brow:—
 Darkness enough in the home of the poor,
 That never comes to thy lofty door.

Forth with a smile,
 Their woe to beguile;
 Fort to lighten the heavy gloom;
 Fort to brighten the clouded home,
 And cheer the soul that is shrouded in night;
 Tell it, in tones of love,
 Of hope on earth, and a land all bright—
 The Land of Life and Love;
 And never fret that you can not get
 Just what you want while you travel here.
 Then let him whistle loud and clear;
 Never drown him in a tear;
 But all through the length of trouble's night
 Let him sing his merry song.

ANON.

What passages in this lesson require more than a moderate volume? what require less?

LESSON XV.

FULL VOLUME.

MAJESTY, nobility, pomposity, ponderosity, and kindred conditions, find fit expression in the use of various degrees of vocal fullness.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

- 1 Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king. SHAKESPEARE.

2. Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let him praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps: fire and hail, snow and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word: mountains and all hills, fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts, and all cattle: creeping things, and flying fowl; kings of the earth and all people; princes and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens; old men and children: let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord. PSALMS.

3. What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the interme-

diate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life, am I to be appalled here before a mere remnant of mortality? by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it!

EMMET.

4. Mountains! ye are prond and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the devastating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye shake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter, when the great earthquake passes by. Ye stand as giant sentinels, and seem to say to the boisterous billows: "Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

E. M. MORSE.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore:—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown!

The armaments, which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
 These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou—
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow;
 Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests!—in all time—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime!
 The image of Eternity! the throne
 Of the Invisible!—even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made! Each zone
 Obeys thee! Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

BYRON.

In this lesson what words, clauses, and sentences, require full volume, slight volume, much force, little force, low pitch, high pitch?

LESSON XVI.

QUALITY.

QUALITY or **Timbre** depends on the condition, position, and use of the molding agents. The nose, mouth, throat, and lungs are lined with mucous membrane. Let the nasal membrane become inflamed, and the voice at once becomes impure. If the inflammation becomes chronic, the tone assumes a peculiar catarrhal quality. If the membrane in the throat becomes inflamed, the usual result is hardness, harshness, huskiness, hoarseness. Should the inflammation reach the membranous lining of the lungs, a deranged condition of the voice is the sequel.

For those who appreciate health, soundness of throat, roundness and richness of voice, the following advice is offered :

1. Never congest the throat.
2. Make free use of the muscles of the chest.
3. Waste no breath.
4. Send the fully vocalized tone through a pliant throat.

To see that position influences the quality, try to produce the *orotund* with shut throat and mouth.

That use of the molding agents is a condition on which quality depends, is self-evident. The molding agents are the lungs, throat, mouth, nose, and head. If the lungs act as the main sounding-board, the tone is *pectoral*; if the throat, *guttural*; if the mouth, *oral*; if the nose, *nasal*; if the head, *falsestto*. If all the agents participate in proper ratio, the tone is pure. The pure tone, rounded out into fullness of volume, constitutes the most captivating of all tones—the *orotund*.

Pectoral Quality.—Sentiments of a gloomy, sad, solemn, sepulchral nature employ the somber, pectoral quality.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Now a shroud of snow and silence over every thing was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead;
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead.

F. WILLSON.

2. And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—*nevermore*.

POE.

3. They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast.

The gambler came at last; but all was o'er!
Dread silence reigned around:—the clock struck four!

COATES.

4. Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people,—ah, the people,—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone.

And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells.

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

POE.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave were a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

What parts of this lesson require the pectoral quality?
With what rate, force, and volume does the pectoral usually
associate?

LESSON XVII.

GUTTURAL QUALITY.

ANGER, revenge, contempt, hatred, derision, scorn—all the passions in their ugly, impure, perverted phases—tear their way through a closed and congested throat. That congestion must precede and prepare the way for them, seems to be a divine decree, as each such exhibition carries with it its own penalty. Believing that the less we indulge in the use of the guttural, the better it is for health, both physically and morally, no examples are given here for practice. Feel assured that when occasion and feeling are ripe for their use, examples will be at hand in due malignancy.

ORAL QUALITY.

TONES that pass out directly through the mouth, gaining their chief resonance from the cavity of the mouth, are oral in their nature. These are the vowel tones. When wholly vocalized, they are pure; and as the pure is so nearly related to the orotund, one set of examples—that under Orotund—will serve for each.

NASAL QUALITY.

IN the imitations of certain provincialisms, in character-sketchings and impersonations, and in burlesque, there are times when the nasal quality seems a necessity.

As life would be made sweeter were all occasions for the use of the guttural swept away, so life's pleasure would be enhanced were there no nasal sounds in the English language. Especially does the pulpit suffer from the corrupting touch of the nasal tone. There are untold thousands of speakers who, wittingly or unwittingly, impose it upon their fellow-man.

In the majority of cases, victims of the nasal habit are ignorant of their fault. Were they aware of the torture they inflict upon the ears of innocent and deserving friends, they

would surely banish this enemy of vocal purity. In almost every case it may be easily overcome. The one cause of nasality is obstruction of the nasal passages. If so much air is poured into the nose as to engorge the passages, the nasal tone is sure to result.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. "The bird can fly, an' why can't I?
 Must we give in," says he with a grin,
 "That the bluebird an' phoebe are smarter 'n we be?
 Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
 Doos the little chatterin', sassy wren,
 No bigger 'n my thumb, know more 'n men?
 Jest show me that! ur prove 't the bat
 Hez got more brains than 's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

TROWBRIDGE.

2. "Wal," said Sam Lawson, "after all, it was more Ike Babbitt's fault than 't was any body's. You see, Ike was allers for gettin' what he could out o' the town, and he would feed his sheep on the meetin'-house green. Somehow or other Ike's fences allers contrived to give out come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back Sunday, and so there they was. He was talked to enough about it, cause, you see, to have sheep and lambs a ba'-a-n' and a blatin' all prayer and sermon time wa'nt the thing. 'Member that old meetin'-house up to the north end, down under Blueberry hill? The land sort o' sloped down, so as a body had to go into the meetin'-house steppin' down instead o' up.

H. B. STOWE.

LESSON XVIII.

FALSETTO.

IN the shriek of fright, in the cry of frenzy, in child impersonation, in affecting the unusually high female voice, in burlesquing a foppish, hair-brained apology of a man, use the falsetto quality.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. P'ez, Dezus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
 An' b'ing us some p'esents before it is yight;
 I want he should div' me a nice 'ittie s'ed,
 Wiv b'ight shinin' 'unners, an' all painted yed;
 A box full of tan'y, a book, an' a toy.
 Amen, an' den, Dezus, I be a dood boy.

S. P. SNOW.

2. I 've seen mair mice than you, guid man;
 An' what think ye o' that?
 Sae haud your tongue an' sae nae mair;
 I tell ye, it was a rat!

ANON.

GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA.

The words of a blue-eyed child, as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs: "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing; and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up; for, strange to say, this man, who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home; but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love!

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? A silvery, plaintive sound; a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered, and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light,"

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother, as she took the small hand.

Another kiss, and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless, and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth; Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had never seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms, her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart. "A light case! The doctor says: 'Pet will soon be well.'"

Calmly, as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, and looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death.

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa; in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots, with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you

in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

AMERICAN MESSENGER.

In the exercises in this lesson, what lines require the falsetto? In "Good-night, Papa," how many characters are represented? With what vocal characteristics should each be clothed, and why?

LESSON XIX.

OROTUND.

THE orotund quality is used in the expression of dignity, majesty, nobility, sublimity, and grandeur.

In the following exercises, what parts should be read with the fullest orotund? what with the slightest? How do other parts compare with these two extremes?

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster; not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first and Union afterwards*; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the

whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart, *Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*

WEBSTER.

2. And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God. And again they said, Alleluia. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

REV. XIX.

3. O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!

COWPER.

4. Still stands the forest primeval, but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and
forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from
their labors;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their
journey!

LONGFELLOW.

5. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who have lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my country-

men their rights, and my country her independence—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

EMMET.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar's—to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death for his ambition! Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

SHAKESPEARE.

MOUNTAINS.

Mountains! who was your Builder? Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires, and piled your rocks and snow-capped summits among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations? Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental mounds, like giants' graves, like dismantled piles of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a midsummer's night? Who gave you a home in the islands of the sea—those emeralds that gleam among the waves—those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

Mountains! I know who built you. It was God! His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your corner-stones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of heaven sounded

the anthem of creation. He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes. He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy veil of crimson and gold. He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels; pearls from the arctic seas; gems from the frosty pole. Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered; ye have a longing for immortality.

But, mountains! ye long in vain. I called you glorious, and truly ye are; but your glory is like that of the starry heavens; it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. And yet ye are worthy of a high and eloquent eulogium. Ye were the lovers of the daughters of the gods; ye are the lovers of the daughters of liberty and religion now; and in your old and feeble age the children of the skies shall honor your bald heads. The clouds of heaven—those shadows of Olympian power, those spectral phantoms of dead Titans—kiss your summits, as guardian angels kiss the brow of infant nobleness. On your sacred rocks I see the foot-prints of the Creator; I see the blazing fires of Sinai, and hear its awful voice; I see the tears of Calvary, and listen to its mighty groans.

Mountains! ye are proud and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the devastating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye shake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter, when the great earthquake passes by. Ye stand as giant sentinels, and seem to say to the boisterous billows: "Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

Mountains! ye are growing old. Your ribs of granite are getting weak and rotten; your muscles are losing their fatness; your hoarse voices are heard only at distant intervals; your volcanic heart throbs feebly; and your lava-blood is thickening, as the winters of many ages gather their chilling snows around your venerable forms. The brazen sunlight laughs in your old and wrinkled faces; the pitying moonlight nestles in your hoary locks; and the silvery starlight rests upon you like the halo of inspiration that crowned the heads of dying patriarchs and prophets. Mountains! ye must die. Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.

E. M. MORSE.

LESSON XX.

TIME.

IN Elocution there are three divisions of Time, { RATE,
QUANTITY,
PAUSE.

Rate is time as applied to a collection of words.

Quantity is time as applied to a word or part of a word.

Pause is time as applied to silence.

The part played by rate in the true expression of thought is great. Now it lashes words to their utmost speed; now it applies the brakes to them until they scarcely move; and there is no stage between the two extremes that is not at some time touched by the real artist. Not to understand the art of varying rate in harmony with the ever-changing thought, is to pluck from delivery one of its most effective factors.

Deliberate Rate. — Debility, indolence, indifference, sluggishness, weightiness, deliberation, solemnity, pomposity, ponderosity, and their near relations, are noted for their slowness of movement.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured: "Father, I
thank thee!"
LONGFELLOW.

2. My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request

to make at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done. EMMET.

3. "Cain! Cain! where is thy brother now?
 Lives he still—if dead, still where is he?
 Where? In heaven? Go read the sacred page:
 'No drunkard ever shall inherit there.'
 Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?
 Who bound him hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled
 While yet the hellish work went on? Who grasped
 His gold, his health, his life, his hope, his all?
 Who saw his Mary fade and die? Who saw
 His beggared children wandering in the streets?
 Speak, coward, if thou hast a tongue,
 Tell why, with hellish art, you slew a man."

EDWARDS.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them! To die,—to sleep,—
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub!
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. SHAKESPEARE.

Analyze and state with what degree of slowness various passages in this lesson should be read.

LESSON XXI.

MODERATE RATE.

ALL thought of a temperate nature moves with moderation.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
 Transfigured in the silver flood,
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
 Took shadow, or the somber green
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
 Against the whiteness at their back. WHITTIER.
2. The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
 And he inherits soft, white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold;
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee. LOWELL.

3. And she who strives to take the van,
 In conflict or the common way,
 Does outrage to the heavenly plan,
 And outrage to the finer clay
 That makes her beautiful to man. HOLLAND.

4. "The kettle began it. Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she could n't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp."

DICKENS.

5. We have demonstrations enough, fortunately, to show that truth alone is not sufficient; for truth is the arrow, but man is the bow that sends it home. There be many men who are the light of the pulpit, whose thought is profound, whose learning is universal, but whose offices are unspeakably dull. They do make known the truth; but without fervor, without grace, without beauty, without inspiration; and discourse upon discourse would fitly be called the funeral of important subjects!

BEECHER.

CLEON AND I.

Cleon hath a million acres; ne'er a one have I;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace; in a cottage, I;
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes; not a penny, I;
 But the poorer man is Cleon; not the poorer, I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres; but the landscape, I;
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money can not buy;
 Cleon harbors sloth and dullness; freshening vigor, I;
 He in velvet, I in fustian; richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur; free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors; need of none have I;
 Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come, he'll find me ready; happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature; in a daisy, I;
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;
 Nature sings to me forever; earnest listener, I;
 State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

LESSON XXII.

RAPID RATE.

IMPETUOSITY, precipitancy, gleefulness—all the more highly wrought passions—require a rate of rapidity proportionate to the degree of their intensity.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.
I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He is n't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find!
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men!
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!

C. F. WOOLSON.

2. Hemmed in by many a billow,
With mad and foaming lip,
A mile from shore, or hardly more,
She saw a gallant ship,—
Aflame from deck to topmast,
Aflame from stem to stern;
For there seemed no speck on all that wreck,
Where the fierce fire did not burn!

FARNINGHAM.

3. For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none and pyrates flee,
Why ring The Brides of Enderby?

INGELOW.

4. By the river's brink that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life.
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder;
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close and closer still I pressed!
Fortune favored me at last;
I broke his guard; my weapon passed
Through the caballero's breast.

WALLER.

5. Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back;
 And as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the further shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

T. B. MACAULAY.

FLASH—THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

Flash was a white-foot sorrel an' run on No. 3;
 Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;
 Notional in his methods, strong in his loves and hates;
 Not very much respected, or pop'lar 'mongst his mates;

Dull an' moody an' sleepy on off an' quiet days;
 Full of turb'lent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways;
 Scowled an' bit at his partner, and banged the stable floor,
 With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,
 He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring;
 An' watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle and band,
 Until it was plainly ev'dent he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,
 As if a thousan' witches was rumplin' up his hair,
 An' wake his mate up crazy with his magnetic charm;
 For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire
 Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire;
 Never a horse so lazy, so dawmlin' an' so slack
 As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old,
 They aint no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold
 To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine
 A-bossin' of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,
 A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;

But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din,
An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold him in.

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; wherefore us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash—
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin' with excellent voice an' heart—
We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upward into a new;
If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him flew;
'T was that old horse, a-rompin' an' rushin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3;
Gained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free,
Dodgin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest silk,
An' furnishin' all that district with good, respectable milk.

Crowds a-yellin' an' runnin', and vainly hollerin' "Whoa!"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show;
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin' an' hollerin', "Good! go in!"
Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' a sweepin' along like sin.

Finally come where the fire was; halted with a thud;
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;
Watched till he see the engine properly workin' there,
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled, faded away once more;
Took up his old occ'pation of votin' life a bore;
Laid down in the harness, an' sorry I am to say,
The milkman he drew there, drew his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen more 'n once or twice,
That poor dumb animal's actions are full o' human advice;
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you then,
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

WILL CARLETON.

Compare passages in this lesson in regard to rate.

LESSON XXIII.

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY is one of the subtlest, as it is one of the least understood, factors in expressive delivery. How many readers and speakers there are who do not know the meaning of the word *quantity* as applied to Elocution, and who do not catch the faintest glimpse of its influence!

The word *every* means *all*, and it takes the whole word to express it. Eternity is beginningless and endless; but as it is often pronounced, one would think it means a lapse of time so brief that it ends almost as soon as it begins. Our language is full of words, the full meaning of which can be expressed only by the appropriate play of quantity.

The thinker will observe that the large majority of words in the English language contain some sound or sounds that will not legitimately admit of long quantity. He who has a discriminating ear will notice that speakers who make sounds carry quantity which by nature are unfitted for it, are inartistic in their utterance. A short sound is a short sound, and an attempt to prolong it must do it injury. Short *a* prolonged, is not short *a*. The detestable drawl is the offspring of this wrong application of quantity. Prolong the first sound in the word *and*, and note the effect. No well-trained ear will willingly tolerate it.

Name the simple sounds that will admit of prolongation. Which of these permit the longest quantity? They may be called *indefinites*. Which permit but a limited prolongation? They may be called *definites*. Which permit only the shortest quantity? They may be called *immutables*. Which sounds are, as a rule, used as explosives? what as continuants? Syllables composed wholly of immutables can not bear long quantity, as *it*, in the word *itself*. All the vowel sounds, save the six short sounds, admit of more or less prolongation.

The consonants, when found initial in syllables or words,

ordinarily refuse to receive long quantity. An attempt to force it upon them produces such results as *gerrand* for *grand*.

The sub-vocals, used terminally, will permit various degrees of prolonged quantity.

The aspirates are fitted, least of all, for bearing quantity.

SHORT QUANTITY.

There are words, the very nature of which is suggestive of brief existence. Examples: Cut, quick, short, snap, whip, dash, tap, dip, rap, flip, flap. Require the pupil to mention other words requiring short quantity.

MEDIUM QUANTITY.

Conjunctions, prepositions, and the articles, as a rule, require medium quantity.

LONG QUANTITY.

A multitude of words have in them that which is indicative of long life, and they should not be prematurely ended.

If you would extract from the word *misery* all there is in it, you must take time; it can't be done in an instant.

You make a burlesque of the word *solemnity*, when you precipitate the syllables one upon another, at a break-neck pace. *Melancholy* is not the emotion of a moment; it broods.

EXAMPLES OF LONG QUANTITY.

Dreary, dreadful, boundless, everlasting, immeasurable, unbounded. Give additional examples.

LESSON XXIV.

PAUSE.

THAT silence is golden, is an adage nowhere truer than in the Art of Delivery. In his use of pause, more than in any other one element of delivery, the artist shows his superiority

over the novice. In many situations silence is more eloquent than sound.

And how ignorant is the world at large as to the right employment of pause! How meaningless the old rules were! Many of them, how unreasonable! One need not be very old to remember the time when he read in the school-book: "Stop long enough at a comma to count one; at a semi-colon, to count two," etc. Now those who give the subject thought know that the rhetorical or tongue-pause cares but little about the grammatical or printer's pause. The good reader or speaker makes many a halt that grammar does not note, and many a time he goes thundering along over a period, regardless of its presence. The Soliloquy of Hamlet without the pause is no soliloquy; with misplaced pause, it becomes ridiculous.

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-incumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,—
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

LONGFELLOW.

Locate and give the comparative length of all the rhetorical pauses in "The Bridge."

LESSON XXV.

INFLECTION.

AS THE artist in oils adds a few final strokes to his work that it may wear an air of finish, so the artist in words concludes his clause, or sentence, or thought, by a slide which, small as it seems, gives the last, decisive touch to the character of what is delivered. If one would leave about a statement an air of weakness, indecision, uncertainty, let it terminate with an upward inflection. Would one speak with the voice of conviction, decision, determination, completion, he should turn the inflection downward. The hinge on which inflection turns is the character of the thought; doubt, upward; decision, downward; uncertainty, upward; certainty, downward; weakness, upward; strength, downward; cowardice, upward; courage, downward; vacillation, upward; determination, downward; incompleteness, upward; completion, downward.

Would you give expression to a conflict between these two sets of emotions, between doubt and certainty, use the circumflex. If certainty terminates the conflict, the last dip of the wave is downward. If doubt triumphs, that is announced by the rising circumflex. The circumflex always takes its name from its termination. There are many who have been made uncomfortable when listening to statements, in their very nature full of emphasis and earnestness and truth, but over which a cloud of uncertainty was cast by the speaker's upward slides of voice. Such oratory bespeaks

a shrinking, timid, undecided nature, or an ignorance of this simple law of inflection. The upward slide is good enough in the proper place, but an abomination when out of place. By its misuse, candor bears the seal of insincerity, and statements that should issue from the lips with all the assurance of absolute certainty, are emitted with the paralysis of doubt. There are those who can utter a single simple elementary sound with the downward slide, only by the greatest exertion, and after many attempts. Many a speech has fallen dead, slain by the upward slide, which, driven home by the right use of the downward slide, would have exerted a powerful influence.

RISING INFLECTION.

EXERCISES.

1. Can storied urn or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

GRAY.

2. Am I, who have lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the zealous and watchful oppressor and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it?

EMMET.

3. Wherefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 Knew you not Pompey?
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot were mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul—O, tell me, Hope and Faith—
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes, in heaven!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

Point out all the rising inflections this lesson requires.

LESSON XXVI.

FALLING INFLECTION.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. CAIN, Cain, thou art thy brother's keeper, and his blood cries out to heaven against thee! Every stone will find a tongue to curse thee! Every sight and sound will mind thee of the lost.

EDWARDS.

2. No bugle-call could rouse us all
 As that brave sight had done ;
 Down all the battered line we felt
 A lightning impulse run ;
 Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
 And captured every gun ! GASSAWAY.

3. O, the famine and the fever !
 O, the wasting of the famine !
 O, the blasting of the fever !
 O, the wailing of the children !
 O, the anguish of the women !
 All the earth was sick and famished ;
 Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !
 LONGFELLOW.

4. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 GRAY.

5. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare
 accusation. I defy the honorable gentlemen ; I defy the govern-
 ment ; I defy the whole phalanx ; let them come forth.
 GRATTAN.

SLAVERY.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more !
 My ear is pained, my soul is sick,
 With every day's report of wrong and outrage
 With which the earth is filled.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart ;
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond

Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own ; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him and tasks him and exacts his sweat
With stripes that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.

Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No ; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation, prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves can not breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy, too.

COWPER.

Where are the falling inflections in this lesson ?

LESSON XXVII.

CIRCUMFLEX. { SIMPLE . . { RISING.
 { COMPOUND { FALLING.
 { RISING.
 { FALLING.

A COMBINATION of a simple falling with a simple rising slide constitutes a simple rising circumflex. This combination, repeated once, or oftener, and closing with the upper slide, constitutes the compound rising circumflex.

A combination of a simple rising with a simple falling slide constitutes the simple falling circumflex. A repetition of the simple falling gives the compound falling circumflex.

SPEECH OF CASSIUS.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I can not tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar ; and this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake ; 't is true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan ;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. . . .
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome
That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, who would have brooked
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

SHAKESPEARE.

Give a comparative analysis of the speech of Cassius as regards pitch, force, quality, quantity, volume, rate, pause, and inflection.

MONOTONE.

A monotone is a tone without inflection. It is the traditional tone of the ghosts. As no one ever heard the voice of a ghost, the tradition goes unchallenged. The monotone befits the dirge. It is the tone of melancholy and soliloquy. It is sometimes used in assumed gravity, and it has been heard in an owl-eyed attempt at appearing wise.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

ECCLESIASTES.

CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so: Plato, thou reason'st well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold:—If there's a Power above us

(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy:
But when? or where?—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures; this must end them.

[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]

Thus I am doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

PART VIII.

DICTION.

THE importance of the right use of words in any walk of life is evident without argument. In the hope of interesting the student in the study of Diction the following exercises are offered :

Capacity is power to contain ; *ability* is power to perform.

We may *administer* affairs of state, but it is not in good taste to *administer* strokes.

We may *aggravate* a wound, but one's temper is never *aggravated*.

In such words as agriculturalist, conversationalist, horticulturalist, floriculturalist, the *al* should be omitted.

He is *alone* when there is no one with him ; he is the *only* one when there is no one like him.

A *novice* knows less than an *amateur* ; an *amateur* may know more than a *professional*.

A *reply* is broader than an *answer*. We *answer* questions ; we *reply* to arguments.

We *apprehend* a thing when we catch the slightest glimpse of it ; we *comprehend* a thing when we see it through and through.

A student can not be *apt* to solve a problem, but he may be *apt* in solving it.

We say *so far* as I know, not *as far* as I know.

He came at *last*, not at *length*.

If a woman-author is an *authoress*, a woman-painter is a *painteress*; a woman-preacher, a *preacheress*; and a woman-teacher, a *teacheress*.

When you say you have a *bad* cold, you suggest a time when you had a *good* cold.

A man may be *between* two men, but not *among* two men.

If you are *bound* to accomplish the distance, who *bound* you?

One makes his *character*; his *reputation* is made for him.

Of the two, he is the *elder*; of the many, he is the *oldest*.

His punishment is *condign*, and so is his reward, if just. If his punishment is greater than he deserves, it is *severe*.

To say that he is a *confirmed* invalid, is about as precise as to say he is *powerful weak*.

Saying it is a question of no *consequence*, is equivalent to saying it is a question of no *that which follows*.

We do not *consider* a man polite; we know, without considering.

Do not say *corporeal* punishment, if you mean *corporal* punishment.

We may say *couple* in speaking of two in union. Two marbles do not unite, therefore they do not form a *couple*.

The violation of state-law is a *crime*; the violation of self-law is a *vice*; the violation of God-law is a *sin*.

A man is *dangerously* ill when he is prone to do himself or others harm. One may be very ill and not be very dangerous.

If a man has many *dears*, he may speak of his *dearest*.

A man dies *with* a disease, if the disease dies *with him*; if the disease kills him, he dies *of* it.

We differ *with* another when we agree with the other; we differ *from* him when we do not hold his view.

He shouts as others have *done*, is poor English.

Martha do n't, does Annie? is the same as, Martha do not, does Annie?

They may admire *each other*, if they are two; if more than two, they may admire *one another*.

Testimony that can not be strengthened into *evidence* should not convict a man.

We *expect* a gift; we *suspect* a thief. *Expect* has no backward look.

To call a woman a *female* is very uncomplimentary. A *female woman* and a *widow woman* are alike erroneous.

He can as easily ascend *up* a hill as reach a *final* completion. As well say gentle *sheeps* as gentle *folks*. *Sheep* is plural; so is *folk*.

You should no more say *gents* for *gentlemen* than *pants* for *pantaloons*, or *doc* for *doctor*.

Treat the word *got* as you would a hornet; handle it aright, and it will do no harm.

A student does not *graduate*; he *is graduated*.

If you mean *had*, say *had*; if you mean *have*, say *have*; but never say *had have*.

Wholesome food tends to promote a *healthy* condition.

If we *hurry* much we shall not arrive in time for the train; but by making *haste* we shall not be late.

Ice-water is rarely ever used as a drink, but *iced water* is by no means rare.

People call for *ice-cream*, but *iced cream* is served.

For *ill*, do not say *illy*.

To be a *lady* is nice; to be a *woman* is noble. To say *Mr. Jones and lady* is indefinite; to say *Mr. Jones and wife* casts reflection on neither.

The word *lay* indicates action; *lie*, inaction. I may *lay* a book upon the table, feeling sure that it will *lie* there undisturbed.

A good way to induce a hen to *sit* is to *set* her.

It may be right to *leave* to-morrow, but it is certainly wrong to *leave* me have a bite.

Less refers to amount; *fewer*, to number.

If I am in error, I *mistake*; if I am taken for some one else, I am *mistaken*.

If any one will listen, *he*, not *they*, will learn.

It is better to say a *pair of new boots*, than to say a *new pair of boots*.

We *should* be polite, and we *ought* to be moral.

A field may be *overflowed* by water, while by birds it may be *overflown*.

A task is *partly* done when some part of it remains undone; it is *partially* done when in some parts it is done better than in other parts.

No one animal ever ran *pell-mell*.

Equals are *introduced*; we present an inferior to a superior, Say *preventive*, not *preventative*.

Our merchandise we store in *depots*; we wait in railway stations for trains.

Right here, permit me to say, is no better than *Wrong* here, permit me to say.

If you live in this *section*, you live in these *six hundred and forty acres* of land.

He was *such* a tall man; but very few have seen a man *such* tall.

We *teach* people; we *learn* of people.

He was *that* excited he could not stand, is poor diction.

He has more sense than you think *for*. For what?

Omit the terminal *s* in such words as upwards, downwards, sideways, forwards, backwards, towards.

We no more *try* an experiment than we descend *down* a stairway.

All hold him in *universal* esteem!

He is known for his *truth* and *veracity*!

Writing is my *avocation*; teaching my *vocation*.

To say, Shakespeare *was* the greatest of dramatists, is to imply that he has ceased to occupy that rank.

Without you protect your lungs you will injure them!

A painting may be *finished* long before it is *completed*.

You are *deceiving* me. Perhaps he means, You are *trying to deceive* me.

Neither of us *have* been informed!

A woman does not marry a man, much less does a minister marry a man and a woman. A woman is married to a man.

If it is correct to say she looks *beautifully*, it is also correct to say she looks *redly*.

If she looks *wretchedly*, she may also look *stoutly*; if she looks *awfully*, she may look *thinly*.

If a man should *catch* a car, he might not be able to hold it, but if he *overtakes* it, he may step inside.

Beside means *by the side of*; *besides* means *in addition to*.

What a person *is*, or *seems to be*, adjectives indicate; what they *do*, adverbs indicate; hence we can not say she looks *handsomely*, nor *splendidly*.

Of *all* others, his manner is the *most* cruel!

Make no *more* noise that you can *help*!

The contract has been closed *up*!

One of the cobs struck a man who was standing by on the temple on last Saturday bruising it seriously. Revise the sentence.

A newspaper head-line reads: "Peculiarities of a blind mule bit by a grasshopper under both knees." Revise.

He kept the bandage on, to stop the pain for five minutes in his forehead. Write this in good English.

A semi-humorous criticism by Burdette, on the loose use of language, may not be out of place. Here it is:

"How did you find your patient, doctor?" "By going to his home." "I mean how did you find him when you got there?" "His wife took me to his room." "But what shape did you find him in?" "In the shape of a man lying on his back." "Well, but is he better?" "If he is well, he is better, of course." "I mean is he improving?" "Improving what?" "Why, his health." "I don't know *why* he should improve his health." "Is he better, then?" "Better than what?" "O, Doctor, do tell me what there is about him." "A pair of blankets." "Pshaw! Is he dangerous?" "No, he is perfectly peaceable." "Doctor, do you know how to tell what ails your patient?" "Yes; but you don't know how to ask."

PART IX.

SACRED ORATORY.

WITHIN bounds so limited it will be possible to take but a cursory view of this subject. Indeed little more is necessary, as the course of instruction so far indicated may be as properly applied to the pulpit as to the stage, the forum, the bar, or the lecture-platform. Preachers should know that Bible joy, no less than any other joy, finds its expression in the upper register of the voice; that melancholy moves more slowly than cheerfulness, whether sacred or profane; that majesty requires more volume than meekness, in pulpit as elsewhere; in brief, that intellectual acumen and common sense may righteously enter into sacred oratory. It is hard to conceive of an All-wise Creator being pleased with blind superstitions and nasal tones. Is it reasonable to suppose that a servile, crouching, whining man is held in higher esteem by Omniscience than the thinker, the gentleman, and the scholar? Must gladness, because found in the Bible, shroud its face in gloom? Must Bible truth be forever clouded by the darkness of doubt? Shall the blessed promises of the sweet-voiced Savior take on a dull, desolate, repellent tone? Shall heaven, with all its beauty and glory, be so beclouded by the ministerial moan and frown, that sinners will but quicken their pace toward destruction? The devil would have fewer followers if his devotees should constantly utter his name with a nasal twang, and his promises at a vocal value far below par. There are ministers who

carry intellect into pulpit delivery, and who make righteous use of modulation in leading humanity into the paths of peace; but every clear-headed observer knows that those so skilled in the service of the Lord, are lamentably outnumbered by those who are ignorant of the divine requirements of oratory, and whose consequent dullness of delivery drives beyond their reach multitudes of would-be listeners and learners.

Throw wide open the Bible doors of brightness, and hopefulness, and comfort. The Scriptures contain that which demands every tone of voice in the vocal range; every style of delivery; every method of modulation. Portions of the Bible are intensely dramatic, and portions tenderly pathetic. There are passages of deepest grief; passages of keenest denunciation; passages of tragic power; and all of these demand fitting vocal and visible expression. If the thought is dramatic, deliver it dramatically; if tragic, tragically; if sorrowful, sorrowfully; if peaceful, peacefully; if loving, lovingly; if stern, sternly; every thing according to its nature. Thus you employ Sacred Oratory in its broadest, fullest, truest sense.

DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION AND DEFICIENT PROJECTILE POWER.

These are the two great causes of indistinctness of utterance. Your words do not carry to a large audience because you do not propel them with sufficient force; or if they are sent forcibly enough, a faulty articulation will render them indistinct. Cut out the sounds clearly; give each one time that it may not destroy its neighbor; vitalize them fully, and your listeners will not complain of being unable to understand you.

PRECIPITANCY.

No minister does justice to his work unless he makes his words heard and understood. There are some who will hang

upon one word an unreasonably long time, and then utter three or four words at such a speed that no listener can get them apart. Others will strike a certain syllable with great strength, and dash so precipitately over the remaining syllables that they are lost to almost every ear.

DRAWLING.

The preceding class has its antipode in the drawler. The man of one tone, and that a drawling tone, can not quit the pulpit too soon for the welfare of mankind.

IRREGULARITY.

There are men of wondrous vocal volume who are never easily heard. They lavish their voices on certain parts of their sentences, and invariably weaken on other parts. Usually the weakening occurs toward the close of the clause, or sentence; and so *regular* does he become in this *irregularity* that he affects a sing-song style, almost as injurious to his cause as is drawling. Sustain the effort. Give each word, however small, its due prominence. Take time for the prepositions, the conjunctions, the articles. Slight nothing. Then, with even moderate volume, the delivery will be distinct.

HEAD TONES.

A minister of Cincinnati some months ago said to a brother minister: "I hear that the people are saying they can not catch my words; that I am not distinct. I am amazed. What can it mean? I know I have a more powerful voice than you, and yet they understand you with ease. Can you tell me why?" The answer is easy: The man with the powerful voice directed the burden of the vocal current into the top of his head, and there his words were lost. The other, who knew how to speak, sent his words direct from his lips, and his congregation had no difficulty in understanding him.

NASALITY.

The word *Father* is a beautiful word when spoken through the mouth; but it is almost intolerable when spoken through the nose. And yet there are those who seem to think that the latter is the only pious mode of pronouncing it.

The scholar, be he sinner or saint, knows that God is pronounced *Göd*. Nevertheless our ears are almost daily tortured with *Gawd*, and that, too, in a three-fourths nasal tone. In truth, thousands of preachers are unconsciously afflicted with this repulsive quality of voice.

MOUTHING.

Turning the voice into the nose and head, is not the only means of making your audience miserable. Your lips may be dull, heavy, inactive; your tongue may be thick and unwieldy; your teeth may clinch—any thing to make the words mumble, and rumble, and suffocate in the mouth.

CLERICAL SORE-THROAT.

There are many words which, if they could speak, would exclaim: "I was murdered by the throat!" Of all vocal crimes, this is the most wide-spread and pernicious. In the city of Chicago, a specialist in the diseases of the throat at one time had sixty ministers under his treatment, for various throat affections. This seems like a just retribution for the manner in which they murdered their words, the words in turn finally retaliating by killing the ministers. Use the throat according to physiological principles, and speaking will never injure it.

MONDAY MORNING PROSTRATION.

Next to troubles of the throat, ministers suffer most from collapse following on the heels of the Sunday services. There is an unavoidable expenditure of nerve-force in the earnest ministration of the gospel; but that alone does not

account for the husky voice, and the great physical exhaustion experienced by so many ministers. A most prolific cause may be found in the waste of breath. The speaker who wastes more breath than he consumes in speech, will suffer vastly more from weariness than he who uses only so much as vocalization demands.

Congestion is not the only source of sore throat. In speech, the waste of outgoing unvocalized breath is a source of constant irritation. Breath put wholly into tone is void of shock. You can prove this by putting a slip of tissue paper near the lips, uttering with the fullest force any vowel sound. You note no movement of the paper. Let there be the slightest aspiration and the paper will be put in motion. If the wasted breath shocks the paper after it leaves the lips, it surely shocks the throat on its way to the lips. The more lax the throat the less the shock.

UNNATURALNESS.

This is one of the rankest of oratoric ills. A minister looks at his friends when he talks to them on the street. Why does he not look at them when he preaches? Why does he rivet his eyes above their heads? When he speaks on the street, he speaks in a natural tone of voice. Why does he use a voice wholly foreign to his nature when before his congregation? In his parlor, with a few friends, his action has a life-like air. Why is his action stilted, angular, and constrained before his audience? To be natural in the pulpit is a power. In speaking, the eye should be true to the mark, and full of native fire; the voice should be natural, and every movement life-like.

TOO HIGH A KEY.

The harm done by the use of a too high key is manifold. There is no point in the entire compass of the voice at which speakers so generally speak with indistinctness. In

a large room, with voice pitched very high, it is almost impossible to make one's speech clear and distinct. It is literally true that one may speak so loud that he can not be heard. Philosophy, as well as experience, teaches this truth. Avoid a pitch too high, as you would a pitch too low. Again, an excessively high key, long sustained, subjects the body to an unnecessary and harmful vital strain.

OBJECTIONABLE ECCENTRICITIES.

Avoid rocking to and fro. It is painful monotony to your audience.

Avoid rocking from side to side, if you would have your words heard.

Avoid a monotonous elevation, or knitting of the brows, or a wrinkling of the forehead.

Avoid standing with hollow chest, or with one shoulder far below the other, or with one knee projecting.

Avoid revolving from right to left, or from left to right. This becomes as tiresome as movements to and fro, or from side to side.

It seems unfortunate that there is so little attention given to the Art of Delivery in the preparation for the ministry. That defects are so many and so glaring, and skill in speech so seldom seen, is the natural outcome of so much inattention to this subject. Learning is of little value to a minister, if he can not impart it with force and clearness to his hearers. What he may know amounts to but little, if he does not know how to tell it to good advantage. In every Theological Seminary the art of imparting knowledge should go hand in hand with the acquisition of the knowledge itself. The preacher whose soul is illumined by the light of law, whose emotions have reason at their helm, whose mind is awake to the best interests of his hearers, will make the best use of his voice, his eye, his poise, his action, in his efforts to enforce the truths of the gospel upon his congregation.

BIBLE READINGS.

PSALM XXIII.

1. THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

First Verse.—"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

In the first clause, David makes acknowledgment of his leadership. David himself had been a shepherd, and his use of that term in speaking of his Protector is most natural. In the second clause he speaks in a sense of security—perfect faith in the shepherd.

Why a sentence filled with the feeling of divine protection and human gratitude should be read in a low, sepulchral tone, such as so many use, is difficult to comprehend. Gratitude so expressed to a human friend would sound like hollow mockery.

Second Verse.—"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

There is a no more perfect picture of contentment than this. David had often seen this picture, and now applies it. As David had led his sheep, many times, beside the still waters, so he declares himself willing to be led by the Heavenly Shepherd. Surely over such a declaration there hovers no feeling of remorse, as some seem to think. Through it runs no tinge of grief, as the voice of the pulpit sometimes

suggests. In it should not be seen a shadow of doubt, which so many wrongfully introduce by an upward slide of the voice, or a wavering expression.

Third Verse.—"He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

In the opening clause is pictured the joy of the redeemed; in the second clause, the result of restoration, and a modest attribution of glory to Christ. This should be read in perfect keeping with the sentiments expressed in this beautiful sentence.

Fourth Verse.—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

In these verses may be seen the outcropping of David's pastoral life. In the first words of this verse are seen the first and only shade of sadness this psalm presents; and it endures but a moment, when it bursts into fullest trust in the words: "I will fear no evil." The psalmist manifests the completest confidence in Christ by saying: "For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." With the voice and manner reflect these feelings, and the verse is well read. Do not exaggerate the touch of sadness into the depths of gloom.

In the contemplation of the crossing of the cold river of death, the Christian himself may feel a momentary chill; but, like David, it is instantly replaced by faith that rises triumphant over every fear. In reading the opening words of this verse, the voice should be slightly subdued and softened, rising into a higher key and more cheerful tone in the words, "I will fear no evil," and steadily brightening to the close of the verse.

Fifth and Sixth Verses.—"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

In these verses there is an ascending flight by way of increase in animation, in thanksgiving, in praise, until the culmination on the word *life* in the sixth verse, when follows a subsidence into a quiet trust that foresees the everlasting dwelling of the soul "in the house of the Lord."

Now, he who reads these two verses with drooping lids, and heavy eyes, and solemn face, and passive form, and a dolorous monotone, should be told of his error.

When Sacred Oratory is seen in its true light, all superstitions concerning it, all prejudices against it, all narrow egotistical undervaluations of it, will be swept away. Honesty, earnestness, fervor, intellectuality, refinement, knowledge, can not be put to better use than to the furtherance of man's well-being here and hereafter.

Following the plan here suggested, any Scriptural reading may be analyzed, and the voice and gesture suited to the thought.

HYMNAL READINGS.

THE wrongs constantly being perpetrated upon the Bible are duplicated—augmented, if possible—in the treatment of hymns. Every one knows that the majority of ministers read hymns wretchedly. They whine them, drawl them, render them in a sing-song style, and impose upon them every conceivable indignity. The poor, helpless hymns deserve unbounded sympathy in their sufferings. Here is a recipe for emptying churches: Read the hymns without a shade of modulation, or a spark of animation; have them sung by a choir in such a way that listeners can not understand a single word; utter a stereotyped, labored, melancholy prayer; then read a long, dry, large-worded manuscript-sermon in the same style, and the probabilities are that you will be preaching to empty benches, before your first year has half ended.

CORONATION.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

There is not a word in this entire hymn that should be spoken in a nasal tone. There is not a semblance of monotony in it. There is no place in it for a sing-song style. There is not a thought in it to cloud the face, or hang the head, or droop the body, or cast a gloom upon the voice. The hymn throughout carries a tone of triumph. Triumph, in Bible, hymn, or elsewhere, demands a key above the medium; a rate more than moderately rapid; and a force above the average. Triumph requires clear, ringing tones. It brightens the eye, illumines the face, and gives tension to the whole muscular and emotional man. In hymnal or Bible reading, as in the reading of any thing else, the first essential is a correct conception of the thought to be expressed. This is an intellectual act. The second essential is a knowledge of the expression the thought demands. This, too, is a question which an educated mind must decide. The third essential is the ability to adapt the voice and gesture to the nature of the thought. The fourth essential is a soul which shall vitalize the thought and give it persuading and convincing power.

The minister who reads or speaks most effectively, is he

who analyzes justly; who modulates his voice in accordance with the thought; who makes of his face a truthful mirror of the soul; whose every position or action tends to the portrayal of things as they are. All that Elocution has to do with Sacred Oratory may be summed up in these words: It helps to conform the mind, the spirit, the face, the form, the action, to the requirements of the thought. When all these powers work in harmony, the pulpit is a power for good.

PART X.

THOUGHT ANALYSIS.

CONCERNING the analysis of thought something has been said in the pages on Modulation and Sacred Oratory; but the following selections are here added in order that this subject may receive more specific treatment:

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

I.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land
of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters!
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

II.

O, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

III.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: "God save our lord the
king!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall—as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

IV.

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
"Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon them with the lance!"
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest;
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

V.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail;

And then, we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry: "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go!"
O, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

VI.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexicans pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearsmen's
 souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
 Ho! berghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
 And inocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

T. B. MACAULAY.

General Topics.—Give a sketch of the life of T. B. Macaulay. What degree of force in the main characterizes this selection? What pitch, what rate, what volume, what emotions, are put most prominently forward?

First Stanza.—Give the etymology of the word sovereign. What King Henry is referred to here? Give a brief sketch of him. In visibly expressing *corn-fields*, *vines*, and *land*, which requires the least extended gesture? which the most? Where is *Rochelle*? Why *proud*? Why have her daughters mourned? What is the meaning of *our ills*? Why had her walls been annoyed? What was the *single field*? Where is *Ivry*? When was this battle fought?

Second Stanza.—Who composed the Army of the League? Why had it been organized? Who was its leader? What is the meaning of *priest-led citizens*? of *rebel peers*? Pronounce *Appenzel*. Whence came he? What is the meaning of *stout*? and why used here? What is meant by *infantry*? Give something about *Egmont*. What are *Flemish spears*? Why say "*brood of false Lorraine*?" Who was *Lorraine*? Why were they the *curses* of France? Why say *dark Mayenne*? Give something of *Mayenne*. What is a *truncheon*? Why does looking on them bring up thoughts of *Seine's empurpled flood*? To what does *Seine's empurpled flood* refer? What was Coligny's standing in this religious

war? What was the body of people called of whom he was so long the animating spirit? In what year did Coligny die? On what occasion? under what circumstances? In what key of voice should this stanza open, as compared with the closing of the first stanza? with what force? and volume? What gesture is suited to the location of the League? priest-led citizens? rebel peers? Appenzel's stout infantry? Egmont's Flemish spears? brood of false Lorraine? Mayenne? dabbled with his blood? living God? and Henry of Navarre? Into what plane would *curses* logically carry the gesture?

Third Stanza.—Pronounce *deafening*. Define *oriflamme*; give its etymology. To deliver "*God save our lord the King*" in a feeble voice would not be very deafening. This shout requires sustaining power, roundness, fullness, and smoothness of voice, and great projectile power. In what particulars would the delivery of, "*He looked upon his people*," differ from that of, "*He looked upon the traitors?*" To whom does the king speak the closing four lines of this stanza? Tell how you think they should be spoken, vocally and visibly.

Fourth Stanza.—Explain the variations of rate this stanza requires; of force; of pitch. What slide predominates? What is the meaning of *culverin*? Who was the *fiery duke*? Where is St. Andre's plain? What is the meaning of *hireling chivalry*? Give something of Guelder; of Almayne. Give the meaning of *fair*; of *golden lilies*. What is meant by a flight of the voice? What flights are found in this stanza? Are they ascending or descending? What vocal variations do they require? What is the meaning of *knight*? Why was *Navarre* applied to King Henry IV?

Fifth Stanza.—Give something of *D'Aumale*. Who was the *Flemish Count*? Explain the meaning of the third line. Where is the *Bay of Biscay*? What is the meaning of *van*? Why say, *Remember St. Bartholomew*? Who says *gentle Henry*? Was he really gentle? Spell the word *for-*

signer, phonetically. What flight in the opening lines? Where does it begin? where close? What changes in rate, volume, force, pitch, and quality of voice occur in this stanza?

Sixth Stanza.—Where is Vienna? where Lucerne? Were these maids and matrons friends or foes of the Huguenots? What Philip is referred to? What is a pistole? Why speak of Mexican? Why use the word *charity*? Where is Antwerp? Why should it be spoken of in this connection? Who says *gallant nobles*? In what sense is the word *gallant* used? What is meant by *look that your arms be bright*? and in what spirit should these words be uttered? What is a burgher? Where is St. Genevieve? Did these burghers favor or oppose the Protestant party? Who were tyrants, and why? who slaves, and why? In what particulars must the reading of lines five and six differ, the one from the other? In what pitch should the last two lines be read as compared with the lines preceding?

ANALYSIS OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

I.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

III.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

IV.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

V.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

VI.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

VII.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

VIII.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

IX.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

X.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

XI.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

XII.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

XIII.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

XIV.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

XV.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

XVI.

Th' applause of listening senates to command;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,—

XVII.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

XX.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

XXI.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

XXII.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

XXIV.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

XXV.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

XXVI.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

XXVII.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

XXVIII.

One morn I missed him on th' accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

XXIX.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

XXX.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

XXXI.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

XXXII.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

First Stanza.—Give a sketch of Thomas Gray. What is a curfew? What is it to *toll the knell of parting day*? What word in this line should be read in the lowest key? Pronounce *lowing*. What is the *lea*? In what key should this verse be read; and with what rate, volume, quality, and force? Name the words that require the longest quantity.

Second Stanza.—Give the meaning of *glimmering*, and the etymology of *landscape*. How does the air hold a *solemn stillness*? Why say *drowsy tinklings*?

Third Stanza.—What is the meaning of *ivy-mantled*? How does the owl complain to the moon? Why say *ancient, solitary reign*? Locate the rhetorical pauses found in this stanza.

Fourth Stanza.—The expression *yew-tree's shade* modifies what? *Shade* is the subsequent of what word as leader? What is the meaning of the second line? what of *rude*? Where are the rhetorical pauses found? What word in the stanza requires the longest quantity?

Fifth Stanza.—Explain the term *incense-breathing*. What is the meaning of *clarion*? What line should be read with the slowest rate? what with the lowest key? what with the gravest quality? What word in this stanza requires the quickest syllabic utterance?

Sixth Stanza.—Pronounce *hearth*. What is it to *ply evening care*? Give the etymology of *sire*. How does this stanza compare with the first three lines of the preceding, in pitch, rate, and gravity of tone?

Seventh Stanza.—Explain the term, *stubborn glebe*. Give the meaning of *jocund*, and *afield*. In what sense did

the *woods.bow*? How does this stanza differ from the preceding in pitch, force, rate, quality, and style of delivery?

Eighth Stanza.—What is the grammatical object of *mock*? Give the meaning of *homely*, and the etymology of *obscure*. What is an *obscure destiny*? Give the meaning of *annals*? For whom does the poet show sympathy here? What has occasioned it? In what sense is the word *grandeur* used? What is Gray's estimate of *grandeur* and *ambition*?

Ninth Stanza.—What is *heraldry* and *pomp of power*? Compare the opening two lines, in pitch, force, rate, quantity, and style, with the closing two lines.

Tenth Stanza.—*These* refers to whom, in particular? in general? What is the meaning of *trophies*? What *long-drawn aisle* is meant? What is meant by *fretted vault*? by *note of praise*? For whom are trophies reared, and such a burial prepared as is described in the last two lines?

Eleventh Stanza.—What is meant by *storied urn*? *animated bust*? *its mansion*? Give the meaning of *provoke* as here used? What *dull ear of death* is meant? In what way do the inflections in this stanza differ from those which precede? Has it fewer or more rhetorical pauses than are found in the ninth or tenth stanza?

Twelfth Stanza.—What *neglected spot* is meant? Explain the second, third, and fourth lines. Where should pauses be made in reading this stanza? Should this stanza be read more slowly or more rapidly than the eleventh?

Thirteenth Stanza.—Tell, in three words, the meaning of the first and second lines. What is *chill penury*, *noble rage*, *genial current*? Give the etymology of the word *penury*. In five words state the substance of this stanza.

Fourteenth Stanza.—Put this stanza into prose, without omitting a thought. What is the grammatical construction of *full many a gem*?

Fifteenth Stanza.—What is meant by *some village Hampden*? What is the meaning of the second line? Define *mute inglorious Milton*. What Cromwell was guilty of

his country's blood? Was a Cromwell lying in this country church-yard? How was he *guiltless of his country's blood*?

Sixteenth Stanza.—What slides close the clauses in this stanza? Are the same slides used in the fifteenth? What rate should be used in reading this stanza, as compared with the thirteenth?

Seventeenth Stanza.—Explain the expression, *their lot forbade*. Give the etymology of *circumscribed*. Name some of their *growing virtues*. Give the meaning of *crimes confined*. How were they confined? Explain the term, *forbade to wade*. Parse this stanza. What does the last line modify, and what does it mean? What words of this stanza requires special emphasis?

Eighteenth Stanza.—Whose *conscious truth* is meant? Why *pangs and struggling*? Define *ingenuous*. What word does this stanza modify? Put the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth stanzas into diagram. Should the same inflections be used in this stanza as in the sixteenth?

Nineteenth Stanza.—Define *maddening* and *ignoble*. Introduce some word before *far* in the first line to make its meaning plainer. Explain the second line. Explain the use of *cool, sequestered, noiseless tenor*.

Twentieth Stanza.—Name the emphatic words in the first line. What *frail memorial* is meant? Why *uncouth, shapeless sculpture*? Define *decked, implores*, and give the meaning of *passing tribute*. Why use *sigh*? What inflections should be used in this stanza?

Twenty-first Stanza.—Define *elegy*, and give its etymology. What has elegy to do with fame? What is fame? Give the meaning of *holy text* as here used, and also of *rustic moralist*. How could these holy texts teach these moralists how to die? Define the *unlettered muse*. What muse is here meant? How was it known that this one was unlettered?

Twenty-second Stanza.—Transpose the words of this stanza to make it read more like prose, and to make its

meaning clearer. What is your answer to the question asked in this stanza? Seeing the interrogation-mark at its close, one would suppose what inflection should be used? In fact, what inflections are the proper ones in this stanza? Why? Put this stanza in the form of a direct affirmation.

Twenty-third Stanza.—Does this stanza bear any relation to the twenty-second? Give the meaning of *pious drops*. What is the significance of *closing eye*? How does the voice of nature cry from the tomb? Explain the last line. Pronounce and define *wonted*. Define *fires*. How do stanzas twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three differ from sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, in pitch, force, rate, quality, and manner?

Twenty-fourth Stanza.—To whom does *thee* refer? Who are the *unhonored dead*? How does he show his mindfulness? What does *artless* mean here? Who had been led by *lonely contemplation*? Who may be later likewise led? If so led, what may be seen, and what inquiry made? What inflection on *fate*, and why? Why is the term *kindred* used here?

Twenty-fifth Stanza.—Define *haply* and *hoary-headed swain*. Who was seen at the *peep of dawn*? Give the meaning of *upland lawn*. What do we learn of Gray's habits in this stanza? Compare this stanza with the twenty-third, in key, rate, force, and quality, of voice.

Twenty-sixth Stanza.—What is the significance of the word *nodding* as here used? and of *fantastic*? Explain this line. Give the meaning of *listless length*. Point out the instances of alliteration in this stanza. What of the poet's habits, as reflected in the last two lines?

Twenty-seventh Stanza.—Give the meaning of *hard*. What does *smiling as in scorn* modify? Explain the term *wayward fancies*. What is taught of the poet's character in this stanza?

Twenty-eighth Stanza.—Who is here *missed*? Why? Define *heath*. What does the poet mean by *another came*?

How should this stanza differ in delivery from the three immediately preceding?

Twenty-ninth Stanza.—What is meant by *due*? Who is asked to *approach and read*? What is the most emphatic word in the parenthetical clause, *for thou canst read*? Give the meaning of *lay*. What is its peculiar fitness in this connection? Of all the lines within quotation marks, which should be read with lowest key, slowest rate, most subdued force, and saddest quality?

Thirtieth Stanza.—What is meant here by the term *lap*? Define meaning of *fair science*. Is it literally true that the subject here referred to was marked by melancholy? Are epitaphs, as a rule, reliable? How should the reading of this stanza differ from the twenty-ninth?

Thirty-first Stanza.—If he was a youth to whom fortune was unknown, how could he be large in bounty? Who says his *soul* was *sincere*? What *recompense* did Heaven send?

Thirty-second Stanza.—Who has disclosed his merits? What frailties have been mentioned? What is the *dread abode*? What does *they* refer to? Explain the third line. What does the last line modify? What style of delivery should characterize the reading of the epitaph?

ANALYSIS OF HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

I.

THE Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?"

II.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the Gate:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

III.

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

IV.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

V.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

VI.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;

Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers,
In the brave days of old.

VII.

Now while the Three were tightening
The harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax ;
And fathers mixed with commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

VIII.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

IX.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth the Three came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

X.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath ;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth ;

At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes!
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears'-lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XII.

But hark! the cry is, Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride;
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter
Stands savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way?"

XIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword,
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius,
Right deftly turned the blow.

The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XVI.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucomo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XVII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along the glittering van.
They lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XVIII.

Then all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sick to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three.
Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;

But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"

XIX.

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now, welcome, welcome, Sextus !
 Now, welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Here lies the road to Rome !"

XX.

Thrice looked he at the city ;
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread ;
And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way,
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

XXI.

But meanwhile ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

XXII.

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
 And on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

XXIII.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam;
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

XXIV.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee!” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

XXV.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river,
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

XXVI.

“O, Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take them in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.”

XXVII.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;

But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With panting lip and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

XXVIII.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain;
 And fast his blood was flowing,
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

XXIX.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing-place;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

XXX.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

XXXI.

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

T. B. MACAULAY.

First Stanza.—Define *Consul*. Why should he look darkly at the wall? Where was the foe? The line, *Before the bridge goes down*, shows what purpose upon the part of the loyal Romans? What town is to be saved? Upon whose lips does the author put the last four lines? With what rate should they be read? what pitch? what force? what volume? what quality? With what inflection does the stanza close? When do interrogative clauses or sentences employ the falling inflection?

Second Stanza.—Give something of Horatius. How many syllables in his name? He was captain of what gate? On which side of the river was the gate? and what river? In what direction does it flow at this point? What is taught of the character of Horatius in this stanza? How great were the odds? In whose favor were they? Give the meaning of the closing line. In what pitch, force, rate, quantity, and volume should these lines be read, as compared with the first stanza?

Third Stanza.—Is there not considerable asked of *Sir Consul*? What do you understand by this line? Use some other word for *may* in the second line. Give the meaning of *in play*. Is it easier to stop a thousand in a straight path than in a crooked? Put some word in place of *well*. Put the fifth line into prose. Give the meaning of *keep*. Is there a great variety of delivery in this stanza? What style of delivery marks it? Should it be read slower or faster than the one preceding?

Fourth Stanza.—Tell something of *Spurius Lartius*. Pronounce the name. Define *Ramnian*. Give a few words concerning *Herminius*. Define and pronounce *Titian*. Define *abide*. To which of the many styles, conversational,

descriptive, narrational, didactic, heroic, dramatic, impersonative, does this stanza belong?

Fifth Stanza.—Spell the word *quoth*, phonetically. Give the meaning of *straight* as found here. Explain *great array*. Give the etymology of *dauntless*. Explain the last four lines, showing why they should be found in this connection. Give the meaning of *spared*. Were the *days of old* braver than any other days? In what sense is the word *brave* here used? To what style does this stanza belong? After the word *Horatius*, what change of pitch occurs? After the word *Consul*, what change? What alteration of rate is made after speaking the second line? What part of the stanza should be read most rapidly? Between what clauses do the shortest pauses occur?

Sixth Stanza.—What word in this stanza is found oftenest under emphasis? How does this stanza compare with any preceding one in its number of emphatic words? By explosion, expulsion, sudden change of pitch, or force, or volume, or quality, or quantity, and in other ways we emphasize a word,—which of these is most employed in this stanza? Does history justify Macaulay in the picture he draws of Rome at that time?

Seventh Stanza.—Define *harness*, *foremost*, *fathers*, *commons*, *bar*, *crow*. How would the gesture, descriptive of the last line but one, differ from that of the last? With what rate should this stanza be read as compared with the sixth?

Eighth Stanza.—Whence came the Tuscan army? What direction from Rome? In what sense was the army *glorious*? Explain the third line. Give the meaning of *rank*. Show the fitness of the figure, *Like surges bright of a broad sea of gold*. Was the *glee* well founded? Give the meaning of *ensigns*. Which end of the bridge was the head? With what rate, volume, force, quality, and pitch should this stanza be delivered?

Ninth Stanza.—Define *vanguard*. What was the

nature of the *laughter*? Who were the *three* chiefs? What *deep array* is meant? If in the last lines the reciter attempts to impersonate the action of the three chiefs, which arm should bear the shield? How should the arm be held? What is the position of the shield, and on what part of the arm is it worn? Could the action of the chiefs be as graphically described by any other gestures? How would the facial expression, the attitude, the pitch, the quality, and the force, in the first two lines compare with that of the second two lines? There are two main methods of vocal attack. First: the staccato stroke, or a delivery dotted with brief pauses between words, the words flying forcibly from the lips in an expulsive or explosive form. Second: a flowing method, in which the words seem bound, link by link, into an unbroken chain. This is called the effusive movement. Under which of these methods shall be classed the last five lines of this stanza? With what rate shall these lines be read?

Tenth Stanza.—Scan the first line and note the number of syllables the author means the word *Lartius* to have. Is this according to the true pronounciation? Pronounce *Aunus*, *Seius*, *Picus*. Define *clove*, *fiery*, *proud*, *Umbrian*. What style of delivery, vocally and visibly, characterizes this stanza?

Eleventh Stanza.—How did the conflict just described, affect the Tuscan army? What distance in feet is equal to *six spears' length*? Give the meaning of *space*. Compare this stanza with the one preceding, in pitch, force, rate, volume, action, facial expression, position, and quality of voice.

Twelfth Stanza.—What do you learn of Astur's physical powers in this stanza? On the word *hark*, what inflection? Should *Lo!* be given with the same inflection? What position, action, and facial expression is fitted for the third and fourth lines?

Thirteenth Stanza.—In speaking the first and second lines, in which direction does Astur face? In giving the third and fourth, in which direction does he face? Define

quoth. In what tone of voice, with what look of face, and with what action, do you think Astur would utter these last four lines?

Fourteenth Stanza.—Describe a *broadsword*. What *height* is meant? Define *defly*, and *helm*. Give the whole stanza with such gestures as you think the text demands.

Fifteenth Stanza.—Give the meaning of *one breathing space*. Contrast the muscular condition indicated by the first two lines with that of the second two. Show the gesture suited to the sixth line. How should the gestures of the fifth and seventh lines differ from that of the sixth line? How much is a *hand-breadth*?

Sixteenth Stanza.—Describe the action adapted to the first four lines? Is there any poetic fault in the construction of the fourth line? Justify the line. What change of position occurs in preparation for the four succeeding lines? Give the meaning of *fair* as used here; of *guests*. *Here* means where? Give the meaning of *Lucomo*.

Seventeenth Stanza.—Define *lacked*, *prowess*, *lordly*. Where is *Etruria*? What *fatal* place is meant? What lines in this stanza require the slowest rate? the lowest pitch? the slightest volume?

Eighteenth Stanza.—Give the meaning of *noblest* in this line. Explain the fifth line. Give the meaning and etymology of *dire*. In what key and with what force and quantity should *forward* be given? In what respect should the giving of *back* differ from *forward*? Point out all the rhetorical pauses found in this stanza.

Nineteenth Stanza.—Who was *Sextus*? Why say *thy home*? What does the action of Sextus in the next to the last line indicate on his part? What attitude should be taken in the second line? What gesture in the last line? In what pitch, and with what force, volume, and rate should the last four lines be given as compared with the first four?

Twentieth Stanza.—With what pitch should *thrice* in the second line be read, as compared with *thrice* in the first,

third, and fourth lines? Give the reason. What lines in this stanza are to be given with the most rapid rate, with the highest pitch, and with the greatest force?

Twenty-first Stanza.—Give the significance of *manfully* and *plied* as here used. The closing half of this stanza is an admirable exercise for the cultivation of projected tones; for the developing of the roundness and fullness of the upper tones, without injury to the voice.

Twenty-second Stanza.—This stanza admirably illustrates the sustained staccato style, with quick movement, and full force. What flight of voice should be used in this stanza? What variety of gestures may be used here?

Twenty-third Stanza.—Define *athwart*, *turret-tops*, *yellow foam*. With what rate, pitch, force, and volume should this stanza be read? Compare this with the following line on these points. Compare this stanza with the last half of the twenty-first on the same points.

Twenty-fourth Stanza.—Give the meaning of *constant*. Why should Sextus be called *false*? Pronounce *Porsena*. Does this pronunciation harmonize with the meter? How should the words *cried false Sextus* be spoken? Select the clauses that should be read with most force and with the highest key. What passages should be given conversationally?

Twenty-fifth Stanza.—Define *craven* and *deigning*. Pronounce *naught*. What pronunciation of *Porsena* fits the measure of this line? Where is *Palatinus*? and what is it? Scan the stanza, and point out the rhythmic liberties in it. How does this stanza compare with others in the selection, in the variety of modulation it requires?

Twenty-sixth Stanza.—Why is the term *father* used here? Why did the Romans pray to Tiber? What is meant by the third and fourth lines? Show what gestures should be used in giving the last four lines.

Twenty-seventh Stanza.—Explain the use of *crest*. What and where is Tuscany? What form of force should

be used in this stanza? what pitch? Analyze this stanza, a line at a time, as to variations of rate. Does pause figure prominently in the delivery of this stanza? Show where the pauses should be placed.

Twenty-eighth Stanza.—What is predicated of *he* in this stanza? What style of delivery is adapted to this stanza?

Twenty-ninth Stanza.—Give the meaning of *ween* and of *evil case*. Should the manner of giving this stanza differ materially from that of the twenty-eighth?

Thirtieth Stanza.—Give the significance of *stay*. Pronounce *ere*. Define *sacked*. How should *Porsena* be pronounced here? How is *arms* used here? What play of rate, pitch, force, quantity, quality, and of volume is found in this stanza?

Thirty-first Stanza.—With what force, rate, pitch, and quality should these lines be read? What vocal flights are found in this stanza?

ANALYSIS OF THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY.

I.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two, by three;
 "Pull if ye never pulled before;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
 Play all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe The Brides of Enderby."

II.

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall:
 And there was naught of strange, beside
 The flights of mews and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

III.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

IV.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song:

V.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
Come uppe, Jetty; rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

VI.

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells, sayth shee,
That ring the tune of Enderby.

VII.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene;
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

VIII.

The swanherds, where there sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea
 Came downe that kindly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

IX.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows,
 They sayde: "And why should this thing be?
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!"

X.

For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne.
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring The Brides of Enderby?"

XI.

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding down with might and main;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin rang again:
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

XII.

“The old sea-wall,” he cried, “is downe;
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”
He shook as one that looks on death:
“God save you, mother!” straight he saith;
“Where is my wife, Elizabeth?”

XIII.

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song.”
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, “Ho, Enderby!”
They rang The Brides of Enderby!

XIV.

With that he cried, and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river’s bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

XV.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre’s breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout;
Then beaten foam flew round about;
Then all the mighty floods were out.

XVI.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:

The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

XVII.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon-light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high,
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

XVIII.

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

XIX.

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

XX.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourn his own, she saith,
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

XXI.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

JEAN INGELOW.

First Stanza.—What is a *belfry tower*? Why pull now, if they never pulled before? What was the cause of this excitement? Give a brief sketch of the author of this poem. What is a poem? Is blank verse poetry? How does prose differ from either? Define *ply*, *changes*, and *swells*. Explain the term *Brides of Enderby*. How shall the words in quotation in the stanza be read as compared with those not quoted?

Second Stanza.—Give the meaning of *stolen tyde*. What message did the bells let fall? Who tells this? What are *mews*, and *peewits*? Give the meaning of *pied*, and of *old sea-wall*. What does the word *millions* modify? In what style should this stanza be read? Locate the rhetorical pauses in the last two lines.

Third Stanza.—Give the meaning of *day's golden death*. What does *dark* modify? What and where is *Lindis*? Which direction was Elizabeth from her mother as indicated by the fifth line of this stanza?

Fourth Stanza.—What is meant by *Cusha*? How should this word be given? Upon what syllable of *Cusha* does the rhythm of this line place the accent? Define rhythm. Do dewes fall? What may be learned of the Lindis river from the fifth line? Define *meads* and *melick*.

Fifth Stanza.—Give the etymology of *cowslip*. What is meant by *Lightfoot*? What is *parsley*? What does it modify? How is this stanza supposed to be given? Should it be sung according to any set music? In what sense may a stanza be called a song?

Sixth Stanza. — Does the Lindis ordinarily flow swiftly? What caused the rush of waters on this occasion? Which direction were they rushing? Define stanza, verse, paragraph.

Seventh Stanza. — Substitute some word for *mote*. Give the meaning of *good miles*. Define *country side* and *eventide*. What may be here learned of the geography of this region?

Eighth Stanza. — Define *swanherds*, *sedges*, and *golden breath*. Explain the first and second lines. The message was *kindly* in what sense? Pronounce *mavis*. Why should it be used in this connection?

Ninth Stanza. — Why should some look up into the sky? Why look along the Lindis to the goodly vessels? Give the meaning of *lordly*. What steeple is meant here? Why should they look there? Spell the word *lowers* phonetically. What is another term for *tune of Enderby*?

Tenth Stanza. — Where is Mablethorpe? Explain the second and third lines. What did those people think of a *red west*? Are we to understand that pirates were actually being pursued at this moment? Answer the last line. What rate, force, pitch, and manner does this stanza require?

Eleventh Stanza. — Give the meaning of *welkin*, *might*, and *main*. Give a brief history of Elizabeth.

Twelfth Stanza. — Give the meaning of *apace*. What may be learned of the magnitude of the flood in lines three and four? What is meant here by *straight*? Explain the variations of rate, force, pitch, and quality of voice required by the various parts of this stanza.

Thirteenth Stanza. — Spell *bairns* phonetically, and give its meaning. Define *marked* and *lea*. Compare *Ho, Enderby!* with the *Brides of Enderby*, in pitch, force, volume, and quality.

Fourteenth Stanza. — Pronounce and define *eygre* and *crest*. In this stanza is the flight in volume a crescendo, or diminuendo? Where does it begin, and end?

Fifteenth Stanza.—How could Lindis press backward? Give the significance of *trembling*, and *shook*. Give the meaning of *amaine*. Explain the fourth line. What is meant by *were out*? How high were these walls? What were they sometimes called? What are they called in America? Is there any flight of force in this stanza? Describe it.

Sixteenth Stanza.—How does this stanza move, in comparison with the preceding? Is there any stanza in this poem that requires more rapid rate than this? Select two or more stanzas that are to be read most rapidly. Select as many that require full volume, high pitch, and subdued voice.

Seventeenth Stanza.—Give the meaning of *beacon-light*. What church tower is here meant? Define *lurid* and *awesome*. Justify the spelling of *me* with two *e*'s.

Eighteenth Stanza.—Where should rhetorical pauses be made in the first two lines? Give the meaning of *ruddy*. How should the first clause of the next to the last line compare with the last clause of the same line, in pitch and quality? How should these last two lines be given as compared with the lines just preceding?

Nineteenth Stanza.—Define and pronounce *bairns*, and *shone*. In what rate, and with what pitch, force, and quality should this stanza be read?

Twentieth Stanza.—Pronounce *strewed*, and *saith*. Who is speaking here? Should this stanza depart materially from the preceding in style of delivery?

Twenty-first Stanza.—How should the call of *Cusha* here compare with the same call earlier in the poem? Why should there be any difference?

PART XI.

ORATORICAL SELECTIONS.

ETHICAL.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And lie listening to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now, in memory, comes my mother,
As she used in years ago,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
O, I feel her fond look on me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph-sister,
With the wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub-brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses quiver
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

PRAVING FOR PAPA.

A MAN who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house, and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees, and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he went his way.

But when he was a few blocks distant from his home, he

found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet; and as he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, he hurried back, and crept softly past the windows of the little house, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate—for the night was chilly—and it lit up the little parlor, and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the walls. But these were as nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his child at the mother's knee, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips uttered each word with distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had often said that prayer at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say, “God bless mamma;” then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

“God bless papa,” prompted the mother, softly.

“God bless papa,” lisped the little one.

“And—please send papa home sober,” said the mother.

“And—please—send—papa—home—sober.”

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw papa's beaming face. That night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

“Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telegraph, does n't he?”

THE SEVEN DECADES OF MAN.

I.

THE first ten years of human existence are years of dreams, of aimless, ceaseless action, of marvelous mental and physical growth. Starting with so little stock, how rapid the acquisition, how amazing the unfolding! How pliant, how innocent, how happy is wont to be the first decade of life!

II.

During these years the bud of boyhood bursts into the full-blown bloom of man. During these years countless ambitions have their birth. To these years all things seem attainable. Through these years the blood burns, the nerves tingle, the eyes sparkle, the step is elastic, and hope rides high. The spirit, borne on the wings of imagination, soars into the sublimest heights. To this decade no barrier seems insurmountable. To the infinite faith of youth the future is unbounded. This is an age which fights imaginary battles, wins imaginary victories, meets with no reverses, and brooks no peer within its sphere. The closing of this decade finds youth happy in heart, quick in motion, colossal in egotism, deaf to advice, blind to self-defects, free from self-reproach, and wholly self-sufficient.

III.

These are kaleidoscopic years. The pulse beats at its full. The tide runs high, even to the brim of the banks of the river of life. If now the passions take their sway, the banks of temperance are overflowed, the levees of prudence are battered down, and the dikes of caution are swept away. Happy he whose conscience survives the flood! That saved, he has a hand at the helm that may lead him back into the channel of upright moral life; that lost, when the waters recede, his little bark will strand in the low and marshy mire of immorality.

IV.

This decade bids adieu to many joys and hopes, to many thrills and lurings on, to many playful sports and bubblings up, to many castles in the air and uncompleted plans. It has left behind it many a heart-ache and many a mistake. By the merits and the faults, by the resolutions kept and broken, by all that has gone before, the fourth decade should profit. These are the years that lie nearest to man's full maturity; and if, with the years before, they are lived aright, their close finds man in the prime of his physical and intellectual power. This is the age which should pre-eminently profit by the experience of the past, guiding man into safer paths and wiser ways.

V.

These are the years of the golden harvest-home. Seeds of knowledge early sown have now developed into the full grown grain. Bread cast upon the waters during the first fresh flush of life may now be gathered in. The tree stands strong and high, broad-bowed and grand in manhood's full estate. Life is wont in this decade to touch its topmost physical and intellectual limit.

VI.

The current of life begins to slacken; the pulse is not so full; the step is not so sturdy; the stride is not so strong nor long; the zenith has been passed; the shadow is falling to the east; the sun is dropping to the west. These are years of retrospection. As the step begins to falter and the eyes begin to fade, the mind begins to wander backward o'er the track of by-gone days. These are years when men are prone to form comparisons, and the *now* is almost always made to suffer beside its rival *then*. All things go to show that man in the sixth decade has passed into the latter half of the circle of life, and that, should he live the allotted span or threescore years and ten, he will have touched his starting point.

·VII.

The shades are growing longer to the east. The sun at every dip is seen more nearly to approach the western horizon. The leaves, for some time seared, are falling fast. The boughs begin to shrink. The circulation fails. The trunk bends before the blast of years. The sun sets. Dusk arrives. The stars of promise shine. The golden bowl is broken; and the circle is complete.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY,

GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray;
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and resolve, and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

LAUGHTER.

I SAID, and I say again, no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch the skies with moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering on the vine-clad hills,—but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh, the laugh that fills the eye with light and every heart with joy! O rippling river of life, thou art the blessed boundary-line between the beasts and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fiend of care! O laughter, divine daughter of joy, make dimples enough in the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief!

R. G. INGERSOLL.

THE MODEL AMERICAN BOY.

A MODEL American boy!
 The pride of his parents, their joy;
 The staff of their life,
 No factor of strife—
 A manly American boy.

A never-will-shirk—this boy!
No-fear-of-the-work—this boy!
 So busy and bright,
 A sight to delight—
This sturdy American boy!
A stranger-to-fail—this boy!
Not slow-as-a-snail—this boy!
 Not one of the shoddy
 Nor big busy-body—
Refreshing American boy!
No shamming-nor-show—this boy!
No bluster-and-blow—this boy!
 No sting in his tongue,
 His praise should be sung—
All praise this American boy.
A know-his-own-mind—this boy!
A heart-that-is-kind—this boy!
 His aim ever high,
 “ I ’ll try ” in his eye—
Ambitious American boy!
A free-from-all-guile—this boy!
Not all-for-the-style—this boy!
 He ’s seeking just now
 The *why* and the *how*—
Progressive American boy!
A lover-of-light—this boy!
Because-he-does-right—this boy:
 He ’s making his mark—
 Not out on a lark—
Far-seeing American boy!
Not-a-bit-of-a-dude—this boy!
Hates-all-that-is-lewd—this boy.
 He rises in might,
 Defending the right—
Much needed American boy!
An honor-the-law—this boy!
Not-given-to-jaw—this boy!
 His voice is for peace—
 His kind should increase—
All greet this American boy!

Remarkably sage—this boy;
 Ahead of his age—this boy;
 He's good to the old,
 Not simply for gold—
 A pattern for every boy!

A temperate youth—this boy;
 A teller-of-truth—this boy;
 Tobacco and rum
 To him never come—
 Clear-headed American boy!

He knows they're a curse—this boy;
 That they drain health and purse—this boy;
 That they cling like a chain
 To body and brain—
 Long live this American boy!

He's one of the few—this boy;
 In love he is true—this boy;
 No breaker of hearts—
 Not one of the smarts—
 Young Queen, you can lean on this boy.

A model American boy!
 An ever-full fountain of joy!
 I'm sure you'll agree,
 In saying with me,
 He's a model American boy.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

THE STUDENT.

"Poor fool!" the base and soulless worldling cries,
 "To waste his strength for naught, to blanch his cheek,
 And bring pale death upon him in his prime.
 Why did he not to pleasure give his days,
 His nights to rest, and live while live he might?"
 What is't to live? To breathe the vital air,
 Consume the fruits of earth, and doze away
 Existence? Never! this is living death;
 'Tis brutish life, base groveling. E'en the brutes
 Of nobler nature live not lives like this.

Shall man, then, formed to be creation's lord,
Stamped with the impress of divinity, and sealed
With God's own signet, sink below the brute?
Forbid it, Heaven! it can not, must not be!

O, when the mighty God from nothing brought
This universe; when at his word the light
Burst forth, the sun was set in heaven,
And earth was clothed in beauty; when the last,
The noblest work of all, from dust he framed
Our bodies in his image; when he placed
Within its temple-shrine of clay, the soul,
The immortal soul, infused by his own truth,—
Did he not show, 't is this which gives to man
His high prerogative? Why, then, declare
That he who thinks less of his worthless frame,
And lives a spirit, even in this world,
Lives not as well, lives not as long, as he
Who drags out years of life, without one thought,
One hope, one wish, beyond the present hour?

How shall we measure life? Not by the years,
The months, the days, the moments, that we pass
On earth. By him whose soul is raised above
Base worldly things, whose heart is fixed in heaven;
His life is measured by that soul's advance,
Its cleansing from pollution and from sin,
The enlargement of its powers, the expanded field
Wherein it ranges, till it glows and burns
With holy joys, with high and heavenly hopes.

When in the silent night, all earth lies hushed
In slumber, when the glorious stars shine out,
Each star a sun, each sun a central light
Of some fair system, ever wheeling on
In one unbroken round, and that again
Revolving round another sun, while all,
Suns, stars, and systems proudly roll along
In one majestic ever-onward course
In space uncircumscribed and limitless,—
O, think you then the undebased soul
Can calmly give itself to sleep—to rest?

And it is joy to muse upon the written page,
 Whereon are stamped the gushings of the soul
 Of genius; where, in never-dying light,
 It glows and flashes as the lightning's glare;
 Or where it burns with ray more mild, more sure,
 And wins the soul, that half would turn away
 From its more brilliant flashings. These are hours
 Of holy joy, of bliss so pure that earth
 May hardly claim it. Let his lamp grow dim,
 And flicker to extinction; let his cheek
 Be pale as sculptured marble, and his eye
 Lose its bright luster, till his shrouded frame
 Is laid in dust. Himself can never die!

His years, 't is true, are few, his life is long;
 For he has gathered many a precious gem;
 Enraptured, he has dwelt where master minds
 Have poured their own deep musings, and his heart
 Has glowed with love to Him who framed us thus,
 Who placed within this worthless tegument
 The spark of pure divinity which shines
 With light unceasing.

Yes, his life is long;
 Long to the dull and loathsome epicures;
 Long to the slothful man, the groveling herds
 Who scarcely know they have a soul within;
 Long to all those who, creeping on to death,
 Meet in the grave, the earth-worm's banquet-hall,
 And leave behind no monuments for good.

SEED-SOWING.

Sow the seed of soothing kindness,
 To dispel the gloom and pain;
 Sow bright words of warmth and welcome,
 That o'er earth good-will may reign;
 Sow upon a soil prolific
 That shall bear an hundred-fold,
 Choking out the thorns and briers,
 Turning weeds to stalks of gold.

Scorn thou not to sow, moreover,
On the fields less rich in loam,
Should it bear not many measures,
It will have its harvest-home.
If the sower will but hearken,
He will hear what God will keep—
Whether good or whether evil,
What ye sow that ye shall reap.

Though the soil be scant and sandy,
And the rocks be thick and keen,
With the hand of faith sow broadly—
Some stray soil may lie unseen ;
This may nourish seed sufficient
To bring harvest-time around ;
And the hand of thrift may garner
From the uninviting ground.

What though way-side fowls fly over,
You can cover well the seed ;
What though tares by Satan scattered
Should arise in evil greed!—
Wait, if must be, till the harvest
Ripens grain and tares in turn ;
Then the grain thou mayest gather,
And the tares, may'st bind and burn.

Sow the seeds of love and mercy,
Worthy work for angel hands!
Sympathy, and truth, and justice,
Fitting theme for heavenly hands!
Sow good-will among thy neighbors,
Reap reward for thee in store ;
On the sower that is faithful
Blessings be for evermore.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

STAR of the evening,
Glory on high,
Queen of the beautiful,
Gem of the sky ;

Light of the traveler,
 Seeking for rest;
 Ever thus peacefully
 Look from the west.

Eyes that are watching,
 Gaze upon thee;
 Eyes that are weary,
 Waiting for me;
 Joy of the wanderer,
 Evermore shine,
 Smiling I gaze on thee,
 Smile thou on mine.

FLORUS B. PLIMPTON.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.
 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.
 In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle :
 Be a hero in the strife !
 Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant ;
 Let the dead Past bury its dead.
 Act—act in the living Present—
 Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time,—

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

BEREAVED.

HE walked the earth with downcast eyes,
In which are sorrow and the pain
That softens in heart-easing rain.

The tumult of the busy world,
Its noisy strife and toil he hears;
It falls upon unheeding ears.

For what to him are greed and gain,
Who, mourning like the woodland dove,
Broods o'er the vacant nest of love?

FLORUS B. PLIMPTON.

THE SNOW ANGEL.

THE sleigh-bells danced that winter night;
Old Brattleborough rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas-tree.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught:
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.

He waited until the guests were gone ;
He waited to dream his dream alone ;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night ;
He piles the snow in the village square ;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
The sky is draped with fleecy lawn ;
The stars grow pale in the early dawn ;
But the lad toils on.

And lo ! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there ;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name,
For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought ;
But its features wasted beneath the sun ;
Its life went out ere the day was done ;
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
I will carve the angel in lasting stone ;
In another land, beyond the sea,
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone ;
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won ;
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might,
He has gained renown in the land of art ;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart ;
And the dream of the boy, that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Snow Angel in marble—his purpose won ;
And the man toils on.

WALLACE BRUCE.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than gold in the miser's grasp;
Better than gold in the mean man's clasp;
Better than gold which the rich man hoards;
Better than perishing gold affords,—

Is charity with open hand,
Extending aid throughout the land;
Yea, better than the miser's gold
Is charity—a thousand-fold.

Better than gold is the word of cheer,
Banishing far from the heart the tear;
Better than gold is a kindly deed,
Bettering man in the hour of need.

And better far a cheerful life,
Than gold obtained through toil and strife;
A word of cheer is wealth untold,
And better than the miser's gold.

Better than gold is the wealth we reap,
Garnered from knowledge that's broad and deep;
Better than gold is a cultured mien,
Sweetening life from a source unseen.

And better far than gold refined
Is wisdom gleaned to bless mankind;
A knowledge deep is wealth untold,
And better far than miser's gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Knowing not sorrow, remorse or fear;
Coming to few as a happy lot,
Oftener found in the poor man's cot
Than in the homes of the rich and great,
Or in the halls of high estate.
A conscience clear is joy untold,
And better than the miser's gold.

Better than all that is born of gold,
Better is health by a thousand fold;
Better is virtue, and hope, and rest,
Better is love, as a faithful guest.

To have a heart that's warm within;
To live a life unstained by sin;
To dare the right with courage bold,
Is better far than hoarding gold.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road;
If our lips could taste the wormwood;
If our backs could feel the load,—
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ship to come from sea?

If we knew the baby-fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! these little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With the patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

SNOW-FLAKES.

AGAIN the gates of heaven's laboratory are ajar. The fresh snow-flakes, wrought into wondrous forms of geometric grace and crystalline beauty, soft and pure, and white as the down from an angel's wings, are lazily, languidly falling.

It snows! All eyes are gazing; all hearts feel a new emotion. The phenomenon is an old one, and yet it is new. But few suns have set, and fewer moons have waned, since earth lay asleep in her ermine of snow; yet the days are many, and the moons are long, if measured by the vicissitudes of men, or the transformations of Nature, since earth awoke from her winter dream, and donned the blooming robes of beauteous spring.

Germes have grown, and buds have burst, and blossoms have bloomed into fruitage, since the snow-flakes fell before; and a spring of buds and bird-songs, a summer of roses and rainbows, an autumn of golden sheaves and harvest-homes and joyous hearts, have gleamed in the verdant valley between the old snow-drifts and the new.

Waves of sadness and billows of gladness have rolled alternately over human hearts, as threatening storm-clouds have lowered, and the bright bows of promise and of hope gilded their sable folds.

These flossy flakes of falling snow, how eloquent they are of sad and joyous memories of the past, and how prophetic

of the future! What treasures they are to hearts that hope; what harbingers of woe to those that despair!

They mirror forth the bright visions of social glee around the glowing hearth, and "in the frosty air of night," beneath the brilliant, beaming stars. They echo the melody of joyous carols around the Christmas-tree, and the glad voices of merriment, commingled with the wild music of the jingling bells.

But pleasure will not always rule the hour; with the major notes of joy must sometimes be mingled the minor tones of woe; and the voice of festivity will anon be hushed by the pitiful wail from hovels of squalor and want, crying for bread.

"Poor sufferer! thy sorrows thy God only knows;
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!"

O, may the favored ones, on whom blessings are showered in the falling snow, in the midst of their festivity, remember the poor with their bounty, and offer up in their behalf the warm orisons of supplicating hearts to that God "who tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb."

Though the falling of snow may hide from our view all verdure and bloom, and lock up in the cold embraces of death the fairest forms of earth, yet "for us all some sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes."

Earth, in her majestic march around the sun, will swiftly whirl in a giddy waltz from Scorpio to Taurus again, and by all the shining constellations between.

The snow-mounds will melt in the genial warmth of the vernal sun, and all nature will be resurrected again to a new and beautiful life.

"Winter will leave us when spring-time appears;
April will meet us with smiles and with tears;
Bright, joyous May will come skipping along;
June, with her roses, will join the glad throng."

It will be summer-time by and by.

DERONDA.

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the city Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands, listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore;
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,
 The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
 Among them majestic is standing
 Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WAINAMOINEN'S HARP-SONGS.

FROM THE KALEVALA, THE EPIC POEM OF FINLAND.

NEAR the oven slept a blind man;
 Rousing from his couch of slumber,
 Spake the wizard from his corner:
 "Cease at once this wretched playing,
 Make an end of all this discord;
 It benumbs mine ears for hearing,
 Racks my brain, despoils my senses,
 Robs me of the sweets of sleeping.
 If the harp of Suomi's people
 True delight can not engender,
 Can not bring the notes of pleasure,
 Can not sing to sleep the aged,
 Cast the thing upon the waters,
 Sink it in the deep sea-eddies;
 Take it back to Kalevala,
 To the home of him that made it,
 To the hands of its creator."

Thereupon the harp made answer,
 To the blind man sang these measures:
 "Shall not fall upon the waters,
 Shall not sink beneath the billows;
 I will play for my creator,

Sing in melody and concord
In the fingers of my master."

Carefully the harp was carried
To the artist that had made it,
To the hands of its creator,
To the feet of Wainamoinen.

Thereupon the ancient minstrel,
The eternal wizard-singer,
Laves his hands to snowy whiteness,
Sits upon the rock of joyance,
On the stone of song he settles,
On the mount of silver clearness,
On the summit, golden colored ;
Takes the harp by him created,
In his hands the harp of fish-bone ;
With his knee the arch supporting,
Takes the harp-strings in his fingers,
Speaks these words to those assembled :
" Hither come, ye Northland people,
Come and listen to my playing,
To the harp's entrancing measures,
To my songs of joy and gladness."

Wainamoinen touched the harp-strings,
Deftly plied his skillful fingers
To the strings that he had fashioned ;
Now was gladness rolled on gladness,
And the harmony of pleasure
Echoed from the hills and mountains ;
Added singing to his playing,
Out of joy did joy come welling,
Now resounded marvelous music,
All of Northland stopped and listened.
All the creatures of the forest,
All the beasts that haunt the woodlands,
On their nimble feet came bounding,
Came to listen to his playing,
Came to hear his songs of joyance.
Leaped the squirrels from the branches,
Merrily from birch to aspen ;
Climbed the ermines on the fences,
O'er the plains the elk-deer bounded,
And the lynxes purred with pleasure.

Wolves awoke in far-off swamp-lands,
Bounded o'er the marsh and heather;
And the bear his den deserted,
Left his lair within the pine-wood,
Settled by a fence to hearken,
Leaned against the listening gate-ways;
But the gate-ways yield beneath him.
Now he climbs the fir-tree branches,
That he may enjoy and wonder,
Climbs and listens to the music
Of the harp of Wainamoinen.

Tapiola's wisest senior,
Metsola's most charming landlord,
And of Tapio, the people,
Young and aged, men and maidens,
Flew like red-deer up the mountains,
There to listen to the playing,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
Tapiola's wisest mistress,
Hostess of the glen and forest,
Robed herself in blue and scarlet,
Bound her limbs with silver ribbons,
Sat upon the woodland-summit,
On the branches of the birch-tree,
There to listen to the playing,
To the high-born hero's harping,
To the songs of Wainamoinen.

All the birds that fly in mid-air,
Fall like snow-flakes from the heavens,
Fly to hear the minstrel's playing,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen.
Eagles in their lofty eyrie,
Hear the songs of the enchanter;
Swift, they leave their unfledged young ones,
Fly and perch around the singer;
From the heights the hawks descending,
From the clouds down swoop the falcons,
Ducks arise from inland waters,
Swans come gliding from the marshes;
Tiny finches, green and golden,
Fly in flocks that darken sunlight,
Come in myriads to listen,

Perch upon the head and shoulders
Of the charming Wainamoinen,
Sweetly singing to the playing
Of the ancient bard and minstrel.
And the daughters of the welkin,
Nature's well-beloved daughters,
Listen all in rapt attention ;
Some are seated on the rainbow,
Some upon the crimson cloudlets,
Some upon the dome of heaven.

In their hands the Moon's fair daughters
Hold their weaving-combs of silver ;
In their hands the Sun's sweet maidens
Grasp the handles of their distaffs,
Weaving with their golden shuttles,
Spinning from their silver spindles,
On the red-rims of the cloudlets,
On the bow of many colors.
As they hear the minstrel playing,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen,
Quick they drop their combs of silver,
Drop their spindles from their fingers,
And the golden threads are broken,
Broken are the threads of silver.

All the fish in Suomi-waters
Hear the songs of the magician,
Come on flying fins to listen
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
Come the trout with graceful motion,
Water-dogs with awkward movements,
From the water-cliffs the salmon ;
From the sea-caves come the whiting,
From the deeper caves, the bill-fish ;
Come the pike from beds of sea-fern ;
Little fish with eyes of scarlet,
Leaning on the reeds and rushes,
With their heads above the surface,
Come to hear the harp of joyance,
Hear the songs of the enchanter.

Ahto, master of the waters,
Ancient king with beard of sea-grass,
Lifts his head above the billows,

In a boat of water-lilies
Gliding to the shore in silence,
Listens to the wondrous singing,
To the harp of Wainamoinen ;
These the words the sea-king utters:
" Never have I heard such playing,
Never heard such strains of music,
Never since the sea was fashioned,
As the songs of this enchanter,
This sweet singer, Wainamoinen."

Sotko's daughters of the blue-deep,
Sisters of the wave-washed ledges,
On the colored strands are sitting,
Smoothing out their sea-green tresses
With their combs of molten silver,
With their silver-handled brushes,
Brushes forged with golden bristles.
When they hear the magic playing,
Hear the harp of Wainamoinen,
Fall their brushes on the billows,
Fall their combs with silver handles,
To the bottom of the waters ;
Unadorned their heads remaining,
And uncombed their sea-green tresses.

Comes the hostess of the waters,
Ancient hostess robed in flowers,
Rising from her deep sea-castle,
Swimming to the shore in wonder,
Listens to the minstrel's playing,
To the harp of Wainamoinen.
As the magic tones re-echo,
As the singer's song out-circles,
Sinks the hostess into slumber,
On the rocks of many colors,
On her watery couch of joyance ;
Deep the sleep that settles o'er her.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Plays one day, and then a second ;
Plays the third from morn till even.
There is neither man nor hero,
Neither ancient dame, nor maiden,
Not in Metsola a daughter,

Whom he does not touch to weeping;
Weep the young, and weep the aged,
Weep the mothers, weep the daughters,
Weep the warriors and heroes,
At the music of his playing,
At the songs of the magician.
Wainamoinen's tears come flowing,
Welling from the master's eyelids;
Pearly tear-drops coursing downward,
Larger than the whortleberries,
Finer than the pearls of ocean,
Smoother than the eggs of moor-hens,
Brighter than the eyes of swallows.
As the tear-drops fall and mingle,
Form they streamlets from the eyelids
Of the master of magicians;
Coursing on, and coursing ever,
To the blue mere's sandy margin,
To the deeps of crystal waters,
Lost among the reeds and rushes.

Spake at last the sweet-toned singer:
"Is there one in all this concourse,
One in all this vast assembly,
That can gather up my tear-drops
From the deep, pellucid waters?"

Thus the younger heroes answered,
Thus the sage and bearded seniors:
"There is none in all this concourse,
None in all this vast assembly,
That can gather up thy tear-drops
From the deep, pellucid waters."

Spake again wise Wainamoinen:
"He that gathers up my tear-drops
From the deeps of crystal waters,
Shall receive a beauteous plumage."

Came a raven, flying, croaking,
And the minstrel thus addressed him:
"Bring, O raven, bring my tear-drops
From the crystal lake's abysses!
I will give thee beauteous feathers,
Recompense for needed service."

But the raven failed his master.

Came a duck upon the waters,
 And the hero thus addressed him :
 "Bring, O water-bird, my tear-drops ;
 Often thou dost dive the deep sea ,
 Sink thy bill upon the bottom
 Of the waters thou dost travel ;
 Dive again my tears to gather,
 I will give thee beauteous feathers,
 Recompense for golden service."

Thereupon the duck departing,
 Hither, thither swam and circled,
 Dived beneath the foam and billow,
 Gathered Wainamoinen's tear-drops
 From the blue sea's pebbly bottom,
 From the deep, pellucid waters ;
 Brought them to the great magician,
 Beautifully formed and colored,
 Glistening in the silver sunshine,
 Glimmering in the golden moonlight ;
 Many-colored as the rainbow,
 Fitting ornaments for heroes,
 Jewels for the maids of beauty ;
 This the origin of sea-pearls,
 And the sea-duck's beauteous plumage.

J. M. CRAWFORD.

WATER.

REV PAUL DENTON, a Methodist missionary, had announced to an audience in Texas that on a certain day there would be "a rousing barbecue, the best of liquor, and of gospel." The barbecue came, but no liquor being offered, the preacher was asked: "Where is the liquor you promised us?" The missionary, seizing a goblet of water, made the following impromptu reply: "*Here* is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children! Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the

precious essence of life—pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell where the red-deer wanders, and the child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-clouds brood, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the waves roar the chorus, sweeping on in the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water! And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees seem turned into living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze over the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower, folding its bright snow-curtains softly above the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored rainbow, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed cold water! No poison bubbles in its brink! Its foam brings no madness nor murder! No blood stains its limpid glass! Pale widows and starving orphans shed no burning tears in its clear depths! No drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! But everywhere, diffusing all around, life, vigor, and happiness, it is the purest emblem of the Water of Life, of which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst. Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink—alcohol?" A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered: "No!"

HUMOROUS AND DELINEATIVE.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover any thing harmful in them?

“Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS:

Punch, brothers, punch! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!”

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten any thing or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen; but all I could get it to say was, “Punch in the presence of the passenjare.” I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, “A blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare,” and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined; I could see that plainly enough. I gave up, and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the

new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight, frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!" By sunrise I was out of my mind, and every body marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings: "Punch! O, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked, as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said:

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said:

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said—certainly nothing sad; and yet—may be it was the way you *said* the words—I never heard any thing that sounded so pathetic. What is——"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden, Mr. — laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted:

"O, wake up! wake up! wake up! Do n't sleep all

day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf, and dumb, and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured:

"A buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. — stood there, very grave, full of concern apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I can not understand. Those are about the same words you said before. There does not seem to be any thing in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music, it flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. — said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time, and the next, he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent-up talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said:

"Have n't we had a royal good time! But now I

remember, you have n't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. — turned a lack-luster eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the *passenjare*!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself: "Poor fellow, poor fellow! *he* has got it now."

I did not see Mr. — for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence, and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said:

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend, who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the cars began their 'clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack!' and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there, and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out then as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip-slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip-slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent

fare—and so on, and so on, and so on—*punch* in the presence of the *passenjare*!’ Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Do n’t ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could; but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with ‘Punch, brothers! punch with care! punch in the presence of the *passenjare*.’ And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the anteroom in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said:

“‘O, O, he is gone, he is gone; and I did n’t see him before he died!’

“‘Yes!’ I said, ‘he is gone, he is gone, he is gone—O, will this suffering never cease?’

“‘You loved him then! O, you, too, loved him!’

“‘O—*him*! Yes—O yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—O, this misery will kill me! O, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare—punch in the presence of the——’”

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance, and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university, and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor, unthinking students. How is it with *them*, now?

The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!

MARK TWAIN.

ARTEMUS WARD'S MORMON LECTURE.

ADAPTED.

I DON'T expect to do great things here; but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I do n't want to live in vain. I'd rather live in Chicago, or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in Utah.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an artist, yet I have a passion for pictures. I have had a great many pictures, photographs, taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty, rather sweet to look at for a short time; and, as I said before, I like them.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time passes on. It is a kind of way time has.

I became a man. I have n't distinguished myself at all as an artist, but I have always been more or less mixed up

with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who takes any thing he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State, I mean—a distinguished sculptist wanted to sculp me. But I said, “No.” I saw through the designing man.

Fond remembrance often makes me ask: “Where are the boys of my youth?” I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here, some in America, some are in jail.

Hence arises a most touching question, “Where are the girls of my youth?” Some are married—some would like to be.

O my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy, because I am. Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said: “Why these weeps?” He said he had a mortgage on his farm, and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lent him the money, and he went away. Some time after, he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the two hundred dollars he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him, so told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened, shook my hand, and said: “Old friend, I won’t allow you to outdo me in liberality; I’ll throw off the other hundred.”

This story has n’t any thing to do with my lecture, I know; but one of the principal features of my lecture is that it contains so many things that do n’t have any thing to do with it.

I met a man in Oregon who had n’t any teeth, not a tooth in his head; yet that man could play on the bass-drum better than any man I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow. I had nightmares, of course. In the morning the landlord said: “How do you feel, old hoss, hay?” I told him I felt my oats.

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California. I went to California on the steamer *Ariel*.

When I reached the *Ariel*, at pier No. 4, New York, I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things, which were being thrown around by the ship's porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic. So great was the excitement, my fragile form was smashed this way, and jammed that way, till finally I was shoved into a state-room which was occupied by two middle-aged females, who said: "Base man, leave us; O, leave us!" I left them; O, I left them!

I here introduce a great work of art. It is an oil painting, done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this, and then they expired.

Some of the greatest artists in town come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw any thing like it before, and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of it that they called for the artist; and when he appeared, they threw brick-bats at him.

The Overland Mail Coach is a den on wheels in which we were crammed for ten days and ten nights. Those of you who have been in the penitentiary, and stayed there any length of time, as visitors, can realize how I felt.

The actors of the Mormon theater are all amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of their theaters. The Mormons mostly pay in grain and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there, among my receipts were corn, flour, pork, cheese, chickens—on foot and in the shell. One family went in on a live pig.

I dislike to speak about it, but it was in Utah that I

made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. Perhaps you may have noticed it. I speak four different languages: Maine, New York, California, and Pennsylvania. My parents sold a cow, and sent me to college when I was quite young. I wish you could have heard that speech, however. If Cicero—he's dead now; he has gone from us—but if old Ciss could have heard that effort, it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There were stationed in Utah two regiments of United States troops, the 21st from California, and the 37th from Nevada. The 21-sters asked me to present a stand of colors to the 37-sters, and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence that they came near shooting me on the spot.

Brigham Young had two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me, ladies and gentlemen, by thinking of that. That is, he had eighty actual wives, and was spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more.

So we may say he had two hundred wives. He loved not wisely, but two hundred well. He was dreadfully married. He was the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family, unless you're very fond of excitement.

By the way, Shakespeare indorses polygamy. He speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr. Windsor have?

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive cuss of some seventy summers, or some'ers thereabout. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives.

Mr. Kimball had a son, a lovely young man, who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day, while he was absent from home, these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man, which so enraged Mr. Kim-

ball's son—which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse-pistol.

The doctor who attended him, a very scientific man, informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

I hope his sad end will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men.

Mr. Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cyprus, the myrtle, and willow. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah. It was leap-year when I was there, and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and taking their soft white hands in mine, which made eighteen hands altogether, I found them in tears.

And I said: "Why is this thus! What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh — seventeen sighs of different size. They said: "O, soon thou wilt be gonested away!"

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

They said: "Doth not like us?"

I said: "I doth, I doth!"

I also said: "I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away."

They then said: "Wilt not marry us?"

I said: "O no; it can not was."

Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined, when they cried: "O, cruel man! This is too much! O, too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on.

As I seized him, he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary. I will seize this opportunity to close my lecture.

ARTEMUS WARD.

PLATONIC LOVE.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor; she had sworn to be a maid;
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
Besides we had our higher loves: fair science ruled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men, who say that friendship can
not live

'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man;
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears, and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise;
We liked each other—that was all, quite all there was to say;
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared;
With common purpose sought the goal that young Ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come;
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills;
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills
And rustic bridges, and the like, that picture-makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees;
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy;
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nebulæ,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

.

"Well, good-bye, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go;

My going meant our parting—when to meet we did not know.
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
For although we were but friends, 't is hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-bye, old fellow! do n't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day, when you 've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gayly; but a great sob, just behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before;
Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm sure the kiss meant
more.

WILLIAM B. TERRETT.

ARCHIE DEAN.

I.

Would you laugh, or would you cry?
Would you break your heart and die,
If you had a dashing lover
Like my handsome Archie Dean,
And should go to Kittie Carrol,
Who has money, so they say—
And with eyes love-filled as ever,
Win her heart, that's like a feather,—
Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
And grow very sad and die?

II.

Always, in the old romances
That dear Archie read to me,
There was always sure to be
One sweet maiden with a lover
Who was never, never true;
And when they were widely parted,
Then she died, poor broken-hearted—
Say, would you, if you were me?

III.

True, I do love Archie Dean,
Love him, love him, O how true!
But see, my eyes are bright,
And my lips and cheeks are red
(Archie Dean put that in my head),
And I do n't know what to do,
Whether to lie down and weep
Till the red is faded out,
And my eyes are dull and dim,
Maybe blind, and all for him
(I could do it, I've no doubt);
Or loop up my pretty hair
With the brightest knots of ribbon,
And the very sweetest roses,
And go to the village fair,
Where he'll be with Kittie Carrol,
And will see me dance the wildest
With some bonnie lad that's there,
Just to show how much I care.

IV.

Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
'Tis the sweetest name I know,
It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now
Is drifting the cold snow.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
There's a pain in my heart while I speak;
I wonder if always the thought of your name
Will make me so saddened and weak.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
I remember that you said
Your name should be mine, and I should be
The happiest bride e'er wed.
I little thought of a day like this,
When I could wish I were dead.
But there goes the clock, the hour is near
When I must be off to the fair;
I'll go and dance and dance and dance
With the bonny lads who are there,
In my dress of blue with crimson sash,
Which *he* always liked to see.

I'll whirl before him as fast as I can;
 I'll laugh and chatter—yes, that is my plan—
 And I know that before the morn
 He'll wish that Kittie Carrol had never been born
 And if he should happen to get the chance
 For saying how heartily sorry he is
 For having been false to me he loves true,
 I won't hear a word that he says, would you?

v.

What you'd better do, Jennie Marsh—
 Break your heart for Archie Dean?
 Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!

Not a bit.

'Tis the very thing he's after.
 He would say to Kittie Carrol,
 With careless, mocking laughter,
 Here's a pretty little chick,
 Who has died for love of me;

Tis a pity!

But what is a man to do
 When the girls beset him so?
 If he gives a nosegay here;
 If he call another dear;
 If he warbles to a third

A love ditty,—

Why, the darling little innocents
 Take it all to heart.

Alack-a-day!

Ah! she was a pretty maiden;
 But really, when we parted—
 Well she died for love of me,
 Kittie Carrol. Do n't you see
 You are giving him to Kittie
 Just as sure as sure can be.
 'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
 By slyly showing to her,
 What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet.
 Now if I were a man,
 Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!
 If I only were a man

For a day—

(I'm a maiden, so I can't
 Always do just what I want)—
 But if I *were* a man, I'd say,
 Archie Dean, *Go to thunder!*
 But Jennie, charming Jennie,
 You're a tender little woman,
 And I expect you'll say that is
 So shockingly inhuman;
 But when you're at the fair
 Do n't flirt too far with bonny lads,
 Because, perhaps, you'll rue it;
 And do not dance too merrily,
 Because he may see through it;
 And do n't put on an air as if
 You're mortally offended;
 You'll be a feather in his cap,
 And then your game is ended.
 And if, with Kittie on his arm,
 You meet him on the green,
 Do n't agonize your pretty mouth
 With *Mr. Arthur Dean*;
 But every throb of pride or love
 Be sure to stifle,
 As if your intercourse with him
 Were but the merest trifle;
 And make believe, with all your might,
 You'd not care a feather
 For all the Carrols in the world,
 And Archie Deans together.
 Take this advice, and get him back,
 My darling, if you can;
 But if you can't—why, right about,
 And take another man.

VI.

What I did.
 I went to the fair with Charlie—
 With handsome Charlie Green,
 Who has loved me many a year,
 And vowed his loving with a tear—
 A tear of the heart, I mean.
 But I never gave a smile to him

Until to-night,
When full in sight
Of Kittie Carrol and Archie Dean.
Now Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money, and has lands,
And his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.
So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance.
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would,
Do you think I dropped my eyes,
With a glad surprise?
No, no, indeed!
That would not do.
Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace.
O, he could not see my pain—
And I told him he must wait
A little while
Till I had danced with Charlie Green;
Then I cast a smile
On Harry Hill and Walter Brown.
He did not go to Kittie Carrol,
Who was sitting all alone,
Watching us with flashing eyes,
But he slowly turned away
To a corner in the dark.
And although my heart was aching,
And very nigh to breaking,
It was quite a bit of fun
Just to see him standing there
Watching me. O, Archie Dean,
What a picture of despair!
Why not hie to Kittie Carrol?
She has money, so they say,
And has held it out for lovers
Many and many a weary day.
She is rather plain I know—
Crooked nose and reddish hair—

And her years are more than yours.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
Hie away to Kittie Carrol;
 Ask her out to dance with you,
Or she 'll think that you are fickle
 And your vows of love untrue,
And maybe you'll get the mitten;
 Then, ah then, what will you do?

IV.

Well, he sighed at me, and I laughed at him,
 As we danced away together.
He pressed my hand, but I heeded not,
 And whirled off like a feather.
He whispered something about the past,
 But I told him it was vain
For him to vow. I had no faith
 To pledge with him again.
His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
 And my pride flew away,
And left me to weep,
 And when he said he loved me most true,
And ever should love me,
"Yes, love only you," he said,
I could not help trusting Archie,
 Say, could you?

GAIL HAMILTON

A NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

ONE day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read a paragraph copied from a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic

joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he had been stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two hundred-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several; to wit, six bees, age not specified; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or, in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib, and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket, and went into the house, eying every body he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just

before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees did n't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fright. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantie nature, said:

"I smell bees. How the odor brings up that article——"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness:

"Hush up! You do n't smell bees."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten any thing that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled and said nothing.

Bed-time came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretenses, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until every body else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing, and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments, he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that would n't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the leg, as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh considerable. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only

knew his temperature had risen to one hundred and ninety-seven on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It did n't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It did n't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe, it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped his disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

Mr. Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, O, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste, "where in the world are them confounded bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then alighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: "Here is one of them,"

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

“Take him off! O, land of Scott! somebody take him off!”

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib’s foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib, and the servants, were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, wicked-looking jig by the dim light of the night-lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, and after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room; and to his dying day, Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him. No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

R. J. BURDETTE.

THE BORE.

AGAIN I hear the creaking step!
He’s rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore,

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes, but never goes.

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views.
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,
But never takes—his leave.

He reads my daily papers through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric that I wrote
And thinks it quite absurd.
He calmly smokes my best cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens every thing he sees,
Except—the entry door.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains;
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay.
On themes like those away he goes,
But never goes—away!

He tells me of the captious words,
Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote.
He thinks the writer did me wrong,
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things,
But never says—adieu.

Whene'er he comes, that dreadful man,
Disguise it as I may,
I know that like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.

In vain I speak of urgent tasks,
 In vain I scowl and pout;
 A frown is no extinguisher,
 It does not—put him out.

I mean to take the knocker off,
 Put crape upon the door,
 Or hint to John that I am gone
 To stay a month or more.

I do not tremble when I meet
 The stoutest of my foes;
 But Heaven defend me from the friend
 Who never, never goes! J. G. SAXE.

RIDING ON THE RAIL.

SINGING through the forests, rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale,—
 Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different stations in the eye of Fame,
 Here are very quickly coming to the same;
 High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
 On a common level, traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts, blooming very tall;
 Gentlemen at large, talking very small;
 Gentlemen in tights, with a loosish mien;
 Gentlemen in gray, looking very green!

Gentlemen quite old, asking for the news;
 Gentlemen in black, with a fit of blues;
 Gentlemen in claret, sober as a vicar;
 Gentlemen in tweed, dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right looking very sunny,
 Obviously reading something very funny.
 Now the smiles are thicker—wonder what they mean?
 Faith, he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left, closing up his peepers;
 Now he snores amain, like the Seven Sleepers;
 At his feet a volume gives the explanation,
 How the man grew stupid from "association!"

Ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks
That there must be peril 'mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow, turning to the stranger,
Says 't is his opinion *she* is out of danger!

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis a vis*;
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance—says 't is tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market woman, careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests; rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

JOHN G. SAXE.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

It was the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was as dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept. Or tried it.

Some of them slept like Christian men and women, peacefully, sweetly, and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep every body else awake.

Of these the man in lower number three was the worst.

We never heard any thing snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of these tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and every body was in bed. O no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until every body had had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was; and then he broke in on their slumbers

like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific "G-r-r-rt!" that opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however; and trusting that he would n't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn "Gw-a-h-h-hah!" that sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting in breathless suspense to hear the worst; and the sleeper in "lower three" went on in long-drawn, regular cadences, that indicated good staying qualities, "Gwa-a-a-h! Gwa-a-a-a-h! Gahway-way! Gahwaywah! Gahwa-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night; and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder-storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful "Gwook!" which sounded as though his nose had got angry at him, and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death; nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed every body with a guttural "Gurchoch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorous "Kowpf!"

He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations, until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night, and all night through, he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! g-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gaw-aw-wah! gaw-abhah! gwock! gwarrrt! gwah-h-h-ll-whoof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how

they might slay him, morning dawned, and “lower number three” awoke. Every body watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made that beautiful sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and “lower number three” stood revealed.

Great guns! It was a fair young girl with golden hair, and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn’s.

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

SAM’S LETTER.

I WONDER who w-wote me this letter. I thuppose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it and thee. (*Opens letter.*) Thome lun-lunatic hath w-witten me this letter. He hath w-witten it upthide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath going to w-wead it sthanding on my head. O, yeth, I thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. “Amewica.” Who do I know in Amewica? I am glad he hath g-given me hith address anyhow. O, yeth, I thee, it ith from Tham. I alwaths know Tham’s handwiting when I thee hith name at the b-bottom of it. “My dear bwother—” Tham always called me bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never had any thisters. When we were boyths we were ladths together. They used to ge-get off a pwoverb when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet. It ith vewy good, if I could only think of it. I can never wecollect any thing that I can’t we-wemember. Iths—it iths the early bir-bird—iths the early bir-bird that knowths iths own father. What non-nonthense that iths! How co-could a bir-bird know iths own father? Iths a withe—iths a withe child—iths a withe child that geths the wom. T-that’s not wite. What non-nonthense that iths! No pa-pawent would allow hiths child to ga-gather woms. Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a fea— What non-nonthense!

for fish do n't have feathers. Iths a bir-bird—iths b-birds of a feather—b-birds of a feather flock together. B-birds of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of b-birds had only one f-feather. They'd all catch cold, and only one b-bird c-could have that f-feather, and he'd fly sidewithse. What con-confounded nonthense that iths! Flock to-together! Of courthse th-they'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a f-fool as to g-go into a c-corner and flo-flock by himself? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago—" Thath's a lie; he d-did n't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of courthse, he did n't post it, and then he did n't wite it. Thath's easy. O, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the poth-potht-office forgetting to diwect it." I wonder who the d-dic-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths gwain' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there iths any fel-fellow without any name. If there iths any fel-fellow without any name, how doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I-I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mawaid. How could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-had no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can f-find out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's always d-doing thomthing. "I have dithcovered that my mother iths—that m-my mother iths not my m-mother; that a—the old nurse is my m-mother, and that you are not my b-bwother, and a—tha—that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith b-birth? If he iths not himthelf, who iths he? If Tham's m-mother is not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother, and Tham ith n't my bwother, who am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-fellow can find out. "I have p-purchased an ethstate som-where—" Doth n't the id-idiot know wh-where h-he has bouth it? O, yeths: "on the bankths of the M-M-Mithithippi." B-Bankths of the M-Mithithippi! The B-Bank of the M-Mithithippi must be vewy accommo-

dating or it would n't let Tham have the money to buy his estate with.

"I am mawied"—I thuppose it was his m-mother-in-law's bank that let Tham have the money to b-buy his estate with. So Tham's got a wife! Tham always wath lucky gettin' things he had n't any uthe for. "We w-went away on a steamah acwoth the ocean on our w-wedding-twip, and we got wecked, and w-were catht away on a waft, and we floated awound with our feet hanging in the watah, and other amuthements, living on such things as we c-could pick up—thardénes, oysters, ice cweam, owanges, and other canned goods that were floating awound. When that was all gone we w-went back to our estate on the M-Mithithippi and lived on that." What nonthense! How could he get ice cweam on a w-waft in the m-middle of the ocean! In cans? "I am stuck"—Bwother Tham's g-gone! Bwother Tham's no more! "I am stuck on the farm"—Why in the Duthe did n't he thay it all on the thame page?

(REMODELED AND ARRANGED FOR RECITATION BY VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.)

THE OWL CRITIC.

"Who stuffed that white owl!" No one spoke in the shop.
 The barber was busy, and he could n't stop;
 The customers, waiting their turn, were all reading
 The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt question,
 Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Do n't you see, Mister Brown," cried the youth with a frown,
 "How wrong the whole thing is, how preposterous each wing is,
 How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is;
 In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
 I make no apology; I've learned owl-eology.
 I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
 And can not be blinded to any deflections
 Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
 To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.

Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown! Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls and other night fowls,
And I'll tell you what I know to be true:
An owl can not roost with his limbs so unloosed.
No owl in the world ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted, ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude—
Can't *do* it, because 't is against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches, ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe that *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed you should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird in that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him do n't half know his business!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes; I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem, they'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh, to encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down, have him stuffed again, Brown!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some saw-dust and bark, I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that. I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather;
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then with a wink and a sly, normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from the perch,
Walked round and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:

"Your learning's at fault this time any way;
Do n't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THIS tragical tale, which they say is a true one,
Is old ; but the manner is wholly a new one.
One Ovid, a writer of some reputation,
Has told it before in a tedious narration ;
In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young Peter Pyramus—I call him Peter,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or the meter,
But merely to make the name completer—
For Peter lived in the olden times,
And in one of the worst of pagan climes
That flourish now in classical fame,
Long before either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian* name.
Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau
As any young lady would wish to know ;
In years, I ween, he was rather green ;
That is to say, he was just eighteen—
A trifle too short, a shaving too lean,
But “ a nice young man ” as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen !

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl
In the magical trap of an auburn curl—
A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door
(They slept, in fact, on the very same floor,
With a wall between them, and nothing more—
Those double dwellings were common of yore),
And they loved each other, the legends say,
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,
That every young maid and every young blade
Are wont to do before they grow staid,
And learn to love by the laws of trade ;
But (alack-a-day, for the girl and boy !)
A little impediment checked their joy,
And gave them awhile the deepest annoy ;
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match did n't happen to please the old folks !

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother
Began the young couple to worry and bother,
And tried their innocent passion to smother,
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!
But who ever heard of a marriage deterred,
Or even deferred,
By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy and caging the bird?
Now Peter, who was n't discouraged at all
By obstacles such as the timid appall,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
Which was n't so thick, but removing a brick
Made a passage—though rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter—
For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

'T was here that the lovers, intent upon love,
Made a nice little plot to meet at a spot,
Near a mulberry-tree, in a neighboring grove;
For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
The mulberry-tree impatient to find;
While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
Strolled leisurely out, some minutes behind.
While waiting alone by the trysting-tree,
A terrible lion, as e'er you set eye on,
Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
And caused the young maiden in terror to flee,
(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
Blood—and "a terrible thing among ladies,")
And losing her veil, as she ran from the wood,
The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil
All covered o'er and reeking with gore,
Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,
And sat himself down to weep and to wail—

For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter
Made up his mind in very short meter
That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her!
So breathing a prayer, he determined to share
The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"
And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!
Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau
Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know),
She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring;
And, seizing the knife that had taken his life,
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

J. G. SAXE.

UNCLE TOM AND THE HORNETS.

THERE is an old woman on Catharine Street who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure, and then go to work with herbs, and roots, and strange things, and try to effect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and she offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelly fifty cents to go to the woods and bring her a hornet's nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar, and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden Road, and yesterday morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached the Central Market he had a few little purchases to make, and after getting some tea at a grocery, he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove, and went out to look for a beef-bone.

It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove, rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk, balancing accounts; and three or four men lounged around, talking about the new party that is to be founded on the ruins of Democracy. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs, and said it was

the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive, and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broad side of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he does n't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant.

The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar, and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax; but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped three feet high and came down to roll over a job-lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and made a rush for the door. He did n't get there. One of the other men, who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, when he collided with the clerk, and they rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in that store to move on. They could n't tarry to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that they must vacate the premises. A yell over by the cheese-box was answered by a war-whoop from the show-case. A howl from the kerosene barrel, near the back door, was answered by wild gestures around the show-window.

The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef-bone. The old man laid around in the slush until every body had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he sat up and asked: "Hev dey got de fiah all put out yit?"

Some of the hornets sailed out doors to fall by the way-side, and others waited around on top of barrels, and baskets, and jars, to be slaughtered. It was half an hour

before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said :

“ Mebbe dis will cure de stiffness in dat gal’s neck, jist de same, but I tell you I ’ze got banged, an’ bumped, an’ sot down on ’till it will take a hull medical college all winter long to git me so I kin jump off a street kyar ! ”

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

THE funniest thing I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, a Mason true—
As good a Mason as any of you ;
He is tyler of Lodge Cerulean Blue,
And tyles and delivers the summons due—
And she wanted to be a Mason, too,
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed round, this inquisitive wife,
And nagged him and teased him half out of his life ;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.
And first, to disguise her from bonnet and shoon,
This ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breech—ah ! forgive me—I meant pantaloons ;
And miraculously did they fit her.

The lodge was at work on the Master’s degree,
The light was ablaze on the letter C ;
High soared the pillars J and B.
The officers sat like Solomon, wise ;
The brimstone burned amid horrible cries ;
The goat roamed wildly through the room ;
The candidate begged them to let him go home ;
And the devil himself stood up at the east,
As broad as an alderman at a feast,
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

O, horrible sounds! O, horrible sight!
 Can it be that Masons take delight
 In spending thus the hours of night?
 Ah! could their wives and daughters know
 The unutterable things they say and do,
 Their feminine hearts would burst with woe!

But this is not all my story.

Those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
 The candidate howling like every thing,
 And thus in tones of death they sing

(The candidate's name was Morey):

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
 Blood to drink and bones to crack,
 Skulls to smash and lives to take,
 Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
 Give old Morey another turn!"

The brimstone gleamed in lurid flame,
 Just like a place we will not name;
 Good angels, that inquiring came
 From blissful courts, looked on with shame
 And tearful melancholy.

Again they dance, but twice as bad,
 They jump and sing like demons mad;

The tune is far from jolly:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
 Blood to drink and bones to crack,
 Skulls to smash and lives to take,
 Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
 Give old Morey another turn!"

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
 Unable to speak a single word.
 She staggered and fell in the nearest chair,
 On the left of the junior warden there,
 And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
 That the chair was made of human bones.
 Of human bones! On grinning skulls
 That ghastly throne of horror rolls;
 Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore;
 Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore.

His scalp across the top was flung,
His teeth around the arms were strung.
Never in all romance was known
Such uses made of human bone.

There came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up sliding-doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I, without tears, relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in a fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! My soul!"
While roars of fiendish laughter roll,

And, drown the yells for mercy:
"Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
Give old Morey another turn!"

The ridiculous woman could stand no more,
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
'Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
She dreamed she had been in a Mason's hall.

JAMES L. LAUGHTON.

NICODEMUS DODGE.

WHEN I was a boy in a printing-office in Missouri, a loose-jointed, long-legged, tow-headed, jeans-clad, countrified cub of about sixteen lounged in one day, and without removing his hands from the depths of his trowsers pockets or taking off his faded ruin of a slouch hat, whose broken rim hung limp and ragged about his eyes and ears like a cabbage-leaf, stared indifferently around, then leaned his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brogans, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low, and said, with composure:

"Whar's the boss?"

"I am the boss," said the editor, following this curious bit of architecture wonderingly along up to his clock-face with his eye.

"Do n't want anybody fur to learn the business, 't ain't likely?"

"Well, I do n't know. Would you like to learn it?"

"Pap's so po' he cai n't run me no mo', so I want to git a show somers if I kin, 't ain't no diffunce what; I'm strong and hearty, and I do n't turn my back on no kind of work, hard nur soft."

"Do you think you would like to learn the printing business?"

"Well, I do n't re'ly k'yer what I do learn, so's I git a chance fur to make my way. I'd jist as soon learn print'n's any thing."

"Can you read?"

"Yes; middlin'."

"Write?"

"Well, I've seed people could lay over me thar."

"Cipher?"

"Not good enough to keep store, I do n't reckon; but to as far as twelve times twelve I ain't no slouch. T'other side of that is what gits me."

"Where is your home?"

"I'm f'm old Shelby."

"What's your father's religious denomination?"

"Him? O, he's a blacksmith."

"No, no. I do n't mean his trade. What's his religious denomination?"

"O, I did n't understand you befo'. He's a Freemason."

"No, no; you do n't get my meaning yet. What I mean is, does he belong to any Church?"

"Now you're talkin'! Could n't make out what you was a tryin' to git through yo' head no way. B'long to a Church! Why, boss, he's ben the pizenest kind of a Free-will Baptist' for forty year. They ain't no pizener ones 'n what he is."

Mighty good man, pap is. Every body says that. If they said any diffrent they would n't say it whar I wuz; not much they would n't."

"What is your own religion?"

"Well, boss, you've kind o' got me thar, and yit you hain't got me so mighty much nuther. I think 't if a feller he'ps another feller when he's in trouble, and don't cuss, and don't do no mean things nur nothin' he ain't no business to do, he aint runnin' no resks; he's about as saift as if he b'longed to a Church."

"But suppose he did do mean things, what then?"

"Well, if he done 'em a purpose, I reckon he would n't stand no chance; he ought n't to have no chance, any way, I'm most certain sure 'bout that."

"What is your name?"

"Nicodemus Dodge."

"I think maybe you'll do, Nicodemus. We'll give you a trial, any way."

"All right."

"When would you like to begin?"

"Now."

So within ten minutes after we had first glimpsed this nondescript he was one of us, and with his coat off and hard at it.

Beyond that end of our establishment which was furthest from the street was a deserted garden, pathless, and thickly grown with the bloomy and villainous "jimpson" weed and its common friend, the stately sunflower. In the midst of this mournful spot was a decayed and aged little frame house, with but one room, one window, and no ceiling; it had been a smoke-house a generation before. Nicodemus was given this lonely and ghostly den as a bed-chamber.

The village smarties recognized a treasure in Nicodemus right away—a butt to play jokes on. It was easy to see that he was inconceivably green and confiding. George Jones had the glory of perpetrating the first joke on him; he gave

him a cigar with a fire-cracker in it, and winked to the crowd to come. The thing exploded presently, and swept away the bulk of Nicodemus's eyebrows and eyelashes. He simply said:

"I consider them kind of seeg'yars dangersome," and seemed to suspect nothing. The next evening Nicodemus waylaid George, and poured a bucket of ice-water over him.

One day, while Nicodemus was in swimming, Tom McElroy "tied" his clothes. Nicodemus made a bonfire of Tom's, by way of retaliation.

A third joke was played upon Nicodemus a day or two later. He walked up the middle aisle of the village Church Sunday night with a staring hand-bill pinned between his shoulders. The joker spent the remainder of the night, after church, in the cellar of a deserted house; and Nicodemus sat on the cellar door till toward breakfast time, to make sure that the prisoner remembered that if any noise were made some rough treatment would be the consequence. The cellar had two feet of stagnant water in it, and was bottomed with six inches of soft mud.

Before a very long time had elapsed, the village smarties began to feel an uncomfortable consciousness of not having made a very shining success out of their attempts on the simpleton from "old Shelby." Experimenters grew scarce and chary. Now the young doctor came to the rescue. There was delight and applause when he proposed to scare Nicodemus to death, and explained how he was going to do it. He had a noble, new skeleton—the skeleton of the late and only local celebrity, Jimmy Finn, the village drunkard; a grisly piece of property which he had bought of Jimmy Finn himself, at auction, for fifty dollars, under great competition, when Jimmy lay very sick in the tanyard, a fortnight before his death. The fifty dollars had gone promptly for whisky, and had considerably hurried up the change of ownership in the skeleton. The doctor would put Jimmy Finn's skeleton in Nicodemus's bed. This was

done about half-past ten in the evening. About Nicodemus's usual bed-time—midnight—the village jokers came creeping stealthily through the jimpson-weeds and sunflowers toward the lonely frame den. They reached the window, and peeped in. There sat the long-legged pauper on his bed, dangling his legs contentedly back and forth, and wheezing the music of "Camptown Races" out of a paper-overlaid comb, which he was pressing against his mouth. By him lay a new jewsharp, a new top, a solid India-rubber ball, a handful of painted marbles, five pounds of "store" candy, and a well-gnawed slab of gingerbread as big and as thick as a volume of sheet music. He had sold the skeleton to a traveling quack for three dollars, and was enjoying the result.

MARK TWAIN.

GUESSING NATIONALITIES.

AS HARRIS and I sat, one morning, at one of the small round tables of the great Hotel Schweitzerhof in Lucerne, watching the crowd of people, coming, going, or breakfasting, and at the same time endeavoring to guess where such and such a party came from, I said:

"There is an American party."

"Yes; but name the State."

I named one State, he named another. We agreed upon one thing, however; that the young girl with the party was very beautiful and very tastefully dressed. But we disagreed as to her age. I said she was eighteen; Harris said she was twenty. The dispute between us waxed warm, and I finally said, with a pretense of being in earnest:

"Well, there is one way to settle the matter; I will go and ask her."

Harris said, sarcastically: "Certainly; that is the thing to do. All you need to do is to use the common formula over here: go and say, 'I am an American!' Of course she will be glad to see you."

Then he hinted that perhaps there was no great danger of my venturing to speak to her.

I said: "I was only talking; I did n't intend to approach her, but I see that you do not know what an intrepid person I am. I am not afraid of any woman that walks. I will go and speak to this young girl."

The thing I had in mind was not difficult. I meant to address her in the most respectful way, and ask her to pardon me if her strong resemblance to a former acquaintance of mine was deceiving me; and when she should reply that the name I mentioned was not the name she bore, I meant to beg pardon again, most respectfully, and retire. There would be no harm done. I walked to her table, bowed to the gentleman, then turned to her, and was about to begin my little speech, when she exclaimed: "I knew I was n't mistaken; I told John it was you! John said it probably was n't, but I knew I was right. I said you would recognize me presently and come over; and I'm glad you did, for I should n't have felt much flattered if you had gone out of this room without recognizing me. Sit down, sit down. How odd it is! you are the last person I was ever expecting to see again."

This was a stupefying surprise. It took my wits clear away, for an instant. However, we shook hands cordially all around, and sat down. But truly this was the tightest place I ever was in. I seemed to vaguely remember the girl's face, now; but I had no idea where I had seen it before, or what name belonged with it. I immediately tried to get up a diversion about Swiss scenery, to keep her from launching into topics that might betray that I did not know her; but it was of no use, she went right along upon matters which interested her more:

"O dear! what a night that was, when the sea washed the forward boats away! Do you remember it?"

"O don't I?" said I; but I did n't. I wished the sea had washed the rudder and the smoke-stack and the captain away, then I could have located this questioner.

"And don't you remember how frightened poor Mary was, and how she cried?"

"Indeed I do!" said I. "Dear me, how it all comes back!"

I fervently wished it would come back, but my memory was a blank. The wise way would have been to frankly own up; but I could not bring myself to do that, after the young girl had praised me so for recognizing her; so I went on, deeper and deeper into the mire, hoping for a chance clue but never getting one. The Unrecognizable continued, with vivacity:

"Do you know, George married Mary, after all?"

"Why, no! Did he?"

"Indeed he did. He said he did not believe she was half as much to blame as her father was, and I thought he was right. Didn't you?"

"Of course he was. It was a perfectly plain case. I always said so."

"Why, no, you did n't; at least that summer."

"O no! not that summer. No, you are perfectly right about that. It was the following winter that I said it."

"Well, as it turned out, Mary was not in the least to blame; it was all her father's fault; at least his and old Darley's."

It was necessary to say something, so I said:

"I always regarded Darley as a troublesome old thing."

"So he was; but then they always had a great affection for him, although he had so many eccentricities. You remember that when the weather was the least cold he would try to come into the house."

I was rather afraid to proceed. Evidently Darley was not a man. He must be some other kind of an animal; possibly a dog; may be an elephant. However, tails are common to all animals, so I ventured to say:

"And what a tail he had!"

"One! He had a thousand!"

This was bewildering. I did not quite know what to say, so I only said :

"Yes, he was pretty well fixed in the matter of tails."

"For a negro, and a crazy one at that, I should say he was," said she.

It was getting pretty sultry for me. I said to myself: "Is it possible she is going to stop there, and wait for me to speak? If she does, the conversation is blocked. A negro with a thousand tails is a topic which a person can not talk upon fluently and instructively without more or less preparation. As to diving rashly into such a vast subject——"

But here, to my gratitude, she interrupted my thought by saying :

"Yes, when it came to tales of his crazy woes, there was simply no end to them if any body would listen. His own quarters were comfortable enough, but when the weather was cold, the family was sure to have his company ; nothing could keep him out of the house. But they always bore it kindly because he had saved Tom's life, years before. You remember Tom?"

"O, perfectly. Fine fellow he was, too."

"Yes; and what a pretty little thing his child was!"

"You may well say that. I never saw a prettier child."

"I used to delight to pet it and dandle it and play with it."

"So did I."

"You named it. What was that name? I can't call it to mind."

It appeared to me that the ice was getting pretty thin here. I would have given something to know what the child's sex was. However, I had the good luck to think of a name that would fit either sex, so I brought it out :

"I named it Frances."

"From a relative, I suppose? But you named the one that died; one that I never saw. What did you call that one?"

I was out of neutral names, but as the child was dead and she had never seen it, I thought I might risk a name for it, and trust to luck, therefore I said:

"I called that one Thomas Henry."

She said, musingly:

"That is very singular—very singular."

I sat still and let the cold sweat run down. I was in a good deal of trouble, but I believed I could worry through if she would n't ask me to name any more children. I wondered where the lightning was going to strike next. She was still ruminating over that last child's title, but presently she said:

"I have always been sorry you were away at the time; I would have had you name my child."

"Your child! Are you married?"

"I have been married thirteen years."

"Christened, you mean?"

"No, married. The youth by your side is my son."

"It seems incredible, even impossible. I do not mean any harm by it, but would you mind telling me if you are any over eighteen? that is to say, will you tell me how old you are?"

"I was just nineteen the day of the storm we were talking about. That was my birthday."

That did not help matters much, as I did not know the date of the storm. I tried to think of some non-committal thing to say, to keep up my end of the talk, and render my poverty in the matter of reminiscences as little noticeable as possible, but I seemed to be about out of non-committal things. I was about to say, "You haven't changed a bit since then," but that was risky. I thought of saying, "You have improved ever so much since then," but that would not answer, of course. I was about to try a shy at the weather, for a saving change, when the girl slipped in ahead of me and said: "How I have enjoyed this talk over those happy old times; haven't you?"

"I never have spent such a half hour in all my life before!" said I, with emotion; and I could have added, with a near approach to truth, "and I would rather be scalped than spend another one like it." I was grateful to be through with the ordeal, and was about to make my good-byes and get out, when the girl said:

"But there is one thing that is ever so puzzling to me."

"Why, what is that?"

"That dead child's name. What did you say it was?"

Here was another balmy place to be in; I had forgotten the child's name; I had n't imagined it would be needed again. However, I had to pretend to know, any way, so I said:

"Joseph William."

The youth at my side corrected me, and said:

"No; Thomas Henry."

I thanked him, in words, and said, with trepidation:

"O, yes; I was thinking of another child that I named; I have named a great many, and I got them confused; this one was named Henry Thompson——"

"Thomas Henry," calmly interposed the boy.

I thanked him again—strictly in words—and stammered out:

"Thomas Henry—yes, Thomas Henry was the poor child's name. I named him for Thomas—er—Thomas Carlyle, the great author, you know; and Henry—er—er—Henry the Eighth. The parents were very grateful to have a child named Thomas Henry.

"That makes it more singular than ever," murmured my beautiful friend.

"Does it? Why?"

"Because when the parents speak of that child now, they always call it Susan Amelia."

That spiked my gun. I could not say any thing. I was entirely out of verbal obliquities; to go further would be to lie, and that I would not do; so I simply sat still and suf-

ferred; sat mutely and resignedly there, and sizzled, for I was being slowly fried to death in my own blushes. Presently the enemy laughed a happy laugh, and said:

"I have enjoyed this talk over old times, but you have not. I saw very soon that you were only pretending to know me; and so as I had wasted a compliment on you in the beginning, I made up my mind to punish you. And I have succeeded pretty well. I was glad to see that you knew George and Tom and Darley, for I had never heard of them before and therefore could not be sure that you had; and I was glad to learn the names of those imaginary children, too. One can get quite a fund of information out of you if one goes at it cleverly. Mary and the storm, and the sweeping away of the forward boats, were facts; all the rest was fiction. Mary was my sister; her full name was Mary —. Now do you remember me?"

"Yes," I said; "I do remember you now; and you are as hard-hearted as you were thirteen years ago in that ship, else you would n't have punished me so. You haven't changed your nature nor your person, in any way at all; you look just as young as you did then, you are just as beautiful as you were then, and you have transmitted a deal of your comeliness to this fine boy. There; if that speech moves you any, let's fly the flag of truce, with the understanding that I am conquered and confess it."

All of which was agreed to and accomplished on the spot.

MARK TWAIN.

ARTEMUS WARD'S PANORAMA.

PROGRAM.

EVERY night, except Saturday, at 8. Doors open at 3; Artemus opens at half-past seven. Reserved seats 75 cents. Gen. Ad. \$1.25. Front seats free. Those who sit nearest the speaker will be paid a premium. Children charged double price. Infants in arms will be used in the orchestra.

Artemus Ward delivered lectures before all the crowned heads of Europe—ever thought of delivering lectures.

During the vacation the hall has been carefully swept out, and a new door-knob has been added to the door.

Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the listeners at their homes, and explain any jokes in his lecture which they may not understand.

A person of long experience will take care of bonnets, cloaks, hats, coats, etc., and will see that they are not returned. The auditors will leave their money with Mr. Ward, who will take care that it gets safely into Canada.

Nobody must say that he likes this lecture unless he wishes to be thought eccentric; and nobody must say that he does 'nt like it unless he really is eccentric. P. S.—This requires thinking over, but it will amply repay the effort.

The panorama used to illustrate Mr. Ward's lecture is rather worse than panoramas usually are.

Soldiers on the battle-field will be admitted to this entertainment as the curtain falls on the last joke.

TESTIMONIALS.

“MR. ARTEMUS WARD:

“*My Dear Sir*,—My wife was dangerously afflicted for over sixteen years. She was so weak that she could not lift a tea-spoon to her mouth. But in a fortunate moment she commenced reading one of your lectures. She got better at once. She gained strength so rapidly that she lifted the cottage piano quite a distance from the floor, and let it fall on her mother-in-law, with whom she had had some trouble. There are a number of married men out here who wish to introduce your lectures into their family. If you need any more recommendations, you can get all you want at two shillings, the price I charge for this one.

“I am, sir, yours truly, and so is my wife.”

A correspondent of a distinguished journal speaks thus of Mr. Ward's power as an orator:—

“It was a grand scene, Mr. Artemus Ward standing on the platform, talking; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly

in their seats; others leaving the room and not returning; others weeping bitterly at some of his jokes,—all, all formed a most impressive scene. And when he announced that he would never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening.”

INTRODUCTION.

First appearance of Artemus Ward, who will be greeted with great applause. When quiet has been restored, the lecturer will present a rather frisky prologue of about ten minutes in length, and of nearly the same width. It, perhaps, isn't necessary to speak of the depth.

THE LECTURE.

You are entirely welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to my little picture-shop. I can give you a better idea of my lectures by opening a picture-shop, and therefore I open one.

If you should be dissatisfied with any thing in this lecture, I will admit you free to one in New Zealand. Any respectable cannibal will direct you. This shows that I can forgive as well as forget.

I am not an artist. I don't paint myself—though perhaps I would if I were a middle-aged single lady. Your applause is embarrassing. I am a modest man. A distinguished sculptist once wanted to sculp me. But I said, “No.” I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands, he would have flooded the market with my busts. This would be more than I could stand, and I would have to return to my home—where my creditors are.

I like art. I admire dramatic art, although I failed as an actor. It was in my school days. The play was the “Ruins of Pompeii.” I played the Ruins. Although I played that part better, perhaps, than I could have played any thing else, yet it was not a very successful impersonation; but it was better than the “Burning Mountain.” He was a poor Vesuvius.

As a manager I was rather more successful than as an actor. Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. It is a long voyage, you know, to Australia, and to my utter surprise the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before, and he said it agreed with him. I thought so! I never saw a man eat so much in my life—beef, mutton, pork!—and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs! The result was that when we reached Melbourne this infamous skeleton weighed sixty-four pounds more than I did!

At first I thought I was ruined. But I was n't. My genius as a manager asserted itself, and I took him on another long sea-voyage, and when I got him to San Francisco I exhibited him as a Fat Man.

This story has n't any thing to do with my lecture, I know; but one of the principal features of my lecture is that it contains so many things that do n't have any thing to do with it.

I like music. I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am. The other night a silver-voiced young man came under my window and sang, "Come where my love lies dreaming." I did n't go. I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah—and I was very ill. I was fearfully wasted. My race was hewn down to nothing. And on one of those dismal days a Mormon lady used to sing a ballad commencing: "Sweet bird, do not fly away!" I told her I would n't. She played the accordion divinely—accordingly I was pleased.

THE PICTURES.

We will now put the panorama to work. The first picture we present, as you perceive, is a view of the California

steamship. Large crowds of citizens on the wharf, who appear entirely willing that Artemus Ward shall go. "Bless you, sir!" they say; "do'n't hurry about coming back. Stay away for years, if you want to!" It was very touching.

Disgraceful treatment of the passengers, who are obliged to go forward to smoke pipes, while the steamer is allowed two smoke-pipes amid-ships. Your applause at this point was wholly unexpected.

I will now offer for your inspection a picture of Virginia City, the wild young metropolis of the new Silver State. Fortunes are made there in a day. There are instances on record of young men going there without a shilling, poor and friendless, yet by energy, intelligence, and a careful disregard to business, have been enabled to leave, owing hundreds of dollars.

This is a picture of the great desert at night. It is a dreary waste of sand. The sand is n't worth saving, however.

This is the Mormon theater. The Mormons mostly pay in grain and all sorts of articles. The night I gave my lecture there, among my receipts were corn, flour, pork, cheese, chickens (on foot and in the shell). One family tried to go in on a live pig, but my agent repulsed that family. The "Lady of Lyons" was produced a short time since, but failed to satisfy the Mormon audience, on account of there being but one Pauline in it. It was presented the next night with fifteen Paulines in the cast, and was a perfect success. Some of these Mormons have large families. I lectured one night by invitation in a Mormon village, and during the day I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. They filled the hall to overflowing. It was a great success, but I did n't get any money. I saw this man's mother-in-law. I can't exactly say how many there were of her, but it was a good deal. I should think one mother-in-law was about enough to have in a family, unless you are very fond of excitement.

This being a view of the west side of Main Street, it is

naturally a view of the west side of Main Street. We do not ask or expect any applause for that.

You will now observe the Endowment House, where the Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of his faith. His religion is singular, and his wife is plural. This is Brigham Young and his wives. The pretty girls of Utah mostly marry Young. See?

Here is a picture of the Great Salt Lake. I know of no greater curiosity than this inland sea of thick brine. They say a Mormon farmer once drove forty head of cattle into it, and they came out first-rate pickled beef.

This sparkling water-fall is the Laughing Water alluded to by Mr. Longfellow, in his Indian poem, "Higher Water." You notice the higher water up there?

Those of the audience who are not offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him, often, at his fine new house in Brooklyn. It is on the right hand side as you cross the ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a cupola and a mortgage on it. I was once told to seize opportunity. I seized one and he knocked me down. I have since learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary. I will seize this opportunity to close my lecture.

ABRIDGED BY VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

REFLECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MAN.

THIS world is but a charnel-house of woe;
Of bruised and bleeding hearts that silent mourn.
Each day the tomb of buried memories,
Which, like unshrived ghosts arise,
Haunting the mind; and, as they come

And go, they tell of disappointed hopes ;
 Of expectations high, raised e'en to heaven,
 Then dashed remorselessly to earth ;
 Of labor lost ; of unrequited love ;
 Of misspent time which, rightly used, had led
 To fortune or to fame ; of friends, now gone,
 Who would have loved us, but whose love we spurned ;
 Who yet will burst upon our solitude,
 And stand beside us, with strange, yearning look,
 As if to tell us something that they know,
 Yet can not give it speech. Ah ! who shall say
 He is not haunted thus, with ghosts of things
 That might have been, but never can be now ?

.
 A skeleton there is in every house,
 But veiled and kept from prying eyes.
 Each heart well knows its secret bitterness,
 And strangers meddle not, but pass it by,
 All conscious, yet pretending not to know.
 But when the veil is rudely torn aside,
 And the grim specter stands, as 't were, impaled
 Before the gaze of all, and we are chained
 And bound before it, wrung with agony,
 We bow the head and cry : " O Lord, how long !"
 Our friends look on with sadly pitying eye ;
 A tear is all that they can give to this,
 A life-long misery, which no human power
 Can soften or remove ; this poisoned cup,
 Which drink we must, alone, the very dregs ;
 This worm, which slowly draws the sap of life ;
 This daily dying, and the funeral car
 Ever at our door.

Tempests which fright and ruin may be borne,
 For sunshine follows quick ; with hearts relieved,
 We gather up the wreck and soon forget.
 Death comes and takes away a much-loved friend ;
 We mourn the loss, but time heals up the wound.
 Welcome healthful cares that brace the mind ;
 Life's grand struggle glorified by hope ;
 Battle fierce upon the field of glory ;
 Dark clouds, with silver fringe and blue beyond,

Welcome! But brooding clouds that will not break,
 That have no silver lining and no form,
 Oppress the wearied spirit, and destroy
 The very love of life; and the soul sighs
 For some sharp storm whose lightnings may dispel
 The heavy gloom, and once again restore
 The light of hope, the roseate hues of life.

.
 O Hope! sweet consolation long denied;
 Come, now, and let thy beaming smile
 Gladden again this bruised and broken heart.
 O Faith! I lift my hands and eyes to thee.
 Raise me, I pray, and give me strength to bear.
 In vain I call, nor Faith nor Hope reply;
 They are but names, and not the source of joy.
 But lo! a still small voice from out the cloud:
 "My son, be still and know that I am God,
 And I alone; besides me there is none.
 I try thee for thy good, and when I see
 My face reflected, then full well I know
 The gold is purified; and not till then."
 I heard, and as I listened, now there came,
 A softened feeling stealing o'er my soul;
 A passive resignation to His will
 Who spake from out the cloud. And then I said:
 "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

.
 It came at last. The storm for which I sighed
 Burst in relentless fury on my head,
 And I was cast full prone upon a rock.
 I swooned; and when I lifted up my eyes,
 And looked once more upon the sea of life,
 The barque in which with joy I'd sailed, was gone;
 Companions of my youth all swallowed up
 In one wild gurge; and nothing now was left
 But crested billows breaking on the rock
 With mournful sound, the requiem of the lost.
 Away to seaward drifted fast the cloud,
 Broken in horrid mist before the wind;
 But overhead one speck of deep-blue sky,
 And in the west one ray of golden light

Just piercing through the cloud, as if the sun
 Would smile a benediction on the wreck
 The storm had made.

.
 Now years have passed ; the wounded heart has healed,
 But not the broken life ; for naught but death
 Can wipe the memory out of those sad days.
 Another bark has spread its glancing sail
 Upon the sea of life, whose waves are calm,
 And favoring breezes waft it gladly on ;
 And many other ships are round about,
 From out of which there greet my ear at times
 The songs of joy and youthful merriment.
 But I sail on alone. And now I think
 The haven of my rest can not be far.
 E'en now I see its highlands looming up
 Blue in dim distance, and the summer sun
 Has set beneath the waves. From out the depths
 The heavens are lighted up with fervid glow.
 Across the rainbow hues, peacefully there rest
 Empurpled clouds, bordered with burnished gold,
 The broken remnants of a by-gone storm.

.
 'Tis so with me. My cloud has lifted, too,
 Revealing now a future bright with hope.
 Across the vision there are shadows still—
 Sad memories of the past, but lighted up
 With deep abysmal rays. And now I know
 The lesson He would teach and I would learn.

What would this sunset be without the clouds
 That mar its clearness, and yet add the grace ?
 And what would be the sunset of our lives
 Without the hallowed memories that relieve
 The radiance of an eternal light beyond ?

C. R. BROOKE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there ;
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That can not be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MAC-O-CHEE.

How many a vanished hour and day
Have sunlight o'er me shed
Since last I saw these waters play
Along their pebbly bed!
The bird-bent bough above them swings,
The waves dance bright below,
From the hazel near the cat-bird sings,
As in long years ago.

O'er blue-edged heights and sunlit plain
Soft falls the purple noon,
On rustling corn and waving grain,
On stream and still lagoon;
Hard by the brook the blackbird trills,
The glossy-coated crow
Croaks hoarsely on the breezy hills,
As in long years ago.

The falcon, like a censer swung,
Circles the blue above,
The quail is calling to her young,
While cooes the mournful dove;
The elder bloom, by road and stream,
Lies heaped like drifted snow,
The meadow birch nods to its dream,
As in long years ago.

The drowsy bee on laden wings,
Voices the dreamy day ;
The squirrel chatters as he swings,
While screams the restless jay ;
The mild-eyed cattle, slow and grave,
Swish in the shaded pool,
Where hoarse frogs croak, and tall flags wave,
And clear springs bubble cool.

And now, as in that far-off time,
The village sounds are dear,
The cry of children, and the chime
Of bells, break on the ear ;
My playmates then are bearded men ;
The men wax old and slow,
Or sleep within God's silent glen,
Where broods the long ago.

I may not sing my eyes so dim,
I may not sing the change
That wrought upon my soul within,
Its sadness, still and strange ;
Nor here by fragile flower and stream,
Repeat the well-worn lay,
How we the fleeting shadows seem,
Immortal substance they.

But ah ! these trees, and birds, and skies,
And scented flowers' bloom,
Are all to me as one who lies
Hid in a hollow tomb,
Where murmurs of a busy world
Sift through the creviced stone,
And, like a leaf but half unfurled,
Leaves all the tale unknown.

Round every life an Eden lies,
In golden glow of youth,
When romance tints with tender dyes
The solemn page of truth ;
When newer being thrills the heart
To young love's magic hand,
And as awake from dreams we start,
To gaze on fairy land.

What deeper blue the skies assume,
 What tints the earth takes on ;
 What roseate hues our paths illumine,
 A moment, then 't is gone !
 And back we turn to earth again—
 Back to its weary strife ;
 Yet through all sorrow, sin, and pain,
 One vision sweetens life.

DONN PIATT.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.

A MODERNIZED VERSION.

I DON'T think I feel much older ; I'm aware I'm rather gray,
 But so are many young folks ; I meet 'em every day.
 I confess I'm more particular in what I eat and drink ;
 But one's taste improves with culture ; that is all it means, I think.

Can you read as once you used to ? Well, the printing is so bad,
 No young folks' eyes can read it like the books that once we had.
Are you quite as quick of hearing ? Please to say that once again.
Don't I use plain words, your Reverence ? Yes, I often use a cane ;

But it's not because I need it,—no, I always liked a stick ;
 And as one might lean upon it, 't is as well it should be thick.
 O, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively ; I can walk—yes, that I can—
 On the days I feel like walking, just as well as you, young man !

Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every day ?
 Well, I doze a little sometimes ; but that always was my way.
Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years ago ?
 Well, my heart is very tender ; but I think 't was always so.

Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't recall a name ?
 Yes : I know such lots of people ; but my memory's not to blame.
 What ! you think my memory's failing ! Pshaw ! it's just as clear,
 I know—

Why, I remember things that happened more than sixty year ago.

Is not your voice a little trembly ? My hand ! Well may be, now
 and then,

But I write as well as ever with a good old-fashioned pen :

It's the new pens make the trouble,—not at all my finger-ends,—
That is why my hand looks shaky when I sign for dividends.

Don't you stoop a little walking? It's a way I've always had;
I've always been round-shouldered ever since I was a lad.

Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings? Yes, I own it—that
is true.

Don't you tell old stories over? I am not aware I do.

Don't you stay at home of evenings? *Don't you love a cushioned seat*
In a corner by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?

Don't you wear warm, fleecy flannels? *Don't you muffle up your*
throat?

Don't you like to have one help you when you're putting on your coat?

Don't you like old books you've dogseared you can't remember when?

Don't you call it late at nine o'clock, and go to bed at ten?

How many cronies can you count of all you used to know

Who called you by your Christian name some fifty years ago?

How look the prizes to you, that used to fire your brain?

You've reared your mound—how high is it above the level plain?

You've drained the brimming golden cup that made your fancy reel;

You've slept the giddy potion off,—now tell us how you feel!

You've watched the harvest ripening till every stem was cropped;

You've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal dropped;

You've told your thought, you've done your task, you've tracked your
dial round,

—I backing down! Thank Heaven, not yet! I'm hale and brisk
and sound,

And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to see;

My shoes are not quite ready yet,—don't think you're rid
of me!

Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was older far:

And who can tell but I shall live to beat old Thomas Parr?

Ah well,—I know,—at every age life has a certain charm!

You're going? Come, permit me, please, I beg you'll take my arm.

I take your arm! Why take your arm? I think you're very
bold,—

I'm old enough to walk alone,—but not so very old!

O. W. HOLMES.

NAPOLEON.

A LITTLE while ago I stood by the tomb of the first Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity; and here was a great circle, and in the bottom there, in a sarcophagus, rested at last the ashes of that restless man. I looked at that tomb, and I thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. As I looked, in imagination I could see him walking up and down the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I could see him at Toulon; I could see him at Paris, putting down the mob; I could see him at the head of the army of Italy; I could see him crossing the bridge of Lodi, with the tricolor in his hand; I saw him in Egypt, fighting battles under the shadow of the Pyramids; I saw him returning; I saw him conquer the Alps, and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of Italy; I saw him at Marengo; I saw him at Austerlitz; I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the blast smote his legions, when death rode the icy winds of winter. I saw him at Leipsic; hurled back upon Paris; banished; and I saw him escape from Elba, and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him at the field of Waterloo, where fate and chance combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands behind his back, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea; and I thought of all the widows he had made, of all the orphans, of all the tears that had been shed for his glory; and I thought of the woman, the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said to myself, as I gazed, I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes, and lived in a little hut with a vine running over the door, and the purple grapes growing red in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor French peasant, to sit in my door, with my wife knitting by my side, and my children upon my knees, with their arms around my

neck; I would rather have lived and died unnoticed and unknown except by those who loved me, and gone down to the voiceless silence of the dreamless dust; I would rather have been that French peasant than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder who covered Europe with blood and tears.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S.

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the Sunday's wood in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "I and you,
Out to old Aunt Mary's?"

It all comes back so clear to-day,
Though I am as bald as you are gray;
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering red-heads hopped awry,
And the buzzard raised in the open sky,
And lolled and circled as we went by,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway with the sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
And our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clap-board roof. And her face—O me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

And O, my brother, so far away,
 This is to tell you she waits to-day
 To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
 Asleep this morning, whispering: "Tell
 The boys to come." And all is well
 Out to old Aunt Mary's.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the opera there ;
 And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast so bright.
 Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;
 And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
 The souls in purgatory.
 The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
 As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
Non ti scordar di me ?
 The emperor there, in his box of state,
 Looked grave ; as if he had just then seen
 The red flag wave from the city gate,
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.
 The empress, too, had a tear in her eye ;
 You 'd have said that her fancy had gone back again
 For one moment, under the old blue sky,
 To the old glad life in Spain.
 Well, there in our front-row box we sat
 Together, my bride betrothed and I ;
 My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
 And hers on the stage hard by.
 And both were silent, and both were sad ;
 Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
 With that regal, indolent air she had ;
 So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress—for the eve was hot—
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast—
O, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!—
And the one bird singing alone in his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And I thought: "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!

Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked : she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage ; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast !

I was here, and she was there ;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between ;
From my bride bethrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,
To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade—
In short, from the future back to the past—
There was but a step to be made.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still ;
And but for her—well, we'll let that pass ;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face ; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say ;
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But O, the smell of that jasmine-flower !
And O, that music ! and O, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me !

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

THE AINO LEGEND.

FROM THE KALEVALA, THE EPIC OF FINLAND.

WAITING long, the wailing Aino
Thus at last soliloquizes :
“ Unto what can I now liken
Happy homes and joys of fortune ?
Like the waters in the rivers,
Like the waves in yonder lakelet,
Like the billows seaward flowing.
Unto what, the biting sorrow
Of the child of cold misfortune ?
Like the spirit of the sea-duck,
Like the icicle in winter,
Water in the well imprisoned.
“ Often roamed my mind in childhood,
When a maiden free and merry,
Happily through fen and fallow ;
Gamboled on the meads with lambkins,
Lingered with the ferns and flowers,
Knowing neither pain nor trouble.
Now my mind is filled with sorrow,
Wanders through the bog and stubble,
Wanders weary through the brambles,
Roams throughout the dismal forest,
Till my life is full of darkness,
And my spirit white with anguish.
Better had it been for Aino,
Had she never seen the sunlight,
Or, if born, had died an infant,
Had not lived to be a maiden
In these days of sin and sorrow,
Underneath a star so luckless.

Better had it been for Aino,
Had she died upon the eighth day,
After seven nights had vanished;
Needed then but little linen,
Needed but a little coffin,
And a grave of smallest measure;
Mother would have mourned a little,
Father, too, perhaps a trifle,
Sister would have wept the day through,
Brother might have shed a tear-drop;
Thus had ended all the mourning."

Thus poor Aino wept and murmured,
Wept one day, and then a second,
Wept a third from morn till even,
When again her mother questioned:
"Why this weeping, fairest daughter?
Darling daughter, why this grieving?"

Thus the tearful maiden answered:
"Therefore do I weep and sorrow,
Hapless maiden, all my life long,
Since poor Aino thou hast given,
Since thy daughter thou hast promised,
To the ancient Wainamoinen,
Comfort to his years declining,
Prop to stay him when he totters;
In the storm, a roof above him;
In his home, a cloak around him.
Better far if thou hadst sent me,
Sank me in the salt sea-surges,
To become the whiting's sister,
And the friend of perch and salmon;
Better far to ride the billows,
Swim the sea-foam as a mermaid,
And the friend of nimble fishes,
Than to be an old man's solace,
Prop to stay him when he totters,
Hand to stay him when he trembles,
Arm to guide him when he falters,
Strength to give him when he weakens;
Better be the whiting's sister,
And the friend of perch and salmon,
Than an old man's slave and darling."

Ending thus, she left her mother,
Straightway hastened to the mountain,
To the store-house on the summit ;
Opened there the box, the largest ;
From the box six lids she lifted,
Found therein six golden girdles,
Silken dresses, seven in number ;
Choosing such as pleased her fancy,
She adorned herself as bidden,
Robed herself to look her fairest,
Gold upon her throbbing temples,
In her hair the shining silver,
On her shoulders purple ribbons,
Bands of blue around her forehead,
Golden cross, and rings, and jewels,
Fitting ornaments to beauty.

Now she leaves her many treasures,
Leaves the store-house on the mountain,
Filled with gold and silver trinkets,
Wanders over field and fallow,
Over stone-fields waste and barren,
Wanders on through fen and forest,
Through the fir-fields vast and cheerless,
Wanders hither, wanders thither,
Singing, careless, as she wanders,
This her mournful song and echo :
“ Woe is me, my life hard-fated !
Woe to Aino, broken-hearted !
Torture racks my heart and temples ;
Yet the sting would not be deeper,
Nor the pain and anguish greater,
If beneath this weight of sorrow,
In my saddened heart's dejection,
I should yield my life forever,
Now, unhappy, I should perish.
Lo ! the time has come for Aino
From this cruel world to hasten,
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
To the realm of the departed,
To the isle of the hereafter.

“ Weep no more for me, O father ;
Mother, dear, withhold thy censure,

Lovely sister, stay thy tear-drops;
Do not mourn me, dearest brother,
When I sink beneath the sea-foam,
Make my home in salmon-grottoes,
Make my bed in crystal waters,
Water-ferns my couch and pillow."

All day long poor Aino wandered,
All the next day, sad and weary,
So the third, from morn till even,
Till the cruel night enwrapped her,
As she reached the sandy margin,
Reached the cold and dismal sea-shore;
Sat upon the rock of sorrow,
Sat alone in cold and darkness,
Listened only to the music
Of the winds and rolling billows,
Singing all the dirge of Aino.
All night long the weary maiden
Wept and wandered on the border,
Through the sand and sea-washed pebbles.

As the day dawns, looking round her,
She beholds three water-maidens,
On a headland jutting seaward,
Water-maidens three in number,
Sitting on the wave-lashed ledges,
Swimming now upon the billows,
Now upon the rocks reposing.
Quick the weeping maiden, Aino,
Hastens there to join the mermaids,
Winsome daughters of the waters.
Weeping Aino, now disrobing,
Lays aside with care her garments,
Hangs her silk-robcs on the alders,
Drops her gold-cross on the sea-shore,
On the aspen hangs her ribbons;
On the rocks, her silken stockings;
On the grass, her shoes of deer-skin;
In the sand her shining necklace,
With her rings and other jewels.

Out at see a goodly distance,
Stands a stone of rainbow-colors,
Glittering in the silver sunshine.

Toward it springs the hapless maiden,
Thither swims the lovely Aino,
Up the standing-stone has clambered,
Wishing there to rest a moment,
Rest upon the rock of beauty;
When upon a sudden, swaying
To and fro among the billows,
With a crash and roar of waters,
Falls the stone of many colors,
Falls upon the very bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea.
With the stone of rainbow colors
Falls the luckless maiden, Aino,
Clinging to its craggy edges,
Sinking far below the surface,
To the homes of the sea-daughters.

Thus the weeping maiden vanished,
Thus poor Aino left her tribe-folk,
Singing as the stone descended,
Chanting thus as she departed :
“ Once to swim I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows;
With the stone of many colors
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty song-bird, perished.
Never come a-fishing, father,
To the borders of these waters,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest daughter Aino.

“ Mother dear, I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows;
With the stone of many colors,
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty song-bird, perished.
Never mix thy bread, dear mother,
With the blue-sea’s foam and waters,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest daughter Aino.

“ Brother dear, I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows;

With the stone of many colors,
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty song-bird, perished.
Never bring thy prancing war-horse,
Never bring thy royal racer,
Never bring thy steeds to water,
To the borders of the blue-sea,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest sister Aino.

“Sister dear, I sought the sea-side,
There to sport among the billows ;
With the stone of many colors,
Sank poor Aino to the bottom
Of the deep and boundless blue-sea,
Like a pretty song-bird, perished.
Never come to lave thine eyelids
In this rolling wave and sea-foam,
Never during all thy life-time,
As thou lovest sister Aino.
All the waters of the blue-sea
Shall be blood of Aino’s body ;
All the fish that swim these waters
Shall be Aino’s flesh forever ;
All the willows on the sea-side
Shall be Aino’s ribs hereafter ;
All the sea-grass on the margin
Will have grown from Aino’s tresses.”

Thus at last the maiden vanished,
Thus the lovely Aino perished.

J. M. CRAWFORD.

THE WHISTLE OF THE QUAIL.

In the heart of the dusty city,
As I threaded a crowded street,
’Mid the city’s din and clamor,
And the scorching glare and heat,
It rang out somewhere above me,
Clear and loud and sweet.

I lifted my eyes in wonder,
I lifted my heart in joy ;

Eagerly listening heads were turned,
 " 'T is surely a clever toy—
Some skillful mocking songster,
 Or a happy, whistling boy."

Again! ah, never human
 Held such a sound in his throat,
And if but a mocking songster,
 He hath caught a perfect note.
And the crowding roofs and the people
 Away from around me float.

O wide, green summer fields that lie
Under a blue and sunny sky,
 Where white clouds slowly sail!
Your silence to my heart doth speak,
I feel your breezes on my cheek,
 At the whistle of the quail:
 " So sweet! so sweet!"
The whistle of the quail.

The breeze that stirs the yellow wheat,
With rustling whispers vague and sweet;
 The hum of bees that trail
O'er plenteous gold along—I hear
All sounds of summer, soft and clear
 In the whistle of the quail:
 " So sweet! so sweet!"
The whistle of the quail.

O cool, dark nooks 'neath bending trees,
Soft grass where I might lie at ease,
 And dream and watch the frail
White butterflies flit past! I see
And long for you when comes to me
 The whistle of the quail:
 " So sweet! so sweet!"
The whistle of the quail.

The breath of fruitful, upturned soil,
Of mint and subtle pennyroyal;
 All lowly things that vale
And hill are rich in—wrap me round,

Sweet summer sights and scents and sounds,
At the whistle of the quail :
 " So sweet! so sweet!"
The whistle of the quail.

MARY S. PADEN.

HEROIC AND PATRIOTIC.

A ROYAL PRINCESS.

I, A PRINCESS, king-descended, decked with jewels, gilded drest,
Would rather be a peasant who lulls her babe to rest,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore;
Me, poor dove, that must not coo,—eagle, that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place—
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search and spend—
O my father! O my mother! have you ne'er a friend?

My father counting up his strength, sets down with equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men;
These for slaughter, these for labor, with the how and when.

Some to work on roads, canals; some to man his ships;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter nips.

Once it came into my heart, and whelmed me like a flood,
That these, too, are men and women, human flesh and blood;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down like
mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not gay;
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of gray;
My father, frowning at the fare, seemed every dish to weigh.

I sat beside them, sole princess, in my exalted place;
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais;
A mirror showed me I looked old and haggard in the face.

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon,
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lore is known;
They laugh by day, they sleep by night;—ah me! what is a throne?

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept;
My ladies loosed my golden chain; meantime I could have wept
To think of some in galling chains, whether they waked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on;
They burned sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon;
They lit my shaded silver-lamp, and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said:
“Men are clamoring, women, children, clamoring to be fed;
Men, like famished dogs, are howling in the streets for bread.”

I strained my utmost sense to catch the words, and mark:
“There are families out grazing, like cattle in the park;
A pair of peasants must be saved, even if we build an ark.”

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way;
One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by day;
One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream in May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier tramp;
Voices said: “Picked soldiers have been summoned from the
camp

To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and
stamp.”

“Howl and stamp?” one answered. “They made free to hurl
a stone

At the minister's state-coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown.”

“There's work, then, for soldiers; for this rank crop must be
mown.”

“After us the deluge,” was retorted with a laugh.

“If bread's the staff of life, they must walk without a staff.”

“While I've a loaf, they're welcome to my blessing and the
chaff.”

These passed. The king: stand up. Said my father with a smile:

"Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you awhile;
She's sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can beguile?"

He, too, left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I wait?—
I hear them doubling guard below before our palace gate,—
Or shall I work the last gold-stitch into my veil of state?

Or shall my woman stand and read some unimpassioned scene?—
There's music of a lulling sort in words that pause between,—
Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for the queen?

Again I caught my father's voice in sharp word of command:
"Charge!" a clash of steel. "Charge again, the rebels stand.
Smite and spare not, hand to hand; smite and spare not, hand
to hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing higher;
A flash of red reflected-light lit the cathedral spire;
I heard a cry for fagots, then I heard a yell for fire.

Now this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth:
I will take my fine-spun gold, but not to sew therewith;
I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and wreath;

With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
I will go down to this people, will stand face to face,—will stand
Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give;
I, if I perish, perish; they to-day shall eat and live;
I, if I perish, perish; that's the goal I half conceive:

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and show
The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know.
I, if I perish, perish; in the name of God I go.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WILLIAM TELL ON FREEDOM.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,

And bid your tenant welcome to his home !
I'm with you once again ! I call to you
With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free.

Once Switzerland was free ! With what a pride
I used to walk these hills,—look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so ! It was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free !
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun !
How happy was I in it then ! I loved
Its very storms. Ay ; often have I sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring,—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.

On yonder jutting cliff, o'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on ! This is the land of liberty ! KNOWLES.

BAY BILLY.

'TWAS the last fight at Fredericksburg—
Perhaps the day you reck,
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check ;
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck-and-neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the center fight
Spurred up a general's aid.
"That battery *must* silenced be!"
He cried, as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head,
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bayonets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge, again!" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space;
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a specter steed
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It said, awake, arise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
 Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
 The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
 The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
 Were in their place that morn,
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
 Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
 For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
 When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
 The solemn sergeant tries?
One feels that thumping of the heart
 As no prompt voice replies.

And as, in faltering tone and slow,
 The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
 Toiled up with weary tread;
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
 Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
 All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
 Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
 The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
 Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
 When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
 The whole line answered, "Here!"

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

A TROOP of soldiers waited at the door ;
A crowd of people gathered in the street ;
Aloof a little from them bared sabers gleamed,
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
A woman full of tears and full of woes ;
The other was a maiden in her morn,
And they were one in name, and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on ; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn ;
Only they were not clad for Sabbath-day,
But, as they went about their daily tasks,
They went to prison, and they went to death,
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore

The troopers halted ; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening ; for the tide had drawn
Back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabers on the shore,
Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
Dismounted, and the people passing near
Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.
But both refused the oath : "Because," they said,
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with him."

On this they took
 The elder Margaret, and led her out
 Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
 The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
 Unto the farthest stake, already reached
 By every rising wave, and left her there ;
 And as the waves crept round her feet, she prayed
 "That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
 Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
 There paced the provost and the Laird of Lag—
 Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham ;
 And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
 As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
 Waiting her doom delayed, said "she would turn
 Before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
 From the chill waves." But ever to her lips
 There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
 "If God be for us, who can be against?"
 "Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
 "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd
 A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry—
 "O Margaret! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
 Gie in, gie in; my bairnie, dinna ye drown;
 Gie in, and tak' the oath!"

The tide flowed in;
 And so wore on the sunny afternoon;
 And every fire went out upon the hearth,
 And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
 And still the tide was flowing in.
 Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
 They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
 Where something white was floating—something
 White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;
 But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
 Then disappeared; and round the shore
 And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson,
 With cursing, vowed that he would wait no more,
 And to the stake the soldier led her down,
 And tied her hands; and round her slender waist
 Too roughly cast the rope; for Windram came
 And eased it, while he whispered in her ear:
 "Come, take the test, and ye are free!"
 And one cried: "Margaret, say God save the King!"
 "God save the King of his great grace," she answered,
 But would not take the oath.

And still the tide flowed in,
 And drove the people back, and silenced them.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
 She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul;"
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
 "To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
 She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
 And there was glory over all the sky,
 And there was glory over all the sea—
 A flood of glory—and the lifted face
 Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
 And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

SHE stood at the bar of justice,
 A creature wan and wild,
 In form too small for a woman,
 In features too old for a child;
 For a look so worn and pathetic
 Was stamped on her pale young face,
 It seemed long years of suffering
 Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
 With kindly look yet keen—
 "Is Mary McGuire, if you please sir."
 "And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."

"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"

A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply;
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir:
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day;
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—O was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs;
Out from their eyes sprung tears;
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law.

For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the guilty child.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

HE sat by his desk at the close of the day,
For he felt the weight of his many years;
His form was bent, and his hair was gray,
And his eyes were dim with the falling tears.
The school was out, and his task was done,
And the house seemed now so strangely still,
As the last red beam of the setting sun
Stole silently over the window-sill,—
Stole silently into the twilight gloom;
And the deepening shadow fell athwart
The vacant seats, and the vacant room,
And the vacant place in the old man's heart;
For his school had been all in all to him,
Who had wife, nor children, nor land, nor gold;
But his frame was weak, and his eyes were dim,
And the fiat was issued at last: "Too old."
He bowed his head on his trembling hands
A moment, as one might bend to pray:
"'Too old,' they say, and the school demands
A wiser and younger head to-day.
'Too old! too old!' these men forgot,
It was I who guided their tender years;
Their hearts were hard, and they pitied not
My trembling lips and my falling tears.

‘Too old: too old!’ It was all they said.
I looked in their faces one by one;
But they turned away, and my heart was lead.
Dear Lord, it is hard, but thy will be done.”
The night stole on, and a blacker gloom
Was over the vacant benches cast;
The master sat in the silent room,
But his mind was back in the days long past.
And the shadows took, to his tear-dimmed sight,
Dear, well-known forms, and his heart was thrilled
With the blessed sense of its delight,
For the vacant benches were all well filled;
And he slowly rose at his desk, and took
His well-worn Bible, that lay within,
And he said, as he lightly tapped the Book:
‘It is the hour; let school begin.’
And he smiled, as his kindly glances fell
On the well-beloved faces there—
John, Rob, and Will, and laughing Nell,
And blue-eyed Bess, with the golden hair;
And Tom, and Charley, and Ben, and Paul,
Who stood at the head of the spelling class,—
All in their places; and yet they all
Were lying under the grave-yard grass.
He read the Book, and he knelt to pray,
And he called the classes to recite,
For the darkness all had rolled away
From a soul that saw by an inward light.
With words of praise for a work of care,
With kind reproof for a broken rule,
The old man tottered, now here, now there,
Through the spectral ranks of his shadow school.
Thus all night long, till the morning came,
And darkness folded her robe of gloom,
And the sun looked in, with his eye of flame,
On the vacant seats of the silent room.
The wind stole over the window-sill,
And swept through the aisles in a merry rout,
But the face of the master was white and still;
His work was finished, and school was out.

WHO KISSED AWAY THE TEAR?

IS ANY THING stranger than the human heart? Nature sends a frail, green vine creeping across the earth to reach a grim wall and cover its ugliness; to reach a dead branch, and cover it with life. We bless nature as we see these things, and yet we do not realize that human hearts are ever doing the same. One day, months ago, a rosy-faced child, looking from a window, saw a queer old man go limping past. It tapped on the pane, and the old man looked up. The sight of that sweet face opened his old heart, and he went on his way feeling richer than for many a month past. He was the grim wall; the child was the green vine. He passed again, and again the child was at the window, and for days and weeks they never missed seeing each other. At each meeting the vine crept nearer to the wall; the wall appeared less grim and forbidding. One day the "wall" laid aside his hat for a better one. Another day he had a new coat. Again he was clean-shaved, and the "vine" scarcely recognized him. No one knew the old man; but he knew that he was feeling the influence of the vine.

A week ago as the old man passed he missed the face at the window. Was he too early or too late? He lingered and looked, and seemed lost. It was the same next day; but a kind heart pitied him, and sent out word that the child was sick. The green vine had reached the wall only to be blighted. Two days more, and there was crape on the door. The child was dead. It had fallen asleep in death without a struggle, knowing nothing of the grand hereafter, but having no fear. On its pale cheek was a tear—a single tear, which glistened like a diamond. No hand dared wipe that tear away. It seemed a tie between the present and the past—the living and the dead.

"Please can I see the—the child!" It was the old man—the grim wall—who knocked timidly at the door and spoke thus. They knew him by sight, and they led him into the

room where the vine lay dead. He stood over the coffin for a moment, lips quivering and eyes full of tears, and then he bent over and kissed the face which would watch for him no more. When he had gone, they looked for the tear. He had kissed it away! Old and poor and unknown, he had reaped a treasure such as all the millions of the world could not buy.

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DRAMATIC.

MARY'S NIGHT-RIDE.

MARY RICHLING, the heroine of the story, was the wife of John Richling, a resident of New Orleans. At the breaking out of the Civil War she went to visit her parents in Milwaukee. About the time of the bombardment of New Orleans, she received news of the dangerous illness of her husband, and she decided at once to reach his bedside, if possible. Taking with her her baby daughter, a child of three years, she proceeded southward, where, after several unsuccessful attempts to secure a pass, she finally determined to break through the lines.

About the middle of the night Mary Richling was sitting very still and upright on a large, dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Alice rested before her, fast asleep against her bosom. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shone almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side, and divided into a main right-fork and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction of the main fork the sky was all aglow with camp-fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

She lifted her head alertly. A twig crackled under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes at the left, and without a word took the bridle of the led-horse from her fingers, and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested for a moment on the cantle as he rose grasped a "navy six." He was dressed in plain "homespun," but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse, and led the way down the lesser road.

"If we'd of gone three hundred yards further, we'd a run into the pickets. I went nigh enough to see the videttes settin' on their hosses in the main road. This here ain't no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one o' the niggers to show us the way."

"Where is he?" whispered Mary; but before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance, and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest, and followed the long, rapid, swinging strides of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle, with her skirts gathered carefully under her, and so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first, with arms outstretched above the flood; then Mary, and then the white man, or let us say plainly the spy, with the unawakened child on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet, save the rags of their dark guide.

Again they followed him, along a line of stake-and-rider fence, with the woods on one side, and the bright moonlight flooding a field of young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of house-dogs, now the doleful call of the chuckwill's-widow, and once Mary's blood turned for an instant to ice at the unearthly shriek of the hoot-owl

just above their heads. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

“Dess keep dish yer road fo’ ’bout half mile, an’ you strak ’pon de broad, main road. Tek de right, an’ you go whar yo’ fancy tak you. Good-bye, miss. Good-bye, boss; don’t you fo’git you promise tek me thoo to de Yankee, when you come back. I feered you gwine fo’git it, boss.”

The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half mile was soon passed, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary’s companion looked back as they rode single file with Mary in the rear, and said softly: “There’s the road.”

As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary, with Alice in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position, when a man sprang up from the ground on the farther side of the highway, snatched a carbine from the earth, and cried: “Halt!”

The dark, recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen, enveloped in their blankets, lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward, and met the eye of her companion.

“Move a little faster,” said he, in a low, clear voice. As he did so, she heard him answer the challenge, as his horse trotted softly after hers.

“Don’t stop us, my friend; we’re taking a sick child to the doctor.”

“Halt, you hound!” the cry rang out; and as Mary glanced back, three or four men were leaping into the road. But she saw also her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups with the stoop of his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry: “Go!” She smote the horse, and flew. Alice awoke, and screamed.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away

in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minnie-ball. At the same moment she recognized—once, twice, thrice—just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering, the tart rejoinder of his navy six.

“Go! lay low! lay low! cover the child!” But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, and sun-bonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, with lips compressed, and silent prayers, Mary was riding for life and liberty, and her husband's bed-side.

“Go on! Go on! They're saddling up! Go! Go! We're going to make it! we're going to make it! Go-o-o!”

And they made it!

GEORGE W. CABLE.

THE OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY-SIGNAL.

THE most effective working-force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relates to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the music of good-will to men and beasts; and both listen to it with their hearts, instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written, filled with beautiful illustrations of its effect upon both. The music of kindness has not only power to charm, but even to transform, both the savage breast of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident in America that will serve as a good illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect: A poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passed through a wild, unpeopled district in Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter living with her in a log hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support herself by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her house to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profit of her small sales; so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor, or guard, came finally to notice her traveling by the side of the line, or on the footpath between the rails; and being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine-man and brake-man also were good to the old woman, and felt that they were not wronging the interest of the railway company by giving her these free rides.

And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter. In the wild month of March the rain descended, and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge, near the old woman's house. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood; and the darkness was deep and howling. In another half hour the train would be due. There was no telegraph on the line, and the stations were separated by great distances. What could she do to warn the train against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had

hardly a tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cords of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, head-pieces, and side-pieces. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all of their household furniture upon the line, a few rods beyond the black, awful gap, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swaling, booming light a long way up the line. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane; and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red woolen gown from her in a moment, and tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the line, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung around her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine showed itself coming round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that echoed through all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed, but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the roaring fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men ; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE LAST HYMN.

THE Sabbath-day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon
of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there ;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air ;
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered,
groaned, and boomed ;
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed !

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon
the shore

Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman
strained her eyes,

And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise ;
O, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be !
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes, and thronged
the beach.

O, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach !
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold
with dread,

And the ship urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

“ She has parted in the middle ! O, the half of her goes down !
God have mercy ! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown ? ”
Lo ! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on
the sea,

Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the
wave,

And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth
could save.

"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet.
Shout away!"

'T was the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what
to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? secondly? Ah no!

There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;

So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus! Can
you hear?"

And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul!'"

And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer
waters roll;"

Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life
is past,"

Singing bravely from the waters, "O, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;

Leave, ah, leave me not." The singer dropped at last into the sea;

And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes with
tears made dim,

Said: "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A SECOND TRIAL.

It was Commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again

I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said, "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak. I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"O no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown, wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these tech-

nical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. O! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those long words rolling out of the smiling, infantile mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her brother, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and

still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:

" 'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

Every body about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice, the childish face, the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect. But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees, and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. ——— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe, lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets, intended for the valedictorian, rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness—is something to be forever remembered.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those ever-

lasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field he had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that of the Father of his Country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'T is a dangerous adventure; and, as he draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that

flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment more, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma. He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye toward the top!" The boy did n't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully

he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall. Fifty more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge above. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words God—mother—whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his

last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE BELLS.

ABRIDGED.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune!—

O, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire!
 Leaping higher, higher, higher.
 O, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people!
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone.
 They are neither man nor woman;
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 As he knells, knells, knells,—
 To the rolling of the bells,—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

THERE was a man,
 A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
 That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
 Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
 But generous, and brave, and kind.

He had a son; it was a rosy boy,
 A little, faithful copy of his sire
 In face and gesture. From infancy the child
 Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
 The father shared and heightened. But at length
 The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
 To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
 He felt in all its bitterness; the walls
 Of his deep dungeon answer'd many a sigh

And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropped healing.

But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure. With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city.

Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping; and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

On his low couch
The fettered soldier sank, and with deep awe,
Listened to the fearful sounds. With upturned eye,
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep;
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight.

Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
And shivered as in fear; now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound,

And longed to cope with death. He slept at last—
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine, and was dark;
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye,
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies, throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness!

With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain; yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound
Fate had already given.

Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father, is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain: he can not answer thee.
Loudly the father called upon his child:
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trode round his stunted limits, and low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth: no child was there.
Again he called; again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed; he strained, with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment.

Useless toil!
Yet still renewed; still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries

Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now:
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage:
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.
But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless; thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow-tint, not flame;
But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! His dress is singed;
And o'er his face serene a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,
And all his fury fled; a dead calm fell
That instant on him; speechless, fixed, he stood;
And, with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands; no tear is in his eye;
The thunders bellow, but he hears them not;
The ground lifts like a sea,—he knows it not;
The strong walls grind and gape; the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the wind.
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 't were still a sweeter thing to die.
It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near,
Moves toward his father's outstretched arms his boy.
Once he has touched his garment; how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! See! he has him now! he clasps him round,
Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes,—
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands;
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon, and swift,
And pangless. The huge pile sank down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation-stones—all—mingling—fell!

EDWIN ATHERTON.

THE DUMB SAVIOR.

[ABRIDGED.]

Ho, Moro! Moro, my dog, where are you?
Moro! He has gone! He has left me—
The last, the only friend. Forsaken by him—
By the one living thing that clung to me
When the storm stripped my life, who followed me
Through cold, and hunger, and wild, weary tramp
On the bleak highways. So, at last he's gone!
Lured by the smell of Athol's savory meats,
The warmth of Athol's hearth.

An hour ago,
When I met Athol yonder in the street,
He said with insolent pity in his look:
"Sell me that dog. He taxes you too sore
To feed him. Here's his price."

Sell you my dog!
Sell you the one thing that keeps alive in me
A spark of trust in any thing on earth?
Never! Your gold has bought all that was mine—
My lands, my home, my friends, my promised bride.
It can not buy my dog! He would not go!
Your chains could never hold him! He would leave
Your juicy meats to come and share my crust.
Put up your gold! It can not buy my dog.
"We'll see," he said, and turned upon his heel—
The low-born insolent! His gold had bought
My old proud home, my flattering friends, the graves
Of my dead sires; ay, even her, my love,
With eyes as blue as heaven, as full of truth
(I would have sworn so once) as heaven of stars.
How I loved her! How I trusted her!
How her voice thrilled me on that summer night
When, with her hand in mine, she said:

“ I love you not

For laurels or for gold, but for yourself,
Your own proud manhood, and your faithful heart.”
These were her words. Just Heaven, that lips so fair
Could utter words so false! Not care for gold!
’T was all she cared for. When it was swept away,
Her love went with it. All my faith went, too;
And whelmed in black despair I fled the place. I cried:
“ I stand alone, with not one living thing
To care what doom despair may drive me to.”
But as I spoke a soft head touched my knee,
A warm tongue lapped my hand. Dumb sympathy
Of the poor brute! My faithful dog had broke
His chain to follow me.

My faithful dog!

Ha, ha! There is no faith in man or beast
Upon this hollow globe. My dog is gone.
Yonder in Athol’s home that once was mine,
He followed him, lured by his bait of food.
The craven-hearted wretch! True, he was starved,
But so am I. Yet I spurned Athol’s gold,
Offered as a price for him, Well, he is gone!
Why did I come back here? I know too well.
I came, poor fool, to look upon the ground
Her footsteps pressed. Perchance she loved me still?
Perchance I’d find her pale of cheek and pined
With weeping for the outcast she still loved?
Ah, fool! Why, never in the days gone by,
Did her cheek blossom with so rich a rose
As glowed on it to-night. How proud she looked
In those far-trailing robes of moonlit silk;
The rubies glittering on the foam-white hand
That lay on Athol’s arm! She did not see me.
He saw me! Athol, proud, triumphant Athol,
Who told me that I had no bread to feed
My dog, awhile before. He knew me now!
He bent his head and whispered in her ear,
And broke into a mocking laugh, while she
Arched her white neck and smiled with scorn-curved lips.
Hark to the music! - She is dancing now.
How the tall windows blaze! Fair forms flash by,
Whirling like brilliant blossoms in the mad

Maelstrom of melody. Yes, they dance! They feast!
 My dog feasts yonder in the halls
 My proud ancestors reared. And I—I stand
 Beneath the mocking stars and freezing skies,
 Deserted, friendless, gnawed by hunger pangs.
 Curses on them! If there be a hell—
 When earth is hell enough—I'd brave its fires
 A thousand years for leave to crush them,
 And make them suffer as I suffer now.
 Why should I suffer? There's one refuge still:
 When life grows torture we can shake it off.
 Death beckons us with shadowy hand, and points
 To the abyss of nothingness and rest.
 Rest! Is it rest? What if the fever-dream
 Of life goes on beyond the grave?
 It is too mad a doubt. The dead are dead.
 The hour for dotard's dream is past!
 And yet my mother's prayers, her cradle hymns—
 Away, these memories! They shall not hold me back
 From the abyss of death, let death be what it may.
 Here I hold the key to its mysteries.
 This solves the doubt; this breaks the fever-dream;
 This lays a palsying spell on blood and limb
 And burning brain—and lo! the wild dream is done.
 Scorn, poverty, cold, hunger are no more.
 No more keen pangs when friends prove treacherous,
 When the last dumb friend forsakes.
 Dance on! feast on! I shall not heed you now.
 Stare at me, mystic heaven, in cold rebuke;
 Safe sits your God on high,
 Tracing the shining paths of whirling worlds.
 What cares he for one burning human heart?
 Yet he gives death. It is the best he gives.
 For this I thank him, and I greet thee—Death,
 Dark essence of the poppy, kiss my lips,
 And steal their breath forever. Earth, farewell.
 Ha! What is this? Who dares to grasp my arm?
 Moro, my dog! Have you come back, my dog?
 Come back from Athol's food and fire to me?
 Why do you pluck my sleeve?
 What is this you've laid here at my feet?
 Why, bread! You've brought me bread?

'T was for this you left me, then ?
You sought to save me, and I thought—I thought—
Forgive me, Moro. I have wronged you, dog.
What if I 've wronged my fellow-men as well !
If there 's such depth of love
And sacrificing pity in a brute,
Can man be wholly callous? I will hope.
My dog, you have saved me. I will live; nay more,
I will shake off this lethargy of despair;
This spell of the Demon Drink, that bade me
Drown my woe in its accursed nepenthe.
From this hour that chain is broken.
Faith and hope come back
Like a bright flood of sunshine. .
No, my dog, you would have died with me;
You shall not starve.
Here we will share this bread as sacrament.
For this my pledge: By yon far-shining stars,
And by my mother's grave on yonder hill,
And by your dumb yet faithful love, my friend,
I will not sink in numbing gloom again.
Upon the ruins of the past I 'll build the future fabric.
I will hope, trust, work, and win once more
A place among my fellow-men. MARY E. BRYAN.

RIZPAH.

THE long, bright day of harvest toil is past,
The fragrant sheaves are bound, the reapers gone;
Slowly from out the west the yellow rays
Of ripening sunshine die, hushed song and jest;
And from the sacrifice by priestly hands
Sweet, spicy incense, like a voiceless prayer,
Floats upon perfumed wings to Mercy's throne.
Down cloudy pathway walks the coming night,
Casting mysterious shadows in her way—
Shadows that fill each sense with vague alarm,
More frightful for their very nothingness.
Look! how the shrinking moon creeps up the skies,
Holding with trembling hand her silver lamp,

Hiding her face behind a filmy veil,
 As if she dared not look upon the sight
 Of the dread something which her light reveals.
 See! see! On Gibeah's Hill, what phantoms rise,
 Swinging and swaying idly to and fro,
 Against the mantle of the startled night,
 Like nameless terrors creeping through a dream!
 Great God! these shapes are men!
 Men—with stony eyeballs looking down,
 Soulless and lifeless, into other eyes—
 Eyes full of mother-love gone mad with woe;
 Rizpah, her poor, gray tresses all unbound,
 Each nerve and muscle held by mighty will,
 Fearless in all her agony of love,
 Guarding her precious dead against the vultures.
 And look how grief and dread have marked her face
 With awful lines of passionate despair!
 Hark! how the frenzied voice disturbs the night!
 "Back! back! ye shall not touch one shining hair,
 Nor fan the poor, dead cheeks with poisonous wings.
 A mother watches o'er her precious sons—
 Mine own! mine own! why, alas! do I,
 Still cumber earth's fair ways, while ye must die
 In all the strength of manhood's lusty glow?
 My sons! my sons!
 O patient God! was ever sight like this?
 Is it a dream? Still I wake, erewhile
 Wake to their living glance, and touch, and smile.
 They were my babes once; they used to lie
 Cooing sweet answers to the lullaby
 I sang to put them to their cradle rest.
 Listen! upon the night-winds, clear and low,
 Come fragments of that song of long ago.
 'T was thus I sung—a foolish little strain;
 Yet babes and mothers love such music well;
 E'en now its cadence soothes my restless brain.
 I think I hear the angels sing it; who can tell?
 My children loved it so in twilight gray.
 'T is twilight now. Alas! and where are they?
 Listen:
 'Sleep! sleep! the south-wind blows;
 Bluebell and baby, bee and rose;

The tide ebbs, the tide flows;
 Night comes, but night goes,—
 Sleep! sleep! ” ”

Thus night and day her wild, sad watch went on,
 And none could win her from her loving task.
 At last the barley-sheaves were gathered home ;
 And once again the dry skies rained soft tears,
 As if in sorrow for her tearless woe,
 And pitying Heaven made man more pitiful.
 King David's heart grew tender at the sight;
 And, filled with wonder at her mighty love,
 He took her precious dead with reverent hands,
 Enfolded them with costly cerements,
 And gave them sepulcher with kindred dust.
 Then Rizpah's work was finished. She arose,
 Folded her sackcloth tent and went her way,
 Down through the valley to her childless home;
 Poor, waiting Rizpah!
 After many days death came to her.
 How slowly does he come when hearts are breaking—
 And are waiting to break—
 As if he grudged the comfort of a grave!
 'T was twilight in the harvest-time again;
 She seemed to slumber, when she clasped her arms,
 As if she held a baby at her breast,
 And sung this fragment of a cradle-song:
 "Sleep! the south-wind softly blows;
 The tide ebbs, the tide flows;
 Night comes, but night goes,—
 Sleep! sleep! ” ”
 Then Rizpah slept.

LUCY BLINN.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'T was in the prime of summer time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school;
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
 And souls untouched by sin ;
 To a level mead they came, and there
 They drave the wickets in.
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran,
 Turning to mirth all things of earth,
 As only boyhood can ;
 But the usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease ;
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
 The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
 Nor ever glanced aside ;
 For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide ;
 Much study had made him very lean,
 And pale, and leaden-eyed

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strained the dusky covers close,
 And fixed the brazen hasp :
 "O God, could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp !"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took ;
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook ;
 And lo ! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book !

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
 Romance or fairy fable ?

Or is it some historic page
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain;
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain.

He told how murderers walked the earth,
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old—
I led him to a lonely field;
The moon shone clear and cold;
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

And lo! the universal air
 Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes,
 Were looking down in blame:
 I took the dead man by the hand,
 And called upon his name!

O God! it made me quake to see
 Such sense within the slain!
 But when I touched the lifeless clay,
 The blood gushed out amain!
 For every clot a burning spot
 Was scorching in my brain!
 And now from forth the frowning sky,
 From the heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging sprite:
 'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
 And hide it from my sight!'

I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream—
 A sluggish water, black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme.
 My gentle boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
 And vanished in the pool;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
 And washed my forehead cool;
 And sat among the urchins young,
 That evening in the school!

O heaven! to think of their white souls,
 And mine so black and grim!
 I could not share in childish prayer,
 Nor join in evening hymn:
 Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
 'Mid holy cherubim!

And Peace went with them one and all,
 And each calm pillow spread;
 But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed,

And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

One stern tyrannic thought that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

Then down I cast me on my face,
 And first began to weep,
 For I knew my secret then was one
 That earth refused to keep;
 Or land or sea, though he should be
 Ten thousand fathoms deep!

O God! that horrid, horrid dream
 Besets me now awake!
 Again, again, with dizzy brain,
 The human life I take;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer's at the stake.

And still no peace for the restless clay
 Will wave or mold allow;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul—
 It stands before me now!"

The fearful boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin's eyelids kissed,
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist;
 And Eugene Aram walked between,
 With gyves upon his wrist.

HOOD.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
 And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair;
 He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;

He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold
 and white,
 Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring
 to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
 With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and
 cold--

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely
white,
As she spoke in husky whispers: "Curfew must not ring to-
night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her
young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shad-
owed tower
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour.

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old I will not miss it; girl, the curfew rings to-night!"
Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep center, Bessie made a solemn vow.

She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large
and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-
night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old
church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow
aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and
fro.

Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of
light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-
night."
She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great
dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to
hell.

See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 't is the hour of curfew
now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and
paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden
light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring
to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to
and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the
bell),
And he thought the twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral
kneil.

Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and
white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not
ring to-night!"
It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had
done
Should be told in long years after. As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the curfew did not ring that one sad
night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell. Bessie saw him, and her
brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty
now.
At his foot she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and
torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and
worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty
light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "curfew shall not ring
to-night."

ANONYMOUS.

THE FIREMAN'S PRAYER.

IT was in the gray of the early morning, in the season of Lent. Broad Street, from Fort Hill to State Street, was crowded with hastening worshipers, attendants on early mass. Maidens, matrons, boys, and men jostled and hurried on toward the churches; some with countenances sincerely sad, others with apparent attempts to appear in accord with the somber season; while many thoughtless and careless ones joked and chatted, laughed and scuffled along in the hurrying multitude. Suddenly a passer-by noticed tiny wreaths and puffs of smoke starting from the shingles of the roof upon a large warehouse. The great structure stood upon the corner, silent, bolted, and tenantless; and all the windows, save a small round light in the upper story, were closely and securely covered with heavy shutters. Scarcely had the smoke been seen by one, when others of the crowd looked up in the same direction, and detected the unusual occurrence. Then others joined them, and still others followed, until a swelling multitude gazed upward to the roof, over which the smoke soon hung like a fog; while from eaves and shutter of the upper story, little jets of black smoke burst suddenly out into the clear morning air. Then came a flash, like the lightning's glare, through the frame of the little gable window, and then another; brighter, ghastlier, and more prolonged. "Fire!" "Fire!" screamed the throng, as, moved by a single impulse, they pointed with excited gestures toward the window. Quicker than the time it takes to tell, the cry reached the corner, and was flashed on messenger wires to tower and steeple, engine and hose-house, over the then half-sleeping city. Great bells with ponderous tongues repeated the cry with long strokes; little bells, with sharp and spiteful clicks, recited the news; while half-conscious firemen, watching through the long night, leaped upon engines and hose-carriages, and rattled into the street.

Soon the roof of the burning warehouse was drenched

with floods of water, poured upon it from the hose of many engines; while the surging multitude in Broad Street had grown to thousands of excited spectators. The engines puffed and hooted; the engineers shouted; the hook-and-ladder boys clambered upon roof and cornice, shattered the shutters, and burst in the doors. But the wooden structure was a seething furnace throughout all its upper portion; while the water and ventilation seemed only to increase its power and fury.

"Come down! Come down! Off that roof! Come out of that building!" shouted an excited man in the crowd, struggling with all his power in the meshes of the solid mass of men, women, and children in the street. "Come down! For God's sake, come down! The rear store is filled with barrels of powder!"

"Powder! Powder!" screamed the engineer through his trumpet. "Powder!" shouted the hosemen. "Powder!" called the brave boys on roof and cornice. "Powder!" answered the trumpet of the chief. "Powder!" "Powder!" "Powder!" echoed the men in the burning pile; and from ladder, casement, window, roof, and cornice, leaped terrified firemen with pale faces and terror-stricken limbs.

"Push back the crowd!" "Run for your lives! Run! Run! Run!" roared the trumpets.

But, alas! the crowd was dense, and spread so far through cross streets and alleys, that away on the outskirts, through the shouts of men, the whistling of the engines, and the roar of the heaven-piercing flames, the orders could not be heard. The frantic beings in front, understanding their danger, pressed wildly back. The firemen pushed their engines and their carriages against the breasts of the crowd; but the throng moved not. So densely packed was street and square, and so various and deafening the noises, that the army of excited spectators in the rear still pressed forward with irresistible force, unconscious of danger, and regarding any out-

cry as a mere ruse to disperse them for convenience' sake. The great mass swayed and heaved like the waves of the sea; but beyond the terrible surging of those in front, whose heart-rending screams half drowned the whistles, there was no sign of retreat. As far as one could see, the streets were crowded with living human flesh and blood.

"My God! My God!" said the engineer in despair. "What can be done? Lord have mercy on us all! What can be done?"

"What can be done? I'll tell you what can be done," said one of Boston's firemen, whose hair was not yet sprinkled with gray. "Yes, bring out that powder! And I'm the man to do it. Better one man perish than perish all. Follow me with the water, and, if God lets me live long enough, I'll have it out."

Perhaps, as the hero rushed into the burning pile, into a darkness of smoke and a withering heat, he thought of the wife and children at home, of the cheeks he had kissed in the evening, of the cheerful good-bye of the prattling ones, and the laugh as he gave the "last tag;" for as he rushed from the hoseman, who tied the handkerchief over his mouth, he muttered: "God care for my little ones when I am gone." Away up through smoke and flame and cloud to the heights of heaven's throne, ascended that prayer, "God care for my little ones when I am gone," and the Mighty Father and the Loving Son heard the fireman's petition.

Into the flame of the rear store rushed the hero, and groping to the barrels, rolled them speedily into the alley, where surged the stream from the engines; rushing back and forth with power superhuman, in the deepest smoke, while iron darts flashed by him in all directions, penetrating the walls, and piercing the adjacent buildings. But as if his heroic soul was an armor-proof, or a charm impenetrable, neither harpoon nor bomb, crumbling timbers nor showers of flaming brands, did him aught of injury, beyond the scorching of his hair and eyebrows, and the blistering of his

hands and face. 'T was a heroic deed. Did ever field of battle, wreck, or martyrdom, show a braver? No act in all the list of song and story, no self-sacrifice in the history of the rise and fall of empires, was nobler than that, save one, and then the Son of God himself hung bleeding on the cross.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

[From "Ben-Hur:" Special permission of Harper Brothers. Scene, Antioch; time, Christ's ministry. Abridged and rearranged for recitation by VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.]

THE trumpet sounds short and sharp. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many guns, rush the six fours. The competitors are now under full view from nearly every part of the pavilion. Yet the race is not begun. They have first to reach successfully the chalked line. The perils of this trial the spectators know thoroughly, and they breathlessly watch for the result. Each driver looks first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seems inevitable. Quick the eye, steady the hand, and unerring the judgment this moment requires.

The competitors have started, each on the shortest line, for the position near the wall. The fours reach the rope together. The trumpeter blows the signal. The judges drop the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses strikes it as it falls. Nothing daunted, Messala shakes out his long lash, loosens the reins, leans forward, and, with a triumphant shout, takes the inner wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" shouts all the Roman faction in a frenzy of delight. As Messala turns in, the lion's head at the end of his axle, catches the foreleg of the Athenian's right-hand charger, flinging the horse over against his mate. Both stagger, struggle, and lose their headway. The thousands hold their breath with horror.

Messala speeds on. The Corinthian is the only contestant

on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tries to turn his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on his left, strikes the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There is a crash, and the unfortunate Athenian falls under the hoofs of his own steeds. Every bench upon which there is a Greek is vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance.

On sweeps the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Ben-Hur, seeing the collision, draws to the right, and darting across the trails of his opponents, takes the course on the outside, neck and neck with Messala.

"A thousand shekels on Ben-Hur!" cries Sanballat, a wealthy Hebrew. "A thousand shekels on the Jew!"

But the Romans pay no heed, for they are all yelling "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

Ben-Hur is coursing freely forward, neck and neck with Messala. The two are nearing the second goal. A successful turn at this point is the most telling test of the charioteer. A hush falls over all the circus. At this critical moment, Messala, whirling his lash with practiced hand, gives the Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known. Sideward spring the affrighted Arabs, and sideward lurches the car. Involuntarily, down from the balcony bursts the indignant cry of the spectators.

Where obtained Ben-Hur the mighty grip which helps him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? He keeps his footing, and gives his four free rein, and calling to them in soothing voice, tries merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people has time to abate, he regains the mastery.

Three rounds are concluded. Still Messala holds the inside position; still Ben-Hur moves with him side by side; still the other competitors follow as before. In the fifth

round the Sidonian succeeds in securing a position beside Ben-Hur but loses it directly.

Gradually the speed quickens, gradually the blood of the competitors warms with their work.

"A thousand shekels on Ben-Hur!" cries Sanballat. There is no response. "A talent! Five talents! Ten talents! Twenty talents on the Jew!"

Messala, now, has reached his utmost speed. Ben-Hur is losing ground. The joy of the Messala faction knows no bounds. They clap their hands and howl with glee, and accept every offer Sanballat makes.

The last round is being run. The home-stretch is reached. Ben-Hur is closing up the gap. See! he now holds a place at the tail of his enemy's car. Messala, fearful of losing his position, hugs the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces. Only a few hundred yards away are fame, fortune, promotion, and a triumph made ineffably sweet by his hate of the Jew.

The people draw a long breath, for the final crisis is at hand.

Ben-Hur leans over his Arabs, and gives them the reins. Out flies the many-folded lash in his hand, and over the backs of the startled steeds it writhes and hisses and hisses and writhes again and again. Though it fall not, there are both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly not one, but the four as one, answer with a leap that lands them alongside the Roman's car.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" shouts the throng. "Speed thee, Jew! Take the wall! Now, or never!"

Ben-Hur is as one transformed, and above the clamor of the race is heard his ringing voice as he urges on his steeds with words they understand: "On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Oho, Aldeberan! Victory! Well done! Home to-morrow—home! 'Tis done! 'Tis done! Ha, ha! Steady! Steady! So-ho!"

The last goal is turned and Ben-Hur has won the race.

LEW WALLACE.

DIALECT.

THE FUNERAL.

I WAS walking in Savannah
Past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window
Came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened,
And a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed
In a little negro pew.

Up at front a colored couple
Sat in sorrow almost wild;
On the altar was a coffin,
In the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—
Curly hair, protruding lip;
And had seen perhaps a thousand
In my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested
In the soothing arms of death,
That had fanned more flames of sorrow
With its little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened
With more sympathy profound,
Than was seen within the tear-drops
In the eyes of those around.

Rose a sad old colored preacher
At a little wooden desk,
With a manner grandly awkward,
With a countenance grotesque,
And he said: "Now don' be weepin'
Fo' dis little bit o' clay;
Fo' de little boy dat libed dah,
He dun gone an run away.

He was doin' berry finely,
En' he 'presheate your lub;
But his shoah 'nuff Faddah want him
In de big house up abub.

Now he did n' gib you dat baby
 By a hundred tousand mile
 He jess tink you need some sunshine
 En' he len' him fo' a while
 En' he let you keep en' lub him
 Till yo' hahts was bigger grown,
 En' dese silbah tears you 'se sheddin'
 Is jess de interes' on de loan.

Heah's yo' udder pretty cheelen;
 Don' be makin' it appeah
 Dat yo' lub got saht o' 'nopolized
 On dis little fellow heah!
 Don' pile up too much yo' sah'o
 On dah little mental shelbes,
 So's to kindah set em wonderin'
 If da's no account demselbes.

Jess you 'tink, you poah deah mo'nahs
 Creepin' 'long oah saho's way,
 What a blessed little picnic
 Dis yañ baby's got to-day.
 Yoah good faddahs an' good muddahs
 Crowd de little fellow roun'
 In the angel-tended gahden
 Ob de big plantazhun groun'!

En' da ask him: 'Was yoah feet soah?'
 En' take off his little shoes,
 En' da' wash him en' da' kiss him,
 En' da' say: 'Now what's de nooz?'
 Den de Lawd dun loose his tongue,
 Den de little fellow say:
 'All our folks down in de valley
 Tries to keep de heabenly way.'

En' his eyes da' brightly spa'kle
 At de pretty tings he view,
 Den a teah come en' he whisper—
 'But I want my pah'yents too.'
 Den de angel chief moosishan
 Teach dat boy a little song,

Says: 'If only da' be fait'ful
Da' will soon be comin' 'long.'

En' he'll get an eddication
Dat'll properbly be wo'th
Seberal times as much as any
You could gib him heah on yar'th.
He'll be in the Lawd's big school-house
Widout no contempt ah feah,
While dah's no end to de bad tings
Might hab happened to him heah.

So, my poah dejected mo'nahs,
Let yo' hahts wid Jesus ress,
En' don' go ter critercizin'
Dat ah Wun wat knows de bess.
He hab gib us many comforts,
He hab right to take away.
To de Lawd be praise en' glory
Now and ebber. Let us pray."

WILL CARLETON.

UNCLE DANIEL'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

The following, from "The Gilded Age," by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, represents a family emigrating from Eastern Tennessee into Missouri. The subjects of this sketch had never before been out of sight of the Knobs of East Tennessee.

WHATEVER the lagging, dragging journey may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel, the party went into camp near a shabby village, which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water

seemed an ocean to them in the shadowy twilight, and the vague ribbon of trees on the further shore the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored), aged forty; his wife, "Aunt Jinny," aged thirty, "young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "young Mars" Washington Hawkins, and "young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log after supper, and contemplated the marvelous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud-wreaths; the somber river just perceptibly brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air, and was emphasized, at intervals, rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were *all children* (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance), and the remarks they made about the river were in keeping with their character; and so awed were they by the grandeur and the solemnity of the scene before them, and by their belief that the air was filled with invisible spirits and that the faint zephyrs were caused by their passing wings, that all their talk took to itself a tinge of the supernatural, and their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah 's sumfin a comin'!"

All crowded close together, and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape, and sent a long, brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and

went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light, which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

“What is it! O, what is it, Uncle Dan’l?”

With deep solemnity the answer came:

“It’s de Almighty! Git down on yo’ knees!”

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger, and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro’s voice lifted up its supplications:

“O Lord, we’s ben mighty wicked, an’ we knows dat we ’zeve to go to de bad place; but, good Lord, deah Lord, we aint ready yit, we aint ready; let dese po’ chil’en hab one mo’ chance, jes’ one mo’ chance. Take de ole niggah if you’s got to hab somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don’t know whah you’s a gwine to, we don’t know who you’s got yo’ eye on; but we knows by de way you’s a comin’, we knows by de way you’s a tiltin’ along in yo’ charyot o’ fiah, dat some po’ sinner’s a gwine to ketch it. But, good Lord, dese chil’en do n’t ’blong heah; dey’s f’m Obedstown, whah dey do n’t know nuffin, an’ you knows yo’ own sef dat dey ain’t ’sponsible. An’, deah Lord, good Lord, it aint like yo’ mercy, it aint like yo’ pity, it aint like yo’ long-sufferin’ lovin’-kindness for to take dis kind o’ ’vantage o’ sich little chil’en as dese is when dey’s so many ornery grown folks, chuck full o’ cussedness, dat want’s roastin’ down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil’en; do n’t tar de little chil’en away f’m dey frends, jes’ let ’em off jes’ dis once, and take it out ’n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah’s ready, Lord, de ole——”

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan’l snatched a child under each arm, and

scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

“Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!”

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough “the Lord” was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees, and presently ceased altogether.

“H'wsh! Well, now dey's some folks says dey aint no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben now if it war n't fo' dat prah? Dat's it. Dat's it!”

“Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?” said Clay.

“Does I *reckon*? Do n't I *know* it? Whah was yo' eyes? Wa n t de Lord jes' a comin' *chow*, *chow*, *CHOW*, an' a goin' on turrible; an' do de Lord carry on dat way, but dey's sumfin do n't suit him? An' war n't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' war n't he jes' a reachin' for 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwyne to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No, indeedy!”

“Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?”

“De law sakes, chile, did n't I see him a lookin' at us?”

“Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?”

“No, sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah he aint 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can 't nuffin tetch him.”

“Well, what did you run for?”

“Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit he do-no what he's 'bout—no, sah; dat man do-no what he's 'bout. You mout take an' tah de head off'n dat man, an' he would n't seascely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went froug de fiah; dey was burnt con-

sidable—ob *coase* dey was; but *dey* did n't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd ben gals dey'd missed dey long haah (hair), may be, but dey would n't felt de burn."

"*I* do n't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means, or whedder you's a sayin' what you do n't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should *I* know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, do n't de good book say? 'Sides, do n't it call 'em de *He*-brew chil'en? If dey was gals would n't dey be de she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read do n't 'pear to take no notice when dey *do* read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—— My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be *two*!"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time, sho'! Dey aint two, Mars Clay—dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear eberywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat mean business, honey. He comin' now like he fo'got sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gwyne to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwyne out in de woods to rastle in prah; de ole niggah gwyne to do what he kin to sabe you agin."

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted himself if the Lord heard him when he went by.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

'T WAS in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the ould sod, and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow

as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin', an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistling a bit of time for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well-nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I could n't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost

intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice: "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar; an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe its some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it would n't inconvanience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough; "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo?" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I; "and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb-nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Ye good-for-nothin' blaggurd naygur, if yiz do n't come

down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impident as iver.

I said niver a word, but layin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I let drive and lost me balance, an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose-egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I did n't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for a while, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church-bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' an' blowin' in a shed, I wint to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's.

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters—as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do you tell me now?" sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

ANON.

BROTHER WATKINS.

WE have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

"My beloved brethering, before I take my text, I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sot the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!' Behind them sot the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!' Behind them sot the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!' Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sot the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a—'Fare ye well, Brother Wat-

kins—ah!’ When I had finished my discourse, and shaken hands with the brethering—ah! I passed out to take a last look at the old church—ah! the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—‘Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!’ I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street, the servant girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—‘Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!’ As I passed out of the village, the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—‘Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!’ I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink, I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—‘Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!’ And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—‘Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!’ I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence-corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground, with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road, my old gray mare run up the hill, and as she turned the top, she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—‘Fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!’ I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years—ah!”

JOHN B. GOUGH.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, 1863—BEUTELS-
BACH, 1880.

“YAH, I shpeaks English a leetle; berhaps you shpeaks petter der German.”

“No, not a word.”—“Vell den, Meester, it hardt for me to be oonderstandt.

I vos drei yahr in your coountry, I fights in der army mit Sherman—

Twentieth Illinois Infantry — fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?" "Vell I tell you

Shust how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in New-York;

I shpends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue;

Ven I gets petter I tramps to Cheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?" "Yah, svansig apout; und der beoples

Vot I goes to for to ask for vork dey have none for to geef; Efery von laughs; but I holds my head up just so high as der steeples.

Only dot var comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady.

Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle? At Lookout? do n't say!

I was there, too—wait a minute, your beer-glass is empty already.

Call for another. There! tell me how 't was you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of der mountain, der sky vas all shmoky und hazy;

Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I nefer get hit until night—

But—I don't care to say mouch apout it. Der poys called me foolish und crazy,

Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again, shust der same, und no matter

Vot any man say."—"Well, let's hear it; you need n't mind talking to me,

For I was there, too, as I tell you, and Lor! how the bullets did patter

Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our
Tenth Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de efening,

Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey charge, und ve geef
a hurrah;

Der roar of der guns, it vas orful." "Ah! yes, I remember,
't was deafening,

The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night come on, I listen,

Und dinks dot I hear somepody a calling, a voice dot cried:

'Pring me some vater, for Gott's sake!' I saw his pelt-blade
glisten

Oonder der moonlight, on der barapet, shust outside.

I dhrow my canteen ofer to vare he lie, but he answer

Dot his left hand vos gone, und his right arm broke mit a
fall;

Den I shump ofer, und give him to drink; but shust as I ran, sir,

Bang! come a sharpshooter's pullet, and dot's how it vos—
dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you befriended—

The reb., I mean—what became of him? Did he ever come
round?"

"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength vos
all ended,

Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us from
der ground.

But pefore ve go, he ask me my name, und says he: 'Yacob
Keller,

You loses your leg for me, und some day, if both of us leef, I shows you I do n't forget,'—but he must have died, de poor
feller.

I nefer hear ofe him since. He do n't get vell, I beliefs.

Only I alvays got der saddisfackshun ofe knowin'—

Shtop! vot's der matter? Here, take some peer, you're vite
as a sheet—

Shteady! your hand on my shoulder! my gootness! I dinks you
vas goin’

To lose your senses away und fall right off mit der seat.

“Geef me your handts. Vot! der left von gone? Und you vos
a soldier

In dot same battle?—a Tennessee regiment?—dot’s mighty
queer—

Berhaps, after all, you’re—” “Yes, Yacob, God bless you, old
fellow, I told you

I’d never—no, never forget you. I told you I’d come, *and
I’m here.*”

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

THE SHIP OF FAITH.

A CERTAIN colored brother had been holding forth to his
little flock, upon the ever-fruitful topic of faith, and he
closed his exhortation about as follows:

“My bruddren, ef yous gwine to git saved, you got to
git on board de ship ob faith. I tell you, my bruddren,
dere ain’t no odder way. Dere ain’t no gitten up de back
stairs, nor goin’ ’cross lots; you can’t do dat away, my brud-
dren, you got to git on board de ship ob faith. Once ’pon
a time dere was a lot ob colored people, an’ dey was all
gwine to de promised land. Well, dey knowed dere want
no odder way for ’em to do but to git on board de ship ob
faith. So dey all went down an’ got on board, de ole gran-
faders, an’ de ole granmudders, an’ de pickaninnies, an’ all
de res’ ob ’em. Dey all got on board ’ceptin’ one mons’us
big feller; he said he’s gwine to swim, he was. ‘W’y!’
dey said, ‘you can’t swim so fur like dat. It am a power-
ful long way to de promised land!’ He said, ‘I kin swim
anywhar, I kin. I git board no boat, no, ’deed!’ Well,
my bruddren, all dey could say to dat poor disluded man
dey could n’t git him on board de ship ob faith, so dey
started off. De day was fair; de win’ right; de sun shinin’,
an’ ev’ryt’ng b’utiful; an’ dis big feller he pull off his close

and plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he war; he war dat powerful he kep' right 'long side de boat all de time; he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on de boat, sayin': 'What you doin' dere, you folks, brilin' away in de sun; you better come down here in de water, nice an' cool down here.' But dey said: 'Man alive, you better come up here in dis boat while you got a chance.' But he said: 'No, indeedy! I git aboard no boat; I'm havin' plenty fun in de water.' Well, bimeby, my bruddren, what you tink dat pore man seen? A horrible, awful shark, my bruddren; mouf wide open, teef more'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore man all up de minute he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark, he begin to git awful scared, an' he holler out to de folks on board de ship: 'Take me on board, take me on board, quick!' But dey said: 'No, indeed; you would n't come up here when you had an invite, you got to swim now.'

"He look over his shoulder, an' he seen dat shark a-comin', an' he let hisself out. Fust it was de man an' den it was de shark, and den it was de man agin, dat way, my bruddren, *plum to de promised land*. Dat am de blessed troof I'm a-tellin' you dis minute. But what you t'ink was a-waitin' for him on de odder shore when he got dere? A horrible, awful lion, my bruddren, was a-stan'in' dere on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his tail, an' a-roarin' away fit to devour dat pore nigger de minit he got on de shore. Well, he war powerful scared den, he did n't know what he gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up; if he go on de shore de lion eat him up; he dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord, an' went for de shore. Dat lion he give a fearful roar, an' bound for him; but, my bruddren, as sure as you live an' breeve, dat horrible, awful lion he jump clean ober dat pore feller's head into de water; an' *de shark eat de lion*. But, my bruddren, don't you put your trust in no sich circumstance; dat pore man he done git saved, but I tell you *de Lord ain't a-gwine to furnish a lion for every nigger!*"

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

“Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well,
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee.

And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shouts and points to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee!”

“Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For 'ese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder Missis's sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

'Pears like she was watching Massa,
If Pompey should beside him stay;
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;

Telling him that 'way up yonder
 White as snow his soul would be,
 If he served the Lord of heaven
 While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
 Down the poor old dusky face,
 As he stepped behind his master,
 In his long-accustomed place.
 Then a silence fell around them,
 As they gazed on rock and tree
 Pictured in the placid waters
 Of the rolling Tennessee ;—

Master, dreaming of the battle
 Where he fought by Marion's side,
 When he bid the haughty Tarleton
 Stoop his lordly crest of pride ;
 Man, remembering how yon sleeper
 Once he held upon his knee,
 Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
 Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south-wind fondly lingers
 'Mid the veteran's silvery hair ;
 Still the bondman, close beside him,
 Stands behind the old arm-chair,
 With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
 Shading eyes, he bends to see
 Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
 Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
 Glide from tree to mountain crest,
 Softly creeping, aye and ever,
 To the river's yielding breast.

Ha! above the foliage yonder
 Something flutters wild and free!

"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!

The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
 Help me stand on foot once more,
 That I may salute the colors
 As they pass my cabin door.

Here's the paper signed that frees you,
 Give a freeman's shout with me—
 'God and Union!' be our watchword
 Evermore in Tennessee!"

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
 And the limbs refused to stand;
 One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
 Glided to the better land.
 When the flag went down the river
 Man and master both were free;
 While the ring-dove's note was mingled
 With the rippling Tennessee.

E. L. BEERS.

'THE LOST SHEEP.

DE massa ob de sheepfol',
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night-rain begin—
 So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
 Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

O, den says de hireling shepa'd:
 Der's some dey's black and thin,
 And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
 But de res' dey's all brung in,
 But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
 Whar de long night-rain begin—
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
 Callin' sof', Come in, Come in.
 Callin' sof', Come in, Come in.

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows.
 T'ro' de col' night-rain and win',
 And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
 Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all cōmes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

AUNT POLLY'S "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"GEORGE WASHIN'TON!"

From down the hill the answer floated up, muffled by the distance: "Ma'm?"

"Come heah, sah!"

Aunt Polly folded her arms and leaned against the doorway, and waited for the appearance of her son and heir above the edge of the hill on which her cabin stood.

The crown of a ragged straw hat surmounting a dusky face first appeared, followed by a pair of shoulders covered with a nondescript shirt; then, as he climbed the incline, there rose gradually to his mother's view a pair of large and heavy trousers in an advanced state of dilapidation; and dragging slowly along, as if unwilling to follow the body, two bare, black feet; and thus, fully revealed from top to toe, came a solemn and dirty little darkey.

His mother's eyes rested on him with a sparkle of indignation in them.

"George Washin'ton," she said, "you sartainly is de laziest nigger I eber see. How long, sah, does you s'pose you was a-comin' up dat hill? You don' no? I don', nether; 'twas so long I los' all count. You'll bring yore mudder's gray har in sorer to de grabe yet, wid yore pokin' and slowness, see if you don'. Heah I is waitin' and a-waitin' on you fur to go down to old Mass' Cunnin'ham's wid dose tings. Take 'em to de young city man boardin' dar, and tell him dese is his clean close dat your old mudder washed, and dat dey comes to fifty cents. And if you let de grass grow under yore feet, George Washin'ton, or spiles dese close, or

loses dat fifty cents, I'll break yore bones, chile, when you comes home. You heah dat?"

George Washington nodded. He never exhausted himself in unnecessary speech. He was a strange, silent child, with a long, solemn face and chronic toothache, or jawache, for he never appeared without a white rag tied up over his ears, and terminating in two flopping ends of equal length on the top of his head—an adornment that gave him the look of an aged rabbit, black in the face and gray in the ears.

On the present occasion, his mother freshened up his toilet by tying another rag around his jaws, and giving him the basket containing the "young city man's" beautifully laundered linen, and a final injunction to be careful, started him safely off.

George Washington rested his basket on his hip, and jogged along. Meditations as to what his mother might have for supper on the strength of the fifty cents brightened his visage and accelerated his steps. His fancy reveled in visions of white biscuit and crisp bacon floating in its own grease. He was gravely weighing the relative merits of spring chicken fried and more elderly chicken stewed, when—

There was only one muddy place on George Washington's route to town. That was down at the foot of the hill, by the railroad track. Why should his feet slip from under him, and he go sliding into the mud right there? It was too bad. It did not hurt him; but those shirts and shining collars, alas! Some of them tumbled out, and he lifted them up all spattered and soiled.

He sat down and contemplated the situation with an expression of speechless solemnity. He was afraid to go back, and he was afraid to go on, but he would rather face the "city man" than his mother; and with a sigh he lifted the linen to its place, and trudged on.

The young folks at "Mass' Cunningham's" sent him to

the boarder's room, with many a jest on his slowness; and he shook in his ragged clothes when the young man lifted the things from the basket to put them away.

He exclaimed in anger at their soiled appearance, and, of course, immediately bundled them back into the basket.

"Here, George," he said, "take these back to your mother to wash; and don't you dare, you little vagabond! ever bring such looking things to me again!"

Slowly the namesake of our illustrious countryman climbed the hill toward home; slowly he entered and set down his basket. The rapidity with which he emerged from the door, about three minutes later, might have led a stranger to believe that it was a different boy.

But it was not. It was the same George.

The next afternoon came round, and George Washington again departed on his errand. No thoughts of supper or good things ran rife in his brain to-day. He attended strictly to business. His mother, standing in the doorway, called after him: "Be keerful, George Washin'ton, 'bout de train. I heer'd it at de upper junction jess now. It'll be long trectly."

George Washington nodded and disappeared. He crossed the muddy place in safety, and breathed more freely. He was turning toward town, when something on the railroad track caught his eye. There lay the big rock that had been on the hill above ever since he could remember; it was right in the middle of the track. He wondered how the coming train would get over it.

Across on the other side, the hill sloped down to a deep ravine. What if the big rock pushed the train off! His heart gave a great jump. He had heard them talk of an accident once, where many people were killed. He thought of running to tell somebody, but it was a good way to the next house, and just then he heard the train faintly; it was too late for that. Just above, in the direction that the train was coming, was a sharp curve. It could not stop if it

came tearing round that, and on the other side of the bend was a very high trestle that made him sick to look at.

The slow, dull boy stood and trembled.

In a moment more he had set his basket carefully in the bush, and ran around the curve. At the edge of the trestle he paused, and then dropping on his hands and knees crept, as fast as he could, over the dizzy height to the other side. He staggered to his feet, and ran on.

When the train dashed in sight, the engineer spied a small object on the track, pointing frantically behind him. The child ran away from the track, but continued to wave and point and shout.

The train whistled and slackened. George Washington, hatless and breathless, was jerked into the engine, where he gasped: "Big rock on de track round de curve!" The train was moved slowly over the trestle, and stopped in the curve; and there, indeed, was the rock that might have hurled them all down to death, but for that ridiculous-looking little boy.

Meanwhile in the cabin, Aunt Polly was restless, and concluded to go down to the foot of the hill, and wait for George Washington. Behold, then, as she appeared down the path, the sight that met her gaze.

"What's dis boy bin a-doin'! I'se his mudder. I is. What's dis mean!"

On this identical train was the president of the road.

"Why, auntie," he said, "you have a boy to be proud of. He crept over the high trestle and warned the train, and maybe saved all our lives. He is a hero."

Aunt Polly was dazed.

"A hearo," she said; "dat's a big t'ing for a little black nigger. George Washin'ton, whar's dat basket?"

"In de bushes, mammy; I'se gwine for to get it."

The train was nearly ready to be off. The president called Aunt Polly aside, and she came back with a beaming face, and five ten-dollar bills clutched in her hands.

Aunt Polly caught George in her arms.

“Dey sed you was a hearo, George Washin’ton, but you is your mammy’s own boy, and you shall hab chicken for yore supper dis berry night, and a whole poun’ cake to-morrow; yes, you shall!”

And when George Washington returned the gentleman his washing, he, like his namesake, was a hero.

ABRIDGED FROM YOUTH’S COMPANION.

DOT LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy
 Vot gomes schust to my knee,
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
 As efer you dit see.
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
 In all barts off der house.
 But vot off dot? He was mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot’s out;
 He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse;
 I’d dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo
 To make der schticks to beat it mit—
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
 He kicks oup sooch a touse;
 But nefer mind—dar poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?

Und vhere der plazze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse?
 How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?
 I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
 But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

MINE cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here und see
 A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
 Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
 Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
 Id vas n't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
 Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow, I dells you vas qveer;
 Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a bare-footed hed, und nose but a schpeck,
 A mout' dot goes most to der pack off his neck,
 Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
 To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
 Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
 He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English, too,
 Says "mamma," und "bapa," und somedimes "ah—goo!"
 You do n'd find a baby den dimes out off nine
 Dot vos qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor ofer, und drows dings aboutt,
 Und poots efryding he can find in his mout';
 He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
 Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible sekare;
 Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
 Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vos someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell;
 To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
 Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
 Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes;
 Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vas n't so fine,
 Dot I cuts opp at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, deese leedle schafers vas goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
 Dey vill vare a vHITE shirt vront inshted off a bib,
 Und vould n't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib—
 Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
 May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off mine!

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

How DEAR to dis heart vas mine grandshild, Loweeza!
 Dot shveet leedle taughter off Yawcob, mine son!
 I nefer vas tired to hug und to shqueeze her
 Vhen home I gets back, und der day's vork vas done.
 Vhen I vas away, O, I know dot she miss me,
 For vhen I come homevards she rushes bell-mell,
 Und poots oup dot shveet leedle mout' for to kiss me—
 Her "darling oldt gampa" dot she lofe so vell.

Katrina, mine frau, she could not do mitout her,
 She vas sooch a gomfort to her day py day;
 Dot shild she make efry von habby aboutt her,
 Like sunshine she drife all dheir droubles away;
 She holdt der vool yarn vHile Katrina she vind it,
 She pring her dot camfire bottle to shmell;
 She fetch me mine bipe, too, vhen I do n'd can find it,
 Dot plue-eyed Loweeza dot lofe me so vell.

How shveet, vhen der toils off der veek vas all ofer,
 Und Sunday vas come mit its quiet and rest,
 To valk mit dot shild 'mong der daisies und clofer,
 Und look at der leedle birds building dheir nest!
 Her pright leedle eyes how dhey shparkle mit bleasure,
 Her laugh it rings oudt shust so clear as a pell;
 I dink dhere vas nopody haf sooch a treasure
 As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen vinter vas come, mit its coldt, shtormy veddher,
 Katrina und I ve musdt sit in der house
 Und dalk of der bast, by de fireside togedder,
 Or play mit dot taughter off our Yawcob Strauss.
 Oldt age mit its wrinkles pegins to remind us
 Ve gannot shtay long mit our shildren to dwell;
 But soon ve shall meet mit der poys left behind us,
 Und dot shveet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

MINE KATRINE.

You would n't dink mine frau,
 If you shust look at her now,
 Where der wrinkles on her prow
 Long haf been;
 Vas der fraulein blump und fair,
 Mit der vafy flaxen hair,
 Who did vonce mine heart enshnare:
 Mine Katrine.

Der dime seems shord to me
 Since ve game acrossd der sea,
 To der gountry off der free
 Ve'd nefer seen;
 But ve hear de beople say
 Dhere vas vork und blendy bay,
 So I shtarted righd away
 Mit Katrine.

O, der shoy dot filled mine house
 Vhen dot goot oldt Tector Krauss
 Brought us leedle Yawcob Strauss,
 Shveet und clean;
 Vhy, I do n'd pelief mine eyes
 Vhen I look, now, mit surbrise,
 On dot feller, shust der size
 Off Katrine!

Den "dot leedle babe off mine,"
 He vas grown so tall und fine;
 Shust so sdrait as any pine
 You efer seen;

Und der beoples all agree
 Sooch fine poys dey nefer see.
 Dey looks mooch more like me
 As Katrine.

Vell, ve haf our criefs und shoys,
 Und dhere 's naught our lofe destroys,
 Bud I miss dose leedle poys
 Dot used to been ;
 Und der tears vill somedime sdart,
 Und I feels so sick at heart,
 Ven I dinks I soon musd part
 From Katrine.

Oldt Time vill soon pe here,
 Mit his sickle und his shpear,
 Und vill vhisper in mine ear
 Mit sober mien :
 "You must coom along mit me,
 For id vas der Lord's decree ;
 Und von day dose poys you 'll see,
 Und Katrine." CHARLES F. ADAMS.

SCHNEIDER SEES LEAH.

I VANT to dold you vat it is, dot's a putty nice play.
 De first dime dot you see Leah, she runs cross a pridge, mit
 some fellers chasin' her mit putty big shtics. Dey ketch her
 right in de middle of der edge, und der leader (dot's de
 villen), he sez of her, "Dot it's better ven she dies, und dot
 he coodent allow it dot she can lif." Und de oder fellers
 hollers out, "So ve vill;" "Gife her some deth;" "Kill
 her putty quick;" "Shmack her of der jaw," und such
 dings; und chust as dey vill kill her, de priest says of dem,
 "Dond you do dot," und dey shtop dot putty quick. In
 der nexd seen, dot Leah meets Rudolph (dot's her feller) in
 de voods. Before dot he comes in, she sits of de bottom
 of a cross, und she dond look putty lifely, und she says:
 "Rudolph, Rudolph, how is dot, dot you dond come und

see about me? You did n't shpeak of me for tree days long. I vant to dold you vot it is, dot aint some luf. I do n'd like dot." Vell, Rudolph he do n'd vas dere, so he coodent sed sometings. But ven he comes in she dells of him dot she lufs him orful, und he says dot he guess he lufs her orful too, und vants to know vood she leef dot place, und go oud in some oder country mit him. Und she says, "I told you I vill;" und he says, "Dot's all right;" und he tells her he vill meet her soon, und dey vill go vay dogedder. Den he kisses her und goes oud, und she feels honkey dory bout dot.

Vell, in der nexd seen, Rudolph's old man finds oud all about dot, und he dond feel putty goot; und he says of Rudolph, "Vood you leef me, und go mit dot gal?" und Rudolph feels putty bad. He do n'd know vot he shall do. Und der old man he says, "I dold you vot I'll do. De skoolmaster (dot's de villen) says dot she might dook some money to go vay. Now, Rudolph, my poy, I'll gif de skoolmaster sum money to gif do her, und if she do n'd dook dot money, I'll let you marry dot gal." Ven Rudolph hears dis, he chumps mit joyness, und says: "Fader, fader, dot's all righd. Dot's pully. I baed you anydings she voodent dook dot money." Vell, de old man gif de skoolmaster de money, und dells him dot he shall offer dot of her. Vell, dot pluddy skoolmaster comes back und says dot Leah dook dot gold right away, ven she did n't do dot. Den de old man says, "Did n't I told you so?" und Rudolph gets so vild dot he svears dot she can't haf someding more to do mit him. So ven Leah vill meet him in de voods, he do n'd vas dere, und she feels orful, und goes away. Bime-by she comes up to Rudolph's house. She feels putty bad, und she knocks of de door. De old man comes oud, und says: "Got oud of dot, you orful vooman. Do n'd you come round after my poy again, else I put you in de dooms." Und she says: "Chust let me see Rudolph vonce, und I vill vander away." So den Rudolph comes oud, und she vants to rush of his arms, but dot pluddy fool voodent allow dot. He chucks

her away, und says: "Do n'd you touch me uf you please, you deceitfulness gal." I dold you vat it is, dot looks ruff for dot poor gal. Und she is extonished, und says: "Vot is dis about dot?" Und Rudolph, orful mad, says: "Got oundsiedt, you ignomonous vooman." Und she feels so orful she coodent said a vord, und she goes oud.

Afterwards, Rudolph gits married to anoder gal in a shurch. Vell, Leah, who is vandering eferyveres, happens to go in dot shurch-yard to cry, chust at de same dime of Rudolph's marriage, which she do n'd know someding about. Putty soon she hears de organ, und she says dere is some beeples gitten married, und dot it vill do her unhappiness goot if she sees dot. So she looks in de vinder, und ven she sees who dot is, my graciousness, do n'd she holler, und shvears vengeance! Putty soon Rudolph chumps oud into der shurch-yard to got some air. He says he do n'd feel putty goot. Putty soon dey see each oder, und dey had a orful dime. He says of her: "Leah, how, how is dot you been here?" Und she say mit big scornfulness: "How is dot, you got cheek to talk of me afder dot vitch you hafe done?" Den he says: "Vell, vot for you dook dot gold, you false-hearted leetle gal?" Und she says: "Vot gold is dot? I did n't dook some gold." Und he says: "Do n'd you dold a lie about dot?" She says, slowly: "I dold you I did n't dook some gold. Vot gold is dot?" Und den Rudolph tells her all about dot, und she says, "Dot is a orful lie. I did n't seen some gold;" und she adds mit much sarkasmness: "Und you believed I dook dot gold? Dot's de vorst I efer heered. Now, on account of dot, I vill give you a few gurses." Uud she svears mit orful voices dot Mister Kain's gurse should git on him, und dot he coodent never git any happiness eferyvere, no matter vere he is. Den she valks off. Vell, den a long dime passes away, und den you see Rudolph's farm. He has got a nice vife, und a putiful leetle child. Putty soon Leah comes in, being shased, as ushual, by fellers mit shticks. She looks like she did n't

cad someding for two monds. Rudolph's vife sends off dot mop, und Leah gits away again. Den dot nice leetle child comes oud, und Leah comes back; und ven she sees dot child, do n'd she feel orful about dot, und she says mit affectfulness, "Come here, leedle child, I vooden'd harm you;" und dot nice leedle child goes righd up, und Leah grabs her in her arms, und gries, und kisses her. O, my graciousness, do n'd she grie about dot!

Und den she says vile she gries: "Leedle childs, do n'd you got some names?" Und dot leedle child shpeaks oud so nice, pless her leedle hard, und says: "O yes! My name dot's Leah, und my papa tells me dot I shall pray for you efery nighd." O, my goodnessness! do n'd Leah gry orful ven she hears dot. I dold you vat it is, dot's a shplaindid ding. Und quick comes dem tears in your eyes, und you look up ad de vall, so dot nobody can'd see dot, und you make oud you do n'd care about it. But your eyes gits fulled up so quick dot you could n'd keep dem in, und de tears comes down of your face like a shnow-storm, und den you do n'd care not'ing if efery body sees dot. Und Leah kisses her, und gries like dot her hard's broke, und she dooks off dot gurse from Rudolph und goes away. De child den dell her fader und muder about dot, und dey pring her back. Den dot mop comes back und vill kill her again; but she exposes dot skoolmaster—dot villain—und dot fixes him. Den she falls down in Rudolph's arms, und your eyes gits fulled up again, und you can'd see someding more. You could n't help dot any vay. Und if I see a gal vot do n'd gry in dot piece, I vood n't marry dot gal. SCHNEIDER.

SETTING A HEN.

MEESTER VERRIS,—I see dot mosd efferypoty wrides someding for de chicken babers nowtays, und I tought praps meppe I can do dot too, as I wride all apout vat dook blace

mit me lasht summer; you know—odor of you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me: “Sockery” (dot is mein name), “vy dond you put some of de aigs unter dot olt plue hen shickens; I dinks she wants to sate.” “Vell,” I sait, “meppe I guess I vill;” so I bicked out some uf de best aigs und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side of de hay-mow, pout five six veet up; now, you see, I nefer vas ferry big up und town, but I vos putty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I kood n’t reach up dill I vent und get a parrel do stant on; vell, I klimet on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up by de nesht, dot olt hen gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel he preak, und I vent town ker-shlam; I did n’t tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore, put dere I vos, und I fit so dite dot I kood n’t get me oud effer-way; my fest vos bushed vay up my unter arm-holes. Ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler “Katrina! Katrina!” und ven she koom und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood und aigs, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I sait, “Vot you lay dare und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?” und she set up und sait, “O vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town;” den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit herself more as efer. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English pooty goot, put I only sait mit my cratest dignitude, “Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?” und she see dot I look booty red, so she said, “Uf course I vill, Sockery;” den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook holt de door sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet: “Donner und blitzen, shtop dat; dere is nails in de parrel!” You see de nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount; vell, to

make a short shtory long, I dold Katrina to go und dell nayper Hausman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom, und he like to shblit himself mit laf too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I get up mit half a parrel around my vaist; den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a little till I get a batteren uf dat new oferskirt you haf on;" put I did n't sait a vort. I shust got a nife oud und vittle de hoops off, und shling dot confountet olt parrel in de voot-pile.

Pimeby, ven I koom in de house Katrina, she sait so soft like: "Sockery, do n'd you goin' to but some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" Den I sait in my deepest voice, "Katrina, uf you efer say dot to me again, I'll got a pill uf wriding from de lawyer from you," und I dell you she did n't say dot any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I shtep on a parrel now, I do n'd shtep on it,—I get a pox. SOCKERY.

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Now, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness stan' an' pin you to de fac's;

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes 'll open wider dan dey eber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat happened long ago!

De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;

An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;

Den de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your juty well, an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
'Cause arter while de time 'll come to journey from de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk, and answer mighty straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

J. A. MACON.

PADDY'S EXCELSIOR.

'T WAS growing dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
As he walked, his shillalah he swung to and fro,
Saying: "It's up to the top I'm bound for to go,
Be jabbers!"

He looked mortal sad, and his eye was as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowl'd winther night;
And niver a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell:
"It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Onless covered up wid this bodthersome shnow,
Be jabbers!"

Through the windows he saw, as he thraveled along,
The light of the candles, and fires so warm
But a big chunk of ice houn'g over his head;
Wid a shnivil and groan, "By St. Patrik!" he said,
"It's up to the very tiptop I will rush,
And then if it falls, it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabbers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man, whose head was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night;
"Shure, ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
For the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad."
Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
But he'd go till the top, if he went on his head,
Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as loikes to be kissed,
 Axed him would n't he stop, and how could he resist?
 So, shnapping his fingers and winking his eye,
 While shmiling upon her, he made this reply:
 "Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
 But, as yer swate self has axed me, I may as well shtop
 Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day—
 And ye musn't be axing whin he did go away;
 Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
 To be laving his darlint in the swate honey-moon?
 When the owld man has peraties enough, and to spare,
 Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable there,
 Be jabbers!

SUNDAY FISHIN'.

HEYO! you niggers, dah, I like ter know
 Wut dat you up to yere! Well, toe be sho!
 Ef you ain't fishin' on de good Lawd's day,
 Des like you done gone clah forgit de way
 Up to de meetin'-'ouse! Yere, come erlong
 Er me, en I'll show you de place you b'long.
 I tells you wut, boys, dish yere chile is had
 Speunce er Sunday fishin', en he glad
 Dat he's alive! De las' time dat I broke
 De Sabbaf-day dis way, it wa'n't no joke—
 You heered me now! Dat wuz de time, you know,
 I ketched de debble, en I thought, fer sho,
 Dat he'd ketch me!

You see, dish yere de way
 It wuz: I tuck my pole one Sabbaf-day
 En went down to de river, at de place
 Wut I kep' baited, up above de race.
 Dey useter be a little dogwood-tree
 Up on de bank, jess big ernough fer me
 To set en fish in; en I useter clime
 Into it alluz in high-water time.
 It growed right on de steep bank's aidge, en lent
 'Way out above de water. W'en I went

Up dah dat day de muddy ribber den
 Had riz en oberflowed 'bout nine or ten
 Feet fum de bank, en so I tuck en role
 My breeches up, en waded wid my pole
 Out to de tree, en clime into de fawk,
 En 'gin ter fish. 'Twa' nt long 'fo' my cawk
 Duckt clear outer sight;
 Den I felt de pole jerk mos' away.

I helt on to dat pole, but 'twa'n't no mortal use—
 Dat fish wuz boun' to make sump'n come loose.
 I had a monstrous strong, big cat-fish line,
 En so I tuck en fix my legs, en I twine
 Em roun' dat tree en froze on to de pole,
 Termint to swing 'twell sump'n loos' der hol'.

But Laws-a-massy, 'twan't no yethly use;
 Fo' long I felt dat are tree a-givin' loos';
 En treckly down she come, sho' enough, kerflop,
 Into de bilin' water, me on top,
 Yes, sir, right in de ribber; den dat thing
 Wut I done ketched, hit gib a sudden swing,
 En 'way hit tuck straight down de stream, wid me
 Er follerin' atter, a settin' on de tree!

Sakes, how we trabbled! en 'z we rolled along,
 Hit struck me all to wunst sump'n 'uz wrong
 Erbout dat fish! He wuz a pow'ful sight
 Too peart.

De fus' thing wut I thought I better do
 Wuz tu'n aloose dat pole; but, thinks I, "Shoo
 I could n't fool him dat away, en he
 Mout tu'n loose, too, en grab aholt er me."

Putty quick

I seed out in de river, right ahead,
 Joe Taylor's fish-trap, en de good Lawd led
 Us long up side it, en you mighty right,
 I jumpt on to it mighty free en light;
 En Mr. Smarty Nick, wid his ole tree,
 Sailed on, a-thinkin' still he haulin' me!
 Dat's wut de matter!

Niggers, dat de way
 I quit dis fishin' on de Sabbaf-day.

Dah aint no pole ermong yo' all I 'd tech;
 En if you aint a-hankerin' to ketch
 Sump'n you did n't barg'n for, I lay
 You better put dem hooks en lines away.

Fer members uv de Church, dish yere gits me!
 Uv all de owdacious doin's I ever see,
 Dis tak'n' de Sabbaf-day in vain's de wuss
 Fer mortifyin' de morals uv— You Gus!
 Look at dat bite you got! Law bless de Lam',
 He 's a joedahter! Look out dah, doe jam
 Dat pole up dah! You trine, peahs like to me,
 To knock de fish fum off dat 'simmon-tree.

Now look! Doe jerk dat way! Law love my soul,
 You gwiner lose 'im! Yere, gimme dat pole;
 I'll show you how to lan' 'im! Stiddy, now—
 Pulls like a cat-fish. Hit 's de boss, I vow!
 Des wait a minute; one mo' pull is boun'
 To git 'im. Dah he is, safe on de groun'.

Haint he a whopper, dough! Hoo-wee! I lay
 Y' all dat ah fish dis blessid day 'ull weigh
 'Bout forty—Laws-a-massy! ef I aint
 Done broke de Sabbaf 'fo' I knowed it! - 'Taint
 No use to laugh—you reckon I wuz gwine
 Ter let dat fish take off dis pole en line?

ANONYMOUS.

IMPERSONATION.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes;
 His shadow lengthens along the land,
 A giant staff in a giant hand;
 In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
 The katydid begins to sing;

The early dews are falling;
 Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
 The swallows skim the river's brink;

And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
 Cheerily calling,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 Farther, farther, over the hill,
 Faintly calling, calling still,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 Into the yard the farmer goes,
 With grateful heart, at the close of day;
 Harness and chain are hung away;
 In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
 The straw 's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
 The cooling dew's are falling;
 The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,
 The whinnying mare her master knows,
 When into the yard the farmer goes,

 His cattle calling:
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 While still the cow-boy, far away,
 Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
 The cattle come crowding through the gate,
 Lowing, pushing, little and great;
 About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
 The frolicksome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dew's are falling;
 The new milch-heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,

 Soothingly calling:
 "So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes;
 The apples are pared, the paper read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the crickets' ceaseless song

Makes shrill the silence all night long ;
 The heavy dews are falling.
 The housewife's hand has turned the lock ;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
 The household sinks to deep repose,
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
 Singing, calling :
 " Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' ! "
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, " So, boss ! so ! "

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon-seat ;
 His somber face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries :
 " Charco' ! charco' ! "
 While echo faint and far replies :
 " Hark, O ! hark, O ! "
 " Charco' ! "—" Hark, O !"—such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.
 The dust begrimes his ancient hat,
 His coat is darker far than that ;
 'T is odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm ;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot, nor speck, though still he cries :
 " Charco' ! charco' ! "
 And many a roguish lad replies :
 " Ark, ho ! ark, ho ! "
 " Charco' ! " " Ark, ho !"—such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.
 Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay ;
 Yet feels no less of happiness
 Than many a richer man, I guess,

When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home and cries:
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 And Martha from the door replies:
 "Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
 "Charco'!" "Mark, ho!"—such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
 And while his hand, washed clean and white,
 Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o'er
 The crib wherein his darling lies,
 And in a coaxing tone he cries:
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 And the baby with a laugh replies:
 "Ah, go! ah, go!"
 "Charco'!" "Ah, go!"—while at the sounds
 The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
 Though dusky as an African,
 'Tis not for you, that chance to be
 A little better clad than he,
 His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn till eve he cries:
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 While mocking echo still replies:
 "Hark, O! hark, O!"
 "Charco'!" "Hark, O!"—long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE SPANISH DUEL.

NEAR the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago,
 Dwelt a lady in a villa
 Years and years ago;
 And her hair was black as night,
 And her eyes were starry bright;

Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,
And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'T was the thrilling of a linnet!

Orphaned both of sire and mother
Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
How I wooed that maiden fair;
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling,
And obtained an entrance there.

Ah! that lady of the villa!
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago.

Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices came at night, recalling
Years and years ago.

Seated half within a bower,
Where the languid evening breeze
Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron-trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain bold
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old;

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain;
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile:
"Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air.

Wooded not quickly, won not lightly—
But, when won, forever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly;
Time can ne'er the knot undo."

"And the men?"—"Ah! dearest lady,
Are—quien sabe?—who can say?
To make love they 're ever ready,
Where they can and where they may;
Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day—
Como brisas, como rios,
No se sabe, sabe Dios."

"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?
Who can answer that they are?
While we may, we should be happy."
Then I took up her guitar,
And I sang in sportive strain,
This song to an old air of Spain.

"QUIEN SABE."

I.

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That you know not the region from which it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither—who knows?
Who knows?
Hither and thither—but whither—who knows?

II.

The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends adown to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.

But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
 And why the rose stoops for those kisses—who knows?
 Who knows?
 And away flows the river—but whither—who knows?

III.

Let me be the breeze, love, that wanders along
 The river that ever rejoices in song;
 Be thou to my fancy the orange in bloom,
 The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
 Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
 If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them? Who knows?
 Who knows?
 If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them? Who knows?"

As I sang the lady listened,
 Silent save one gentle sigh;
 When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
 On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
 Of that false and heartless strain,
 Which I sang in words concealing
 What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
 Bootless now to think or tell;
 Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered,
 By the mighty master spell.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,
 Meaningless, yet meaning all
 That the lips have left unspoken,
 That we never may recall.

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
 Sighed I, as I seized her hand—
 "Höla, Señor!" very near me,
 Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
 Comes upon me with a stride,
 On his head a slouched sombrero,
 A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air;
On the whole, he looked the chap a
Man to slight would scarcely dare.

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"
"Señor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand.

Magdalena, say"—the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting, sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me:

"Señor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y"—"No more, sir,
'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him, with a frown;
"Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada;
If you're up for a duello
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Señor, I am Peter Brown!"

By the river's brink that night,
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life.
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder;
With the pain I grew the bolder;
Close, and closer still I pressed!
Fortune favored me at last;
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the caballero's breast.

Down to the earth went Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y— One groan,
 And he lay motionless as stone.
 The man of many names went down,
 Pierced by the sword of Peter Brown!

Kneeling down I raised his head;
 The caballero faintly said:
 "Señor Ingles, fly from Spain
 With all speed, for you have slain
 A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y"— He swooned
 With the bleeding of his wound.
 If he be living still or dead,
 I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive, puffing a cigar,
 As I sit alone, reposing,
 Musing half, and half a-dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar
 Of that lady of the villa
 In her satin-fringed mantilla,
 And that haughty caballero
 With his capa and sombrero,
 And I vainly keep revolving
 That long-jointed, endless name;
 'T is a riddle past my solving
 Who he was, or whence he came.
 Was he that brother home returned?
 Was he some former lover spurned?

Or some family *fiancé*
 That the lady did not fancy?
 Was he any one of those?
 Sabe Dios. Ah! God knows!
 Sadly smoking my manilla,
 Much I long to know
 How fares the lady of the villa
 That once charmed me so,
 When I visited Sevilla
 Years and years ago.
 Has she married a Hidalgo?
 Gone the way that ladies all go
 In those drowsy Spanish cities,
 Wasting life—a thousand pities—
 Waking up for a fiesta
 From an afternoon siesta,
 To “Giralda” now repairing,
 Or the Plaza for an airing;
 Does she walk at evenings ever
 Through the gardens by the river?
 Guarded by an old duenna
 Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
 With her goggles and her fan,
 Warning off each wicked man?
 Is she dead or is she living?
 Is she for my absence grieving?
 Is she wretched? is she happy?
 Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien sabe?*

J. I. WALLER.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

WELL, wife, I've found the model church! I worshiped there
 to-day!

It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray;
 The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
 But then I felt, when I went in, it was n't built for show.

The sexton did n't seat me away back by the door;
 He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
 He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
 The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice: "Let all the people
sing!"

The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days: "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port, forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
I know it was n't written; I know it was n't read;
He had n't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon was n't flowery; 't was simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;
'T was full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
'T was full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with
friend;

"When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's
blue;

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,
That happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory soon be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the shore,
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

JOHN H. YATES.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

OLD man never had much to say,
 'Ceptin' to Jim;
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
 And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, for three months.
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away:
 " Well, good-bye, Jim;
 Take keer of yourse'f "

'Peared like he was more satisfied
 Jes' lookin' at Jim,
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?
 'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man came and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim,
And down at the depot a-heerin' him say:
 " Well, good-bye, Jim;
 Take keer of yourse'f! "

Never was nothin' about the farm
 Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all uset to wonder why
 The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;
But when Cap Biggler he writ back
 'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern regiment, white or black,
 And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
 Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap read to us, 'at said: " Tell Jim
 Good-bye,
 And take keer of hisse'f! "

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he 'd like to go back in calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him?
Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man gave him a colt he 'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he 'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way
And socked it home to the boys in gray
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-white-and-blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the old man bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years—
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

TOMMY TAFT.

ON the first day of March it was, that Tommy Taft had been unquietly sleeping in the forenoon, to make up for a disturbed night. The little noisy clock, that regarded itself as the essence of a Yankee, and ticked with immense alacrity and struck in the most bustling and emphatic manner; this industrious and moral clock began striking whir-r-r, one; whir-r-r, two; whir-r-r, three (Tommy jerked his head a little, as if something vexed him in his sleep); whir-r-r, four; whir-r-r, five; whir-r-r, six ("Keep still, will ye? let me alone, old woman! confound your medicine"); whir-r-r, seven; whir-r-r, eight ("God in heaven! as sure as I live," said Tommy, rubbing his eyes as if to make sure that they saw aright); whir-r-r, nine; whir-r-r, ten! Then, holding out his arms with the simplicity of a child, his face fairly glowing with joy, and looking now really noble, he cried: "Barton—my boy, Barton—I knew you would n't let the old man die and not help him! I knew it! I knew it!"

After the first surprise of joy subsided, Tommy pushed Barton from the edge of his bed. "Stand up, boy; turn round! There he is! Now I'm all right. Got my pilot aboard; sealed orders; ready to sail the minit the hawser's let go."

After a few words about his return from the West, his health and prospects, the old man returned to the subject that seemed to lie nearest his heart. "They've all had a hand at me, Barton. There's twenty firms in this town that is willin' to give a feller sailin' orders, when they see he's out'ard bound. But I am an old salt—I know my owners!" said Tommy, with an affectionate wink at Barton. "Ah, my boy, you're back again; it's all right now. Do n't you let me go wrong. I want you to tell me just where you're goin', and I'll bear right up for that port. You know, Barton, I never cheated you when you was a boy. I took

care of ye, and never told you a lie in my life, and never got you in a scrape. You won't cheat an old man now, will ye?"

It was all that Barton could do to maintain his self-possession. Tears and smiles kept company on his face. "My dear old Tommy, we won't part company. We're both bound to the same land. God will, I fervently hope, for Christ's sake, forgive all our sins, and make us meet for everlasting life."

"Amen!" roared out the old man. "Go on. You really believe in it? Come here, Barton; sit down on the edge of the bed, look me in the face, and no flummery. Do you really believe that there's another world?"

"I do, Tommy; I believe it in my very soul."

"That's enough. I believe it, too, jest as sartin as if a shipmate had told me about an island I'd never seen, but he had. Now, Barton, give me the bearin's of 't. D'ye believe that there's a Lord that helps a poor feller to it?"

"I do. Christ loves me and you, and all of us. He saves all who trust in him."

"He do n't stand on particulars, then? He won't rip up all a feller's old faults, will he? Or, how's that? Don't you ease up on me, Barton, just to please me; but tell me the hardest on 't. I believe every word you say."

Barton's own soul had traveled on the very road on which Tommy was now walking, and remembering his own experience, he repeated to Tommy these words: "He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." (Micah vii, 19.)

"Now, that's to the p'int, Barton. The Lord will tumble a feller's sins overboard like rubbish, or bilge-water and the like, when a ship is in the middle of the ocean? Well, it would puzzle a feller to find 'em agin after that. Is that all? I'm to report to him?"

"Yes, Tommy; you are to report to God."

"Barton, would ye jest as lief do me a little favor as not?"

"What is it, Taft?"

"Would ye mind sayin' a little prayer for me—it makes no difference, of course—but jest a line of introduction in a foreign port sometimes helps a feller amazingly."

Barton knelt by the bedside and prayed. Without reflecting at the moment on Uncle Tommy's particular wants, Barton was following in prayer the line of his own feelings, when suddenly he felt Tommy's finger gently poking his head. "I say, Barton, ain't you steerin' a p'int or two off the course? I do n't seem to follow you." A few earnest, simple petitions followed, which Taft seemed to relish. "Lord, forgive Tommy Taft's sins! ('Now you've hit it,' said the old man, softly.) Prepare him for thy kingdom. ('Yes, and Barton, too!') May he feel thy love, and trust his soul in thy sacred keeping. ('Ah, ha! that's it; you're in the right spot now.') Give him peace while he lives. ('No matter about that; the doctor'll give me opium for that! go on.') And, at his death, save his soul in thy kingdom, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

"Amen! But did n't you coil it away rather too quick? Now, Barton, my boy, you've done a good thing. I've been waitin' for you all winter, and you did n't come a minit too soon. I'm tired now; but I want to say one thing. Barton, when I'm gone, you won't let the old woman suffer? She's had a pretty hard time of it with me. I knew you would. One thing more, Barton," said the old man, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, as if speaking a secret from the bottom of his soul, "Barton, you know I never had much money. I never laid up any—could n't. Now you won't let me come on to the town for a funeral; will ye? I should hate to be buried in a pine coffin, at town expense, and have folks laugh that did n't dare open their head to me when I was round town!"

Barton could not forbear smiling as the old man, growing

visibly feebler every hour, went on revealing traits which his sturdy pride had covered when he was in health.

“And, Barton, I wish you’d let the children come when I’m buried. They’ll come, if you’ll jest let ’em know. Always trust the children. And,” pain here checked his utterance for a moment, “let’s see—what was I saying? O, the children. I do n’t want nothin’ said. But if you’d jest as lief let the children sing one of their hymns, I should relish it.”

The color came suddenly to his cheek, and left as suddenly. He pressed his hand upon his heart, and leaned his head further over on his pillow, as if to wait till the pang passed. It seemed long. Barton rose and leaned over him. The old man opened his eyes, and, with a look of ineffable longing, whispered: “Farewell!”

A faint smile dwelt about his mouth; his face relaxed and seemed to express happiness in its rugged features. But the old man was not there. Without sound of wings or footfall he had departed on his last journey.

BEECHER.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

LET me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree;
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer;

Let me lie down.

O, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o’er intrenchments, o’er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead—
O, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier’s couch; ah! how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head and saber-pierced breast?

Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

O, that last charge!

Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell;
Through without faltering—clear through with a yell;
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom;
O, that last charge!

It was duty!

Some things are worthless, and some others so good,
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;
For Freedom and Union each man owes this part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart,
It is duty!

Dying at last!

My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
O, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest,
Dying at last!

I am no saint;

But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins;"
Do n't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, "Amen!"
Ah! I'm no saint.

Hark! there's a shout.

Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!—
Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah! there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out.

O, God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!
O, land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod,
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!

I'm mustered out.

THE DRIVER'S CHRISTMAS.

"YES, sir, it is a pleasant time, as you say, for many folks, and it is a good work for those who have their fill of happiness and to spare, to look them up that are less fortunate. It seems now to me as if I never want to hear of Christmas and its pleasures, without wishing myself dead!

"You see it's only one man's experience, but there's plenty like it in the world. No, I don't mind telling you; it can't make it any harder. Kitty—that's my wife, sir—and I were young and strangers when we came out West to start in life, and she was kind of delicate and not used to roughing it, while I was a farmer's son and was more accustomed to hard fare. I never could tell how Kitty loved me first, or why she ever loved me at all, poor girl; but we were in love with each other from the time we attended the district school together, and I was only too happy when she really promised to be my wife; and, though her folks were unwilling and looked for some city chap to make a lady of her—she was one always, God bless her—we were married at last with their full consent, and came West to live.

"May be you have heard of misfortune following a man, sir; well, I was that man. We had enough between us to start a neat little business, and were getting on nicely, when, in one night, it all burned down, and not a penny of insurance. Then I got a situation in a store, and baby Kitty was born and died, and that made my wife low-spirited, and she was not over-strong; and last winter, you will remember, was a hard one. I wanted her to go home and stay a bit, and be nursed well by her folks; but my dear girl smiled, and put one thin arm around my neck, and asked, 'Do you want me to go, Dick?' and I saw she had cast in her lot with me for better or for worse, and it did seem as if it was all worse."

There was a long silence, during which the driver flicked the ears of the leaders with his whip, and looked sad and thoughtful, and the passenger on the box wondered if he

would get home in time for Christmas, and if the driver was hurrying for him or on his own account to meet Kitty, and he said at last:

“You got out of the woods all right, did you?”

“O, it was about last Christmas I was telling you, sir was n't it? At least, that's what led to it. Well, just as I was getting on my feet again, I took down with rheumatic fever, and for two months I never walked a step, and all that time Kitty took care of me. When I got up I noticed the furniture was all gone but the bed I lay on, a table, and stove, and Kitty was as thin as a ghost. There never was such a brave little girl. She declared she would not ask for help from strangers; and as to writing home of her trouble, she never would do it. I knew, sir, some help must be had, and I wrote a plain statement of the case to my father, and asked for money enough to help me start fresh, and I didn't tell Kitty. It broke my heart to see her looking so wretched, and her love and care for me were like a reproach; but I got out at last, and then, sir, she took to her bed just worn out. The first day I was able to be on the street I went to the man that owns these horses, and the proprietor of the biggest livery in town, and said to him:

“‘For God's sake, give me a job!’

“I knew him a little, you see, and if he had guessed I was hard up he'd have helped me sooner; but that was my pride.

“‘Come down to-morrow evening and I'll talk to you,’ he said, and I knew then he'd help me on my feet again.

“The next day Kitty slept most of the day, but when it came time to go out I roused her up a bit to tell her what I was going for. She smiled kind of sad, and put her thin arms—O, so thin they were—round my neck.

“‘Dear old fellow!’ she said, ‘you've had a hard time of it; kiss me, Dick, and tell me again that you love me!’

“That went through my heart like a knife; but I smoothed her curls back from her white forehead, and told her to cheer up, better times were coming.

“‘What day is this?’ she asked, kind of solemn-like.

“‘It’s the day before Christmas,’ I said, ‘and I’m going to have a feast to-night when I come back. It’s Christmas Eve, and you shall hang up your stocking, Kitty; wait and see what I’ll bring back to you!’

“She smiled a little and reached both hands around my neck.

“‘Kiss me good-night,’ she said, ‘or good-bye!’

“‘I’ll kiss you for luck, my baby,’ I cried, ‘and now just go to sleep till I get back with the good things I’m going after.’

“She lay looking at the moonlight, and I drew the thin old quilt and her own shawl close about her to keep her warm—for there was hardly a coal of fire left—and went out whistling to keep her courage up, and my own too. I went first to the post-office, where the evening mail was being distributed to a crowd—letters, presents; something, it seemed, for every body, but for me there was nothing. The livery proprietor was my only hope. What if he failed?

“Well, sir, he did not; he gave me work to begin on the next week when I was stronger, and he handed me a week’s pay in advance. On my way back something prompted me to look in at the post-office again, and there was my letter; it had been overlooked in the hurry, and my father had sent me what I asked for, with a line of good cheer besides. I was nearly crazy with joy and excitement; but I stopped long enough to fill a basket with good things and to order more for the next day. When I got home our poor room was all in a glory with the moonlight, and that and the bells ringing made it so solemn that I quieted down into a feeling of thankfulness, and I didn’t wait to get a light, but went and sat down on the bed by Kitty, and said:

“‘Wake up, my girl! Our luck has changed. I’ve got work and money, and our troubles are all over, Kitty, darling. Wake up, pet, and see what I’ve brought you’—and—and——”

"Well!" said the passenger, drawing a long breath, as the man paused, "go on; and—and——"

"Kitty was dead, sir!"

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

WELL, no! my wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same; She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.

It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—

When you hear the circumstances—'t was rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill; And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still; But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow. I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir; And as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless; And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness; 'T was hers—'t was mine; but I've no language to explain to you How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath, Dumb, with an awful, worldless woe, we waited for its death; And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there, For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 't would live, our joy what words could tell?

Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell. Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest, But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing; Early and late you'd find me there a-hammering and singing; Love nerved my arm to labor, and moved my tongue to song, And though my singing was n't sweet, it was tremendous strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,
And while I was at work we passed a compliment or two;
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 't was shot away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?"

"That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, choking with
horrid doubt:

"If you're the man just follow me; we'll try this mystery out!"
With dizzy steps, I led him to Mary. God! 'T was true!
Then the bitterest pangs of misery unspeakable I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, despairing
moan,

'T was he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead;
But all too late—and with bitter cry, her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return
He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn.
'T was well that he was innocent! Else I'd've killed him, too,
So dead he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner, at the judgment-seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did while waiting sentence in that room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.
God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah! how my heart was chilled to ice, when she knelt down and
said:

"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! not
dead!"

I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right;
But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned words stuck
tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby"—"What! wife and child!"
cried I;

"Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die.
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me;
No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!

And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother love
Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.
Take her; but promise Mary—for that will bring no shame—
My little girl shall bear and learn to lisp her father's name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife;
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done!
One long embrace from baby and my happiness was gone!

FRANK OLIVE.

THE FLOOD AND THE ARK.

IN the autumn of 1830 I attended a camp-meeting in the interior of Georgia, and heard a sermon which I have never been able to forget or describe.

The speaker had just been licensed, and it was his first sermon. In person he was small, bullet-headed, of a fair, sandy complexion; and his countenance was indicative of sincerity and honesty. He was taking up the Bible in regular order for the first time in his life, and had gotten as far as the history of Noah, the Ark, the Flood, etc. Besides, "just before his conversion, he had been reading Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater;' and the two together, by the aid and assistance of the Sperit, had led him into a powerful train of thinking as he stood at his work-bench, day in and day out." The text was: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of man be;" and he broke out into the following strain:

"Yes, my bretherin, the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the elephant-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what is as big as a house-ah, and his bones as big as a tree-ah, depending somewhat upon the size of the tree-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows

was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

“And there was the hippopotamus-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his ‘Animated Nater’-ah, what has a g-r-e-a-t horn-ah a-stickin’ right straight up out of his forward-ah, six feet long, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of it-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

“And there was the giraffe-ah, my bretherin, that ill-con-trived reptile, of which Goldsmith describes in his ‘Animated Nater’-ah, whose fore-legs is twenty-five feet long-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of ’em-ah, and a neck so long he can eat hay off the top of a barn-ah, depending somewhat on the hithe of the barn-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Ham, and there was Shem, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

“And there was the zebra, my bretherin-ah, that b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l animal, of which Goldsmith describes in his ‘Animated Nater’-ah, what has three hundred stripes a-runnin’ right straight around his body-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the number of stripes-ah, and nary two stripes alike-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

“Then there was the anaconder-ah, that g-r-e-a-t sar-pint, of which Goldsmith describes in his ‘Animated Nater’-ah, what can swallow six oxens at a meal-ah, provided his appetite don’t call for less-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

“And there was the lion, bretherin-ah, what is the king of beasts, accordin’ to Scripter-ah, and who, as St. Paul says-ah, prowls around of a night like a roarin’ devil-ah, a-seekin’ if he can’t catch somebody-ah; a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah,

“And there was the antelope-ah, my bretherin, that frisky little critter-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his ‘Animated Nater’-ah, what can jump seventy-five foot straight up-ah, and twice that distance down-ah, provided his legs will take him that far-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

“They all came to his hand of their own accord-ah, and Noer only had to head ’em in and fix ’em around in their places-ah. Then he gathered up his own family, and the Lord shut him in, and the heavens of the windows was opened-ah.

“Some of ’em, according to Goldsmith’s ‘Animated Nater’-ah, was carnivorous, and wanted fresh meat-ah; and some was herbivorous, and wanted vegetable food-ah; and some was wormivorous, and swallowed live things whole-ah; and he had to feed everything accordin’ to his nater. Hence we view, my bretherin-ah, as the nater of the animals was n’t altered by goin’ into the ark-ah, some of ’em would roar, and howl, and bark, and bray, and squeal, and blat, the whole indurin’ night-ah, a-drivin’ sleep from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelets-ah; and at the first streak o’ daylight the last hoof of ’em would set up a noise accordin’ to his nater-ah.

“My bretherin, as it was in the days of Noer-ah, so shall the coming of the Son of man be-ah. The world will never bedrowned agin-ah. It will be sot a-fire, and burnt up, root and branch, with a fervient heat-ah.”

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin’ turkey cock,
And the clackin’ of the guineys, and the cluckin’ of the hens,
And the rooster’s hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;

O, it s then 's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the rising sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
And he leaves the house bareheaded and goes out to feed the
stock,

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

There 's something kind o' hearty-like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the cooling fall is here.
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds an' buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The hustly, rusty russle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kind o' lonesome-like but still,
A preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The straw-stack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stall below, the clover overhead,—
O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gathered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor, in red and yellow heaps,
And your cider-makin's over and your womern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and their souse and sausage
too;

I do n't know how to tell it—but if sich a thing could be
As the *angels wantin' boardin'*, and they'd call around on me,
I'd want to 'commodate 'em, all the whole endurin' flock.
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE DEACON'S STORY.

THE solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringin'. I guess you know why!
No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly
It's whispered about on the sly.

Some six weeks ago, a Church meetin'
Was called—for—nobody knew what;
But we went, and the parson was present,
And I do n't know who, or who not.

Some twenty odd members, I calc'late,
Which mostly was women, of course;
Though I do n't mean to say aught ag'in 'em,
I've seen many gatherin's look worse.
There, in the front row, sat the deacons,
The eldest was old Deacon Pryor;
A man countin' fourscore and seven;
And gin'rally full of his ire.

Beside him, his wife, countin' fourscore,
A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
And next to her, young Deacon Hartley,
A good Christian man on the whole.
Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,
And long ago laid on the shelf,
Had wedged herself next; and, beside her,
Was Deacon Monroe—that's myself.

The meetin' was soon called to order,
The parson looked glum as a text;
We gazed at each other in silence,
And silently wondered, "What next?"
Then slowly uprose Deacon Hartley;
His voice seemed to tremble with fear,
As he said: "Boy and man you have known me,
My good friends, for nigh forty year;

And you scarce may expect a confession
Of error from me; but—you know,
My dearly loved wife died last Christmas;
It's now nearly ten months ago.
The winter went by long and lonely,
The spring hurried forward apace;
The farm-work came on, and I needed
A woman about the old place.

The children were wilder than rabbits,
And still growin' worse every day;

No help to be found in the village,
Although I was willin' to pay.
In fact, I was nigh 'bout discouraged
For every thing looked so forlorn ;
When good little Patience McAlpin
Skipped into our kitchen one morn.

She had only run in of an errand ;
But she laughed at our miserable plight,
And set to work, jist like a woman,
A-puttin' the whole place to right.
And though her own folks was so busy,
And illy her helpin' could spare,
She flit in and out like a sparrow,
And most every day she was there.

So the summer went by, sort of cheerful ;
But one night, my baby, my Joe,
Was restless and feverish, and woke me,
As babies will often, you know.
I was tired with my day's work, and sleepy,
And I could n't no way keep him still ;
So at last I grew angry and spanked him,
And then he screamed out with a will.

'T was just then I heard a soft rappin'
Away at the half-open door,
And then little Patience McAlpin
Stepped shyly across the white floor.
Says she: 'I thought Josie was cryin',
I guess I'd best take him away ;
I knew you'd be gettin' up early
To go to the marshes for hay ;

So I stayed here to-night, to get breakfast ;
I guess he'll be quiet with me ;
Come, baby, kiss papa and tell him
What a nice little man he will be.'
She was bendin' low over the baby,
And saw the big tears on his cheek ;
But her face was so near to my whiskers
I dars n't move, scarcely, or speak.

Her arms were both holdin' the baby,
 Her eyes by his shoulder were hid;
 But her mouth was so near and so rosy,
 That—I kissed her—that's just what I did!"

Then down sat the tremblin' sinner:
 The sisters they murmured, "For shame!"
 And "she should n't oughter a' let him;
 No doubt she was mostly to blame."

When slowly uprose Deacon Pryor:
 "Now, brethren and sisters," he said—
 And we knowed then that suthin' was coming,
 And we sot as still as the dead—

"We've heard Brother Hartley's confession,
 And I speak for myself when I say:
 'That if my wife was dead, and my children
 Were all growin' worse every day;
 And if my house needed attention,
 And Patience McAlpin had come,
 And tidied the cluttered-up kitchen,
 And made the place seem more like home;
 And if I was worn out and sleepy,
 And my baby would n't lie still,
 But fretted and woke me at midnight,
 As babies, we know, sometimes will;
 And if Patience came in to hush him,
 And 't was all as our good brother sez—
 I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
 And 'bide by the consequences.'

Then down sat the elderly deacon;
 The younger one lifted his face,
 And a smile rippled over the meetin',
 Like light in a shadowy place.

Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters
 Remembered their far-away youth,
 Or the daughters at home by their firesides,
 Shrined each in her shy, modest truth;
 For their judgments grew gentle and kindly,
 And—well—as I started to say,
 The solemn old bells in the steeple
 Are ringin' a bridal to-day.

N. S. EMERSON.

THE LITTLE STOW-AWAY.

“WOULD ye like to hear about it?”

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

“’Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I’m in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There’d been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we’d had no end of a job stowin’ it away, and that ran us late o’ startin’; so that, altogether, you may think, the cap’n war n’t in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief engineer, he was an easy-goin’ sort of a chap, as nothin’ on earth could put out. But on the mornin’ of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin’ as if somethin’ had put him out pretty considerably.

“‘Tom,’ says he, ‘what d’ye think? Blest if we ain’t found a stow-away.’ That’s the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hide theirselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to every body.

“‘The dickens you have!’ says I. ‘Who is he, and where did you find him?’

“‘Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for’ard; and ten to one we’d never ha’ twigged him at all, if the skipper’s dog had n’t sniffed him out and begun barkin’. Such a nice little mite as he is, too! I could ha’ most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he look to be a good-plucked un for all that.’

“I did n’t wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o’ the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo’c’stle, and in the middle was the fust-mate, lookin’ as black as thunder. Right

in front of him, looking a reg'lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scare-crow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it had n't been so woeful thin and pale. But, bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un war n't a bit afeard; he stood straight up, and locked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halferd himself. Folk did say arterwards"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"as how he comed o' better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet see'd a common street Harab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might ha' heered a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp," says he, in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought you here?'

"It was my step-father as done it," says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody war n't lookin', and giv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax; and here's her address.' And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there war n't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate did n't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin,

as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him: 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here. Some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says quietly: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute, as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say: 'What on earth's a-comin' now!' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

" 'Now, my lad,' says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you do n't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they could n't believe their ears—I did n't believe mine, I can tell ye—and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

" 'Silence, there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors—big strong chaps, as could ha' felled an ox—as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought

on 't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a hand-spike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

" 'Tom,' whispers the chief-engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

" 'I do n't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!'

" 'I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; an' the tick o' the mate's watch, reg'lar, pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

" 'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got any thing to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time's nearly up.'

" 'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please!'

" The mate nodded, and down goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I could n't make out what he said—fact, my head was in sich a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name—but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

" And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there war n't one of us as did n't do the same. I know I did for one.

" 'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman,

every inch of you; you would n't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to *Halifax*, he found out the little un's aunt, and gev her a lump o' money, to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parden, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just bid you good-night."

ANON.

JUVENILE.

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

AND so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father——"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father——"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a——"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we did n't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His——"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father——"

.

“ Whose father? ”

“ George Washington’s.”

“ O! ”

“ Yes, George Washington. And his father told him——”

“ Told who? ”

“ Told George.”

“ O yes, George.”

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said :

“ And he was told——”

“ George told him? ” queried Clarence.

“ No; his father told George——”

“ O! ”

“ Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet——”

“ Who must be careful? ”

“ George must.”

“ O! ”

“ Yes; must be careful with his hatchet——”

“ What hatchet? ”

“ Why, George’s.”

“ O! ”

“ With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting every thing he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father’s favorite, and cut it down, and——”

“ Who cut it down? ”

“ George did.”

“ O! ”

“ But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and——”

“ Saw the hatchet? ”

“ No; saw the apple-tree. And he said: ‘ Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree? ’ ”

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And every body said they didn't know any thing about it, and——"

"Any thing about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"O!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it——"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"O!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he——"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"O!"

"So George came up, and he said: 'Father, I can not tell a lie, I——'"

"Who could n t tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said: 'Father, I can not tell a lie. It was——'"

"His father could n't?"

"Why, no; George could n't."

"O! George? O yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did——'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree."

"No, no; his father's."

"O!"

"He said——"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said: 'Father, I can not tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than——"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No; said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"O! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children, but, if Mrs. Caruthers had n't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

R. J. BURDETTE.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the

height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers and the water and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear-shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out: "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say: "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young—O, very young!—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say: "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves not there before,

and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said: "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried: "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and

while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader :

"Is my brother come?"

And he said: "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried: "O, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said: "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried: "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him: "Not yet!"—And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said: "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the

baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her. God be praised."

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another: "He is dying." And he said: "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

A FEW days afterward the Light of the Household went forth into the poor places of the neighborhood and brought in, one by one, shrinking children, with shabby garments and shy glances; little girls ungathered into schools, untaught of ignorant parents who were slaves of labor, to whom was preached no gospel of salvation from idleness, weakness, or vice. These, allured in unwillingly at first, hard enough for a time to keep together, came at last into this quiet chamber as to a holy shrine, sat earnestly at the feet of a pale, patient teacher, and learned the ways of truth and right. Day by day—for a few minutes only sometimes, sometimes for hours, according to her fluctuating strength—she had them with her, and in the poor homes where they belonged the mothers listened with a sort of awe to the accounts of this pale lady, lying always on her couch, covered with the white, fleecy folds of her delicate work, and giving out to little rapt listeners thoughts that would abide with them all their lives.

After a while Christmas was drawing near, and one day there was an interesting assemblage of these small scholars in a room where one of them lived, and the subject of their meeting was how to get a Christmas present for the crippled teacher, and what it should be.

Strange and various articles were proposed, to which many objections were raised, principally by the little president, who seemed to think her most important duty was to keep the intended expenditure within the limits of the probable amount, for which purpose she was obliged to do a good many sums out loud. The puzzle was growing deeper, and the likelihood of a decision seemed farther off than ever, when Nettie Blane said, in her soft voice: "I know what the lady loves more than any thing else, and that's flowers! Why, just here awhile ago, before it got so cold, I found a bunch of wild posies growing alongside the road as I was going to her house. They were just common things; but I picked them and took them to her, and you just ought to have seen her over them! Her face lit all up, she was so pleased; and do you know that for a minute she looked like she never was sick at all? and she kind of petted them with her fingers, and thanked me so nice that I never was so glad of doing any thing in my life!"

"And I know of a man who keeps a hot-house just out of town," said the young president, "and he looks good-humored and kind; so may be he'll give us something real nice for what we'll have to pay!" And soon after, the meeting dispersed.

The day before Christmas, as the big, burly, and rosy owner of the conservatory just out of town was sorting his choicest blooms for a large wedding which was to take place in the evening, the door of the hot-house suddenly opened, and a squadron of a dozen or more small girls entered in solemn procession.

"Bless my soul!" said the gardener, turning his bluff, bright face toward them, "what do you young ones want?"

For an instant they had stood quite still, looking about them in wonder and delight; for the whole place was so filled with rare and lovely blossoms that its atmosphere, color, and profusion was like a concentration of the tropics.

"If you please, sir, we want to buy a basket of flowers."

The man dropped the two or three buds he held in his hand, turned entirely around, and gave one steady look down the whole line; he saw at once that they were not likely to want flowers for themselves, and imagined that one or two had been sent on a message, and that the rest had accompanied these.

"*You—want—to—buy—*" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir; a basket of flowers, if you please."

"Who for? and why are there so many of you?"

"Well, sir, I will tell you. You see, sir, there's a dear kind lady, and she is a cripple, and never gets off a low kind of bed she lays on, and works all the time the most beautiful 'broidering flowers you ever seen. And she teaches us; so we thought we'd like to give her a Christmas present, and we've all saved up till we think we've got enough; and because she never can go out to see any thing a-growing, and just loves flowers like they were alive, we made up our minds to take her some; because we all gave something toward it, we all came together about it; and if you please, sir, we'd like as nice a basketful as you can make up for our money."

The rosy face bloomed out bright as one of his own blossoms; the round eyes grew wonderfully soft and moist, as the big, burly man stooped and kissed the small speaker, and said, with just a touch of huskiness in his voice:

"Well, you're a blessed little party! You just go round, all of you, and pick out what you'd like to have, and I'll fix them up for you!" There was an immediate stir in the young procession, and evident delight in this permission, and an intention to put it instantly into practice, when the little leader called out:

"Ain't those grand flowers very dear? You see, sir, we

don't want any thing we can't pay for all right. We've got this much money ; please to count it, sir, and see if it will do !” And she handed him a rather battered tin match-box containing the accumulated contributions in small coins, which had been gradually brought in as they were gained.

The big gardener by this time was too much touched to keep quite calm. “Here,” he said to the little leader, “you count out this money, and tell me how much it is, and I'll do the best I can for it !” And when he took a basket and went round his hot-house collecting here and there his simplest blooms, all these keen eyes watched him in unbroken silence, and not one of them stirred a gaze from his fingers as he laid in the moss, propped a superb, stainless lily in the center, and arranged round it with exquisite taste violets and heart's-ease, and delicate, pure blossoms ; in breathless quiet they noted every flower that was woven into its place, little thinking that these commoner plants which they were used to see in summer were almost as costly as foreign growths in winter ; and it was not till the whole was finished that they broke out into exclamations of satisfaction.

“This must be a mighty good woman to make you love her so !” said the man as he handed over the basket to the careful hold of the little leader.

“Good !” answered Nettie Blane ; “she's a-most an angel. It seems like she ought never to do any thing but stand up close to the Throne with just such lilies in her hand !”

For Nettie's inmost heart was stirred by the flowers and the occasion.

The big gardener looked at her a second as if he thought she might have been a stray cherub herself.

“That's all your own gift,” he said, pointing to the lily-crowned basket ; “but would you mind taking her a little present from me, too ?”

“It shall only be one flower.”

He went round among his plants to where bloomed one magnificent blossom, the only one of its kind in the greenhouse. He broke it from the stalk, and placed it in Nettie Blane's hand. "O, thank you!" said Nettie's glad voice, "I will give it to her with your compliments." And then the big gardener kissed every one of them as they passed out, and stood at his hot-house door, and watched the little procession as it wound out of sight with the little leader at the head, carrying the basket of flowers.

SARAH B. STEBBINS.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAID.

I'M only a very little girl, but I think I have just as much right to say what I want to about things as a boy. I hate boys; they're so mean; they grab all the strawberries at the dinner-table, and never tell us when they're going to have any fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fireworks, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony, and it was there we had the fireworks, right on the balcony. His mother had gone out to buy some *crème de lis* to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches, and ever so many pieces of Castile soap; he stole them from the housekeeper. Just when she was going to put them in her closet, Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle wanted her directly a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and the matches, and when she came back we watched her, and she got real mad, and she scolded Delia, that's the chambermaid, and said she knowed she did it; and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed, the other day, Delia slapped me, and she said she was n't going to make the bed two times to please me; then Bessie and me stuck the matches in

the soap like ten-pins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like any thing, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned a little of the gas on so's his mother would think it was that.

We get our dinner with the nurses, 'cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for children if they sit at the table in the big dining-room. Once my mother let me go there with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said: "Little girls should be seen and not heard." The mean old thing died last week, and I was real glad, and I told Delia so, and she said if I went and said things like that I couldn't go to heaven. Much she knows about it. I wouldn't want to go if things like she went there.

One day I went in the parlor and creeped under a sofa, and there was n't any body there. They do n't let dogs or children go in the parlor, and I think it's real mean; and I creeped under the sofa, so's nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce came in and Miss Jackson. I don't like Miss Jackson, she said one day childrens was a worse nuisance than dogs was. And Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came and sittid down on the sofa, and he said, "O, Louisa, I love you so much," and then he kissed her. I heard it smack. And she said, "O, Thomas, I wish I could believe you; don't you never kiss anybody else?" and he said, "No, dearest," and I called out: "O, what a big story; for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night when the gas was turned down." Didn't he jump up; you bet—Gus always says you bet—and he pulled me out and tore my frock, and he said, "O, you wicked child, where do you expect to go for telling stories?" and I told him: "You shut up, I ain't going anywhere with you." I wish that man would die like the other did, so I do; and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

Gus Rogers's mother had a lunch party in her parlor, and they had champagne, and they never gave him any,

and when his mother was n't looking he found a bottle half full on the sideboard, and he stealed it and took it in our nursery, and Mary was n't there, and Gus and me dranked it out of the glass Mary brushes her teeth in, and it was real nice; and we looked in Mary's wardrobe and finded her frock she goes to church in, and Gus put it on, and Mary's bonnet, too, and went in the hall, and we tumbled down and tored Mary's frock, and made my nose bleed, and Gus said, "O, there's a earthquake," 'cause we could n't stand up, and you should see how the house did go up and down, awful; and Gus and me laid down on the carpet, and the housekeeper picked me up and tookt me to my mother, and my mother said, "O, my, whatever have you been doing?" and I said, "O dear! I dranked champagne out of Gus Rogers's mother's bottle in the glass Mary brushes her teeth in;" and the housekeeper says, "O, my goodness gracious, that child's as tight as bricks;" and I said, "You bet, bully for you;" and then I was awful sick, and I have forgotten what else.

ANON.

WORK, WORK AWAY.

Good advice for every one;

Work, work away.

Soon the race of life is run;

Work, work away.

Seize the moments as they fly,

Let your hopes mount ever high,

Keep this motto always nigh:

Work, work away.

Let no obstacles affright;

Work, work away.

Soon will fall the shades of night;

Work, work away.

All our days are but a span,

Be then busy while you can,

Rest not under idle ban;

Work, work away.

Though the road be hard and rough,
 Work, work away.
 Every road is rough enough;
 Work, work away.
 Life has much of light and love,
 There is rest and peace above,
 Guide us all, thou Heavenly Dove!
 Work, work away,

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

THE ELF-CHILD.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up an' brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' have the mostest fun,
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Do n't
 Watch
 Out!

She says they was a little boy who would n't say his pray'rs—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
 His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivers down, he was n't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby hole, an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimney-flue, an' everywhere, I guess,
 But all they ever found was thist his pants and roundabout—
 An' the gobble-uns 'ill git you
 Ef you
 Do n't
 Watch
 Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of every one an' all her blood an' kin,
 An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
 She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she did n't care!

An thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 There was two great big black things standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what
 she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Do n't
 Watch
 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick splutters, an' the wind goes woo-woo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all squelched away—
 You better mind your parents, an' yer teachers fond and dear,
 An' cherish them 'at love you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the poor an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you
 Do n't
 Watch
 Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE BABY.

O, THIS is the way the baby came:
 Out of the night as comes the dawn;
 Out of the embers as the flame;
 Out of the bud the blossom's on,
 The apple-bough that blooms the same
 As in glad summers dead and gone—
 With a grace and beauty none could name—
 O, this is the way the baby came!

And this is the way the baby 'woke:
 And when in deepest drops of dew
 The shine and shadows sink and soak,
 The sweet eyes glimmered through and through
 And eddyings and dimples broke
 About the lips, and no one knew

Or could divine the words they spoke—
And this is the way the baby 'woke!

And this is the way the baby slept:
A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quavering sighs where kisses crept,
With yearnings she had never known;
The little hands were closely kept
About a lily newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept;
And this is the way the baby slept!

J. W. RILEY.

DIALOGUE.

SANDY MACDONALD'S SIGNAL.

"WEEL, Sandy, man; and how did ye like the sermon the day?"

"Weel, it's rather a venturesome pint ter handle; but if ye'll forgie the freedom, I was jeest gaun to say that in your discoorse the day—weel no gang any further than the one the day—in the midst o' 't like, when ye was on the top o' an illystration, it struck me that every noo and then—but ye'll not feel offended at what I'm gaun to say?"

"Say away, man, and I'll tell ye after."

"I'm comin' to the pint directly; all I was gaun to say was just this, that every noo and then in your discoorse the day—I dinna say oftener than noo and then jeest occasionally—it struck me there was may bee, frae time to time, jeest a wee bit o' exaggeration."

"Exagger—What, sir?"

"There, there, there! I'll no say anither word! All I meant to say was that ye jeest stretched the pint a wee bit!"

"Stretched the pint! D'ye mean to say, sir, that I tell lees?"

"Well—a—but I did na gang sae far as that."

"Did ever ye hear the elders say that I exaggerated, or stretched the pint?"

"I wadna say but what they hae, too."

"O! So the elders and the whole of ye call me a leer, do ye? Hau'd yer tongue, Sandy; it's my turn to speak now. Although I'm your minister, still I'm perfectly willing to admit that I'm a sinful, erring creature, like any one o' ye; but I've been to colleges and seats of learning, and I've got some sense in my head! At the same time, Sandy, I am free to admit that I'm only a human being, and it's just possible that being obleedged, Sawbath after Sawbath, to expound the word to sic a doited set o' naturals—for if I wasna to mak ilka thing as big as a 'barn door' ye wadna see it at a—I say it's just possible I may have slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things; and it's a bad habit to get into, Sandy, and it's a waur thing to be accused o' it; and, therefore, Sandy, I call upon you, if ever you should hear me say another word out o' joint, to pull me up then and there."

"Losh, sir, but how could I pull ye up i' the kirk?"

"Ye could make some kind o' noise."

"A noise i' the kirk?"

"Ay! y'ere sitting down beneath me, so ye might put up yer head and give a bit whustle [whistles] like that."

"A whustle? What! whustle i' the Lord's hoose o' the Lord's-day?"

"Ye needna make such a disturbance about it. I dinna want ye to frighten the folk; but just a wee whustle, that naebody but our two selves could hear."

"But would it na be an awful sin?"

"Hoots, man, does na the wind whustle on the Sawbath?"

"Weel, if there's no harm in 't, I'll do my best."

So it was agreed between the two, that the first word of

exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below.

Next Sunday came; and had the minister only stuck to his sermon he would have had the laugh on Sandy. But it was his habit always before the sermon to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations as he thought necessary. He generally selected such chapters as contained a number of ticklish points, so that his marvelous powers of elucidation might be brought into play. On this occasion he had chosen one that fairly bristled with difficulties. It was the chapter describing Samson as catching three hundred foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting fire-brands in their midst, and starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines. As he closed the description, he shut the book and commenced to elucidate as follows:

“My dear freends, I dare say you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible that Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasts run so fast. But lo and behold! here we have one single man, all by himself, catching three hundred of them! Now, how did he do it? That’s the pint; and at first sight it looks a very ticklish pint; but it’s not so ticklish as it looks, my freends; and if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes, I’ll clear away the whole difficulty, and make what now seems dark and incomprehensible to your uninstructed minds as clear as the sun in its noonday meridian.

“Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived; and, furthermore, we are told in the chapter next after the one we have been reading, that he was a very polite man; for when he was at the house of Dagon, he bowed with all his might, and if some of you, my freends, would only bow with half your might, it would be better for you. But although we are told all this, we are not told that he was a great runner. But if he caught three hundred foxes, he must have been a

great runner. But, my dear freends, here's the elocidation o' the matter. Ye'll please bear this in mind, that although we are not told he was the greatest runner, still, we're not told he was na; and, therefore, I contend that we have a perfect right to assume, by all the laws of logic and scientific history, that he was the fastest runner that ever was born, and this was how he caught the three hundred foxes.

"But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, another crops up,—how in the world did he tie their tails together? Ah! that's the question; and it's the most ticklish pint you or me has ever had to elocidate. Common sense is no good till't; no more is Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, either; no more is logic or moral philosophy, and I've studied them all. But it's a great thing for poor, ignorant folk, like you, that there's been great and learned men, like myself, ye ken, that instead of going into the kirk, like me, or into pheesic, like the doctor, or into law, like the lawyer, they have gone traveling into foreign parts.

"Now, among other places, some of these learned men have traveled into Canaan, some into Palestine, and some few into the Holy Land; and these last-mentioned travelers tell us that in these Oriental climes the foxes there are a different breed o' cattle altogether from our foxes—that they're great big beasts; and, what's the more astonishing about them, and what helps explain the wonderful feat of Samson, is that they have all got most extraordinary long tails; in fact, these travelers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually forty feet long [Sandy whistles]; at the same time I ought to mention that other travelers, and later ones than the ones I've just been speaking about, say that this statement is rather an exaggeration on the whole, and that their tails are never more than twenty feet long. [Sandy whistles.]

"Before I leave this subject altogether, my freends, I may just add that there's been a considerable diversity o' opeenion about the length o' these animals' tails, so that the

question has come to be regarded as a 'sair pint.' One man, ye see, says one thing, and another, another, and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter myself, and after examining one authority and another, and putting one against the other, I have come to the conclusion that these foxes' tails on an average are seldom more than ten feet long! [Sandy whistles.]

"Sandy Macdonald! I'll na tak' another inch off thae foxes' tails, even gin ye should whistle every tooth out o' your heid!"

ANON.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

ON the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window-pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?"

"Some union mission church?"

"No. I do n't like to run on these branch-roads very much. I do n't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and do n't have to wait on connections. I do n't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I do n't like it."

"Episcopal?"

"Limited express, all palace-cars, and two dollars extra for seat, fast time, and only stop at big stations. Nice line,

but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train-men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train-boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I could n't stand the palace-cars. Rich road, though. Do n't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist!"

"Broad gauge, does too much complimentary business. Every body travels on a pass. Conductor does n't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag-stations, and won't run into any thing but a union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train-orders are rather vague though, and the train-men do n't get along well with the passengers. No, I do n't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?"

"Narrow gauge, eh? pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car is full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you do n't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"May be you joined the Free Thinkers?"

"Scrub road; dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time-card, and no train-dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep, and the target-lamp dead

out. Get on as you please, and get off when you want to. Do n't have to show your tickets, and the conductor is n't expected to do any thing but amuse the passengers. No, sir. I was offered a pass, but I do n't like the line. I do n't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he did n't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he did n't know any thing more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he did n't take orders from any living man. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I do n't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"May be you went to the Congregational Church?"

"Popular road, an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors do n't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes; did n't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?"

"Now you're shouting! Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and do n't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred, and

enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic-rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I did n't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?"

"Ah, ha! she's a daisy, is n't she? River road, beautiful curves; sweep around any thing to keep close to the river; but it's all steel-rail and rock-ballast, single track all the way, and not a side-track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there is n't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good time, and no prairie-dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I did n't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want——"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

R. J. BURDETTE.

MARK TWAIN AND THE INTERVIEWER.

THE nervous, dapper, "pert" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with "The Daily Thunderstorm," and added :

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the book-case, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said :

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"O, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

"I do n't want to spell it; I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can tell you what it means, if you—if you——"

"O, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"I n, in, t e r, ter, inter——"

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why certainly!"

"O, that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—I hardly know. I had the unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they would n't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e——. My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as—

intelligent as I expected you would. No harm,—I mean no harm at all.”

“O, don’t mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes; they always speak of it with rapture.”

“I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious.”

“Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?”

“Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and in the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?”

“O, with pleasure; with pleasure. I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me.”

“O, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can.”

“I will. I will put my whole mind on it.”

“Thanks! Are you ready to begin?”

“Ready.”

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I do n’t know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years——

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and——

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?

A. I did n't say he was dead.

Q. But was n't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he was n't.

Q. But what do *you* think?

A. O, it was none of my business! It was n't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you—— However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

Q. Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hands.*) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I could n't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—think so—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. O, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William; *Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, is he dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. O no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead——

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. O, I see! He came to life again?

A. I bet he did n't!

Q. Well, I never heard any thing like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where *was* the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly. You see we were twins—defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we did n't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole, on the back of his left hand; that was *me*. *That child was the one that was drowned*.

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it after all.

A. You don't? well, *I* do. Any way, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken.

But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. O, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; so he *got up and rode with the driver.*

.

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go.

AWFULLY LOVELY PHILOSOPHY.

A FEW days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn, on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy! How do you like it?"

"O, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as any thing else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for any thing. If there's any thing I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"

"O, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know, there ain't any thing but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson too. They explain every thing so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too, and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there was n't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown, and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"O, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him, just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, any way?"

"This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace—"

"I don't mean that; that other."

"O, differentiation! Ain' it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own I wouldn't ask any thing else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"O no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson; but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn any thing else besides?"

"O yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but the girls don't care any thing about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasms, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If any body besides Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, awfully mean."

And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

THE ELOCUTION APPLICANT.

"BE you Professor Blish?"

"Be you the feller what's goin' to speak pieces this evenin'?"

The Professor politely replied in the affirmative.

"Sho! You do n't say so now!" she replied. "Well, now, you do n't look much as if you could beat the school-master down to our deestrick. Why do n't you raise a mackintosh an' whiskers? I tell ye them goes a good ways towards makin' a chap look as if he knowed sumthin'. My darter, Meely, here, wants ter larn ter speak pieces like them ere play-acter folks. I tell her that she can hold her own with any on 'em now, but she wants ter go ahead on 'em all. Ye see gals will be gals, an' about all on 'em in our deestrick have sot their caps for the school-master. He's Deacon

Crabtree's nephew that lives over ter Plymouth. My Meely, here, has got the advantage of all of 'em, as the master boards to our house. Meely has spoke pieces lots o' times in school, but she wants ter get so she can jest take the shine off'n all the rest on 'em."

The professor, being something of a wag, could not resist the inclination to have a little fun at the good woman's expense, and in reply to her long tirade, he put on his inimitable Dutch face and said:

"Off a rollin' shtone vas der root of all efil, and a settin' hens vould catch der early vorm by chance der usual vay; alzo der early bird vould not got fat on moss ofer he do n't had vorms, ain't it?"

The woman gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder, while Meely edged towards the door.

"My! I did n't know you was an outlandisher, but you hain't got them sayings right, Mister——"

"Go! go! You question with a wicked tongue. No, by the rood, not so! You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife! And—would it were not so!—you are my mother! Come, come, and sit you down! You shall not budge! You go not till I set you up a glass, where you may see the inmost part of you. Do not look upon me, lest with this piteous action you convert my stern effects. Then what I have to do will want true color—tears, perchance, for blood. Good night—and when you are desirous to be blessed, I'll blessing beg of you."

"My! what a feller he is to run on! He acts most as if he was crazy, Meely. You are mistaken, Mister; I hain't married to a second husband; 't was my sister Samantha, that married her husband's brother, and that was Erastus Cornwall. She married Jabe for her first husband—Jabe Cornwall, an' he run off an' left her. Somebody found out that I was a-comin' ter see ye, an' they've tried ter set ye agin me. I see how 't is, blast their picturs. Meely, you shall learn ter speak pieces now if it costs me a dollar."

Suddenly the expression on the face of the elocutionist changed, and he became the veritable Yankee:

"Does the little, chatterin', sassy wren, no bigger 'n my thumb, know more 'n men? Jest show me that, ur prove 't a bat's got more brains 'n 's in my hat, 'n I'll back deown, 'n not tell then—"

"Massy! what does the man mean?"

"He calls me a sassy wren," whined Meely.

"Look a-here, Mister! I'll go right home and tell my husband jes' how you've treated me. I guess you'll find out who you're a-talkin' to. My husband is one of the select men, an' he's school agent in our deestrick; he's——"

"Mon Dieu, madame! He been dead tree tousand year! See ze lettaire writing by Christopher Colombo; write eet heemself—hees own handwriting all by heemself. O, Santa Maria, zees ees ze *bust*, an' zees ees ze pedestal!"

"My dear man, I'm sorry for ye. I see now what you mean; you ain't right in your head. You've been on a bust, an' feel as if you'd been dead three thousand years. I've heard my husband say that he felt so once after he went to a raisin', an' took a little too much rum an' merlasses. You jist take a smart dose of lobelia tea, an' it'll make ye as bright as a new pin. I see now that yer a Frenchman, but I don't know but yer jest as good as a Yankee; an' French teachers is the best, they say. I want my darter—she's smart, if I do say it—I want her ter be able ter read with the best on 'em. She kin beat the Joneses now, an——"

"Thim Hoolihan b'ys is all readers, but Teddy jist skins 'em all alive! Wid their pennies an' paynuts an' marbles ivery wan iv his pockets he'll fill be the twhist av his wrist! An' sich tactics as Teddy knows well to contrive. They'd gladly thrade off their book larnin' for Teddy's superior skill!"

"Why, bless me, he's an Irishman, an' crazy at that! Meely, les git right out of here."

“ Und zo dot shool-meester did kick dot lambs kvick owet,
 But still dot lambs did loaf round on der outsides,
 Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently aboud,
 Until Mary did come alzo from dot school-house owet,”

went on the Professor.

“ You are mistaken, mother,” said Meely; “ he’s a Dutch gentleman. I do n’t like Dutch folks.”

“ What though on homely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray and a’ that,
 Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 A man’s a man for a’ that !”

“ O yes; I suppose you’re just as much a man as ef you was an American. I believe in every body’s havin, their rights.”

“ I’ll have my *bond*! I will not hear thee speak! I will have my bond, and therefore speak no more!”

“ I have n’t got no bond that belongs to you, and, as for speakin’, I’ll say what I please! There ain’t no man on this American continent goin’ ter tell me ter shet up, ’thout I sass him back. You’re a crazy, outlandish fool, an’ I do n’t want my darter to larn none o’ sich doings.”

“ This is a sorry sight! Methought I heard a voice cry: ‘*Sleep no more. Macbeth does murder sleep!*’ Whence is that knocking? What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes! Hence! horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!”

“ Poor man, how bad his folks must feel. I wonder they let him go round so alone. Come, Meely, I guess we’ll take his advice, an’ go home; but I’m sure I sha n’t sleep a wink this blessed night. Good-bye, mister. If I had any thing to do with you, I should shave your head an’ put on a blister; blisters are powerful good in such cases.”

ANON.

ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS CHILD-WIFE.

With very few changes the following is an exact copy of the manuscript used by Charles Dickens on his last tour of readings in America.

ALL this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was saturated through and through. I took night-walks to Norwood where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and garden for hours together, looking through crevices in the palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora,—I don't exactly know from what,—I suppose from fire, perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend, comparatively stricken in years, almost of the ripe age of twenty, I should say, whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills!

One day Miss Mills said: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call, I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last, arrayed for the purpose at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills's, fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I didn't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills was at home. Miss Mills would do.

I was shown into a room up-stairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music, and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized flowers I had given her!

Miss Mills was glad to see me, and very sorry her papa was

not at home, though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then laying down her pen, got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got home at night from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for *him*, for he had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Was n't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes, he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

"I don't know why you should care for being so near me, or why you should call it a happiness. But, of course, you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it, but I did it in a moment.

I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshiped her. Jip barked madly all the time. My eloquence increased, and I said, if she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word, and I was ready. I had loved her to distraction every minute, day and night, since I first set eyes upon her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her, every minute to distraction. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more mad every moment.

Well! well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap, winking

peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

Being poor, I felt it necessary the next time I went to see my darling to expatiate on that unfortunate drawback. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys—by asking Dora, without the smallest preparation, if she could love a beggar.

“How can you ask me anything so foolish? Love a beggar?”

“Dora, my own dearest, I am a beggar!”

“How can you be such a silly thing as to sit there telling such stories? I’ll make Jip bite you, if you are so ridiculous.”

But I looked so serious that Dora began to cry. She did nothing but exclaim, O dear! O dear! and O, she was so frightened! And where was Julia Mills? And O, take her to Julia Mills; and go away, please!—until I was almost beside myself.

I thought I had killed her. I sprinkled water on her face; I went down on my knees; I plucked at my hair; I implored her forgiveness; I besought her to look up; I ravaged Miss Mills’s work-box for a smelling-bottle, and in my agony of mind, applied an ivory needle-case instead, and dropped all the needles over Dora.

At last I got Dora to look at me, with a horrified expression, which I gradually soothed until it was only loving, and her soft, pretty cheek was lying against mine.

“Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?”

“O yes! O yes! it’s all yours. O, do n’t be dreadful.”

“My dearest love, the crust well earned—”

“O yes; but I do n’t want to hear any more about crusts. And after we are married, Jip must have a mutton-chop every day at twelve, or he’ll die.”

I was charmed with her childish, winning way, and I fondly explained to her that Jip should have his mutton-chop with his accustomed regularity.

When we had been engaged some half year or so, Dora

delighted me by asking me to give her that cookery-book I had once spoken of. I brought the volume with me on my next visit (I got it prettily bound first, to make it look less dry and more inviting), and gave her a set of tablets, and a pretty little pencil-case, and a box of leads, to practice house-keeping with.

But the cookery-book made Dora's head ache, and the figures made her cry. They would n't add up, she said. So she rubbed them out, and drew likenesses of me and Jip all over the tablets.

Time went on, and at last, here in this hand of mine, I held the wedding license. There were the two names in the sweet old visionary connection—David Copperfield and Dora Spenslow; and there in the corner was that parental institution, the Stamp Office, looking down upon our union; and there, in the printed form of words, was the archbishop of Canterbury, invoking a blessing on us, and doing it as cheap as could possibly be expected.

I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. *She* kept house for us.

We had an awful time of it with Mary Anne.

Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character as long as a proclamation, and according to this document could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

"My dearest life," I said one day to Dora, "do you think that Mary Anne has any idea of time?"

"Why, Doady?"

"My love, because it's five, and we were to have dined at four."

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, to coax me to be quiet, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose; but I could n't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

"Do n't you think, my dear, it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?"

"O no, please! I could n't, Doady!"

"Why not, my love?"

"O, because I am such a little goose, and she knows I am."

"My precious wife, we must be serious sometimes. Come, sit down on this chair, close beside me. Give me the pencil! There! Now let us talk sensibly. You know, dear,"—what a little hand it was to hold, and what a tiny wedding-ring it was to see!—"you know, my love, it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner. Now is it?"

"N-n-no!"

"My love, how you tremble!"

"Because I know you're going to scold me."

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

"O, but your reasoning is worse than scolding! I didn't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am, you ought to have told me so, you cruel boy!"

"Dora, my darling!"

"No, I am not your darling, because you *must* be sorry that you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me."

"Now, my own Dora, you must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that, the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry; to-day I don't dine at all; and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast, and *then* the water did n't boil. I do n't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

"O, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!"

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that."

"You said I was n't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!"

"It's exactly the same thing; and I wonder, I do, at your making such ungrateful speeches,—when you know that the other day, when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling; and I felt it so much that I would n't on any account have mentioned that you bought a salmon, which was too much for two; or that it cost one pound six, which was more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much, and you said I was a mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love, a thousand times!"

I said it a thousand times and more.

Everybody we had anything to do with seemed to cheat us. Our appearance in the shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster, it was full of water. All our meat turned out tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves.

But we were particularly unfortunate in our page, whose principal function was to quarrel with the cook. We wanted to get rid of him, but he was very much attached to us, and would n't go, until one day he stole Dora's watch; then he went.

"I am very sorry for all this, Doady. Will you call me a name I want you to call me?"

"What is it, my dear?"

"It's a stupid name,—Child-wife. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my Child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew a long time ago that she would make but a Child-wife.' When you miss what you would like me to be, and what I should like to be, and what I think I never can be, say, 'Still my foolish Child-wife loves me.' For indeed I do."

I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly love to come out of the mists and shadows of the past, and to turn her gentle head towards me once again, and to bear witness that she was made happy by what I answered.

CHAS. DICKENS.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,

Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-time I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR A. POE.

SENATH'S SACRIFICE.

REARRANGED, ABRIDGED, AND ADAPTED BY VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

SENATH MARTIN was a poor girl, who worked in Pemberton Mill. She had a lover, Richard Cross, to whom she was engaged. Discovering that his affections were drifting away from her and centering on Del Ivory, a giddy, coquettish, creature, she was trying to gain the courage to tell him that she would release him from his engagement, when her anguish was suddenly ended by the calamity of which I am now to speak.

The city slumbered. Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned dim in the gray of the dawn. The dawn gave way to day; the wind blew warm from the river; the snows were melting; the factory bells chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers, in safe, luxurious beds, were wakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to their work.

The day wore away; the snows began to harden; the winds blew chill; the mill was felt to tremble. Senath said: "I feel dizzy; I have lost a little sleep."

Del Ivory working beside her said: "How the mill shakes! I wonder what it means!" She stopped her looms. Something strange had happened to her frame! It jarred, buzzed, snapped—the threads flew out of place.

“Curious!” said Senath, as she raised her eyes to see a sight that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel. As the floor sank, she sprang forward, threw out her arms, tripped in the gearing, swooned, and fell.

“At ten minutes before five on Tuesday, the tenth day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty, the Pemberton Mill, all of the seven hundred and fifty employés being at the time on duty, fell to the ground.”

This was the news that flashed along the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, and passed from lip to lip.

Senath’s father, working in his shop some blocks away, felt the rumble of the earth, and heard the heavy crash. He took his stick, and limped out into the street. A vast crowd surged through it from end to end. White lips were counting the mills—Pacific, Atlantic, Washington, Pemberton! Where was Pemberton? Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps last night, and hummed with its iron lips this noon, there was now to be seen naught but a cloud of dust, black, ominous, horrible, puffing a hundred feet into the air.

When the dust had cleared away, what a sight appalled the eye! A network of rods and girders; of beams, pillars, stairways, gearing, roofing, ceiling, walls; of wrecks of looms and shafts; of bruised and bleeding bodies; with here a face that you know, but can not reach; there a familiar voice crying after you from—God knows where, you can not tell.

After a time Senath recovered from her swoon. A fire which had been lighted at a distance to aid the citizens in their work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the *débris* across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side.

One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick’s little engagement ring. A broad piece of flooring that had fallen slantwise roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of iron-work overhead. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. A little girl who

worked in her room—a mere child—was crying for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton. She had a shallow gash upon her cheek. She was wringing her hands. On the other side of the slanted flooring a woman prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. There was a pause. Senath listened long for the Amen, but it was never spoken.

Senath now began to realize more fully the extent of her injuries. She shut her lips, and folded her bleeding hands together, but uttered no cry. She thought of her father; of Dick; of the bright little kitchen, set for three; of the song she had sung in the flush of the morning. Life—even her life—grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her.

Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of bonfires struck through the opening. Saws and axes flashed. Voices grew distinct.

The opening broadened, brightened; the sweet night wind blew in; the bright night sky shone through. Senath's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again, after all! Back in the little kitchen, where the sun shone, and she could sing a song, there would yet be a place for her. She worked her head from under the beam, and raised herself upon her elbow. At that moment she heard the cry: "Fire! Fire! The ruins are on fire!"

With the strength of desperation men worked to rescue the scores of imprisoned people. A plank snapped; a rod yielded; then a man with arms extended, shouted: "There's time for one more! God save the rest of you—I can't!"

Del sprang; then stopped—even Del stopped ashamed, and looked back at her crippled companion. Seeing this, Senath sat up erect and said, with a heroism that was sublime: "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my love, and that it is all right." And Del at the first word went.

Senath saw them draw her out. Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught her. It was Dick. The

love which he had fought so long broke over every barrier in that hour. He kissed her again and again. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her cheek, and with a face as white as her own, he bore her away in his arms to the hospital.

Senath looked out through the glare and smoke. They had left her tombed alive in that furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of relief and triumph. If this was all she could be to him, the thing which she had done was right, quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes. When she opened them, neither Dick nor Del, nor crimsoned snow nor sky was there—only smoke and fire. Her last hope fled.

But they had not given her up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Senath's face. A tongue of flame leaped forth. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd. "It can't be done! Fall back!" At that moment was seen an old man tottering along over the heated brick. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my Senath! I want my little gal! Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I'm an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, you see. Now, keep cheery, Senath; your old father'll git you out. Keep up good heart, child!"

"It's no use, father; do n't feel bad, father. I do n't mind it very much."

"No more you need n't, Senath, for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet! We'll have you safe at home afore you know it! We'll git at you now, sure!"

Senath's voice rang out in song above the crackle and the roar:

"We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home to die no more."

“Senath!” cried the old man out upon the burning brick. He was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

“To die no more, to die no more,
We’re going home to die no more.”

“Senath, little Senath!” Some one pulled him back, and Senath’s spirit went up in the flames.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

CUDDLE DOON,

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi’ muckle faucht an’ din.

“O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues :
Your father’s coming in.”

They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a froon ;

But aye, I hap then up, an’ cry,
“O, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

Wee Jamie, wi’ the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa’—
Bangs up an’ cries, “I want a piece”—
The rascal starts them a’.

I rin an’ fetch them pieces, drinks—
They stop awee the soun’—

Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
“Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!”

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, fra’neath the claes,
“Mither, mak’ Tam gie ower at ance ;
He’s kittlin’ wi’ his taes.”

The mischief’s in that Tam for tricks ;
He’d bother half the toon.

But aye I hap them up, and cry,
“O, bairnies, cuddle doon!”

At length they hear their father’s fit ;
An’ as he steeks the door,

They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon!"

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

GABRIEL GRUB.

IN an old abbey town, a long, long while ago, there officiated, as sexton and grave-digger, one Gabriel Grub.

A little before twilight, one Christmas Eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself toward the old church-yard; for he had a grave to finish by next morning, and, feeling very low, he thought it might raise his spirits, perhaps, if he went on with his work at once. As he wended his way up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements, and heard the loud laugh and cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub; and as groups

of children bounded out of the houses, and tripped across the road, on their way to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet-fever, mumps, whooping-cough, and a good many other sources of consolation beside.

In this happy frame of mind Gabriel strode along, until he turned into the dark lane which led to the church-yard, which was, generally speaking, a nice, gloomy, mournful place, and he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas in this very sanctuary. So Gabriel waited till the boy came up, and then pushed him into a corner, and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, just to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away with his hand to his head, singing quite a different sort of tune, Gabriel Grub chuckled very heartily to himself, and entered the church-yard, locking the gate behind him.

He took off his coat, set down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so with right good will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no very easy matter to break it up and shovel it out; and although there was a moon, it was a very young one, and shed little light upon the grave, which was in the shadow of the church. At any other time these obstacles would have made Gabriel Grub very moody and miserable; but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's singing that he took little heed of the scanty progress he had made, and looked down into the grave, when he had finished work for the night, with grim satisfaction.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Gabriel Grub, as he set himself down on a flat tombstone, which was a favorite resting-place of his, and drew forth his bottle; "a coffin at Christmas—a Christmas box. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" repeated a voice, which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused in the act of raising the bottle to his lips, and looked around. The bottom of the oldest grave about him was not more still and quiet than the church-yard in the pale moonlight. The frost glistened on the tombstones. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquillity of the solemn scene. Sound itself appeared to be frozen up, all was so cold and still.

"It was the echoes," said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

"It was *not*," said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot; for his eyes rested on a form which made his blood run cold.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange, unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His hat was covered with white frost, and the goblin looked as if he had sat on that same tombstone very comfortably for two or three thousand years. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could grin.

"It was *not* the echoes. What do you here on Christmas eve?"

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves and church-yards on such a night as this?"

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the church-yard. Gabriel looked round in affright; nothing was to be seen.

"What have you in that bottle?"

"Gin, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the revenue department of the goblins.

"Who drinks gin in a church-yard on such a night as this?"

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton, and said:

“Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?”

“It’s—it’s—very curious, sir, very curious; but I think I’ll go back and finish my work, sir, if you please.”

“Work! what work?”

“The grave, sir; making the grave,” stammered the sexton.

“Who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in in it?”

Again the mysterious voices replied, “Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!”

“I’m afraid my friends want you, Gabriel; I’m afraid my friends want you.”

“Under favor, sir, I do n’t think they can, sir; they do n’t know me, sir. I do n’t think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir.”

“O yes, they have. We know the man with the sulky face and the grim scowl that came down the street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying spade the tighter. We know the man that struck the boy, in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not. We know him. We know him.”

“I—I—am afraid I must leave you, sir.”

“Leave us! Gabriel Grub going to leave us! Ho! ho! ho!”

At that moment the goblin suddenly darted toward him, laid his hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

When Gabriel Grub had had time to catch his breath, which the rapidity of his descent had, for the moment, taken away, he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins, ugly and grim. In the center of the room, on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of the church-yard—the king of the

goblins, who said: "Cold to-night, very cold. A glass of something warm, here!"

At this command, a dozen goblins hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

"Ah!" said the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were quite transparent, as he tossed down the flame, "this warms one indeed. Bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub."

It was in vain for the unfortunate sexton to protest that he was not in the habit of taking anything warm at night; for one of the goblins held him, while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat; and the whole assembly screeched with laughter as he coughed, and choked, and wiped away his tears.

"And now show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouse. Show them to Gabriel Grub."

As the goblin said this, a thick cloud, which obscured the farther end of the cavern, rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily furnished, but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown and gamboling round her chair. The mother occasionally rose, and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object. A frugal meal was spread upon the table, and an elbow-chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door; the mother opened it, and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy as their father entered. Then, as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee, and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view. Almost imperceptibly, the scene was altered to a small bedroom, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even as the sexton

looked upon him, with an interest that he had never felt before, the little one died.

"What do you think of *that*? You miserable man! Show him some more!"

At these words the cloud was again dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to view. It was morning, the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf, the smallest blade of grass, was instinct with life. Man walked forth, elated with the scene, and all was brightness and splendor.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labor, were cheerful and happy, and that to the most ignorant the sweet face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. Above all, he saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and, setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable sort of a world after all.

No sooner had he reached this commendable conclusion, than the cloud, which had closed over the last picture, seemed to dissolve. One by one the goblins faded from his sight, and as the last one disappeared, Gabriel awoke.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE THREE BELLS.

This poem commemorates the memorable rescue of the crew of an American vessel, sinking in mid-ocean. Captain Leighton, who commanded the English ship "Three Bells," being unable to take the men off in the night and the storm, stayed by them until morning, and daylight came none too soon, for they were rescued just as the vessel took its last lurch and sank into the sea.

BENEATH the low-hung night-cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly;
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,—
“Ho! ship ahoy!” its cry:
“Our stout ‘Three Bells’ of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,—
The lights of the “Three Bells.”

And ship to ship made signals;
Man answered back to man;
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The “Three Bells” nearer ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry:
“Take heart! hold on!” he shouted,
The ‘Three Bells’ shall stand by!”

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The “Three Bells” sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, “Three Bells,” forever!
In grateful memory, sail!
Ring on, “Three Bells” of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

And so, in night and tempest,
We hear the master’s cry,
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

CHIRP THE FIRST.

THE kettle began it! Do n't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she could n't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp.

As if the clock had n't finished striking, and the convulsive little haymaker at the top of it, jerking away right and left with a scythe in front of a moorish palace, had n't mowed down half an acre of imaginary grass before the cricket joined it at all!

Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that. I would n't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me, But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the kettle began it, at least five minutes before the cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so in my very first word but for this plain consideration—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning without beginning at the kettle?

It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It would n't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it would n't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and

hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the *Royal George* has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said: "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good-humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the kettle, laughing. Meantime the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock still before the moorish palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

He was on the move, however; and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But his sufferings when the clock was going to strike were frightful to behold; and, when a cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wiry, plucking at his legs.

Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it had n't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cozy and hilarious as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it

like a book. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud, which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire.

That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors—to somebody at that moment coming on towards the snug, small home and the crisp fire—there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it perfectly as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness; and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I do n't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it is n't water, and the water is n't free; and you could n't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he is coming, coming, coming!—

And here, if you like, the cricket did chime in with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus, with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle (size! you could n't see it!), that if it had then and there burst itself like an over-charged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the cricket took first fiddle, and kept it. Good heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. Yet they went very well together, the cricket and the kettle. The burden

of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

The fair little listener lighted a candle, glanced at the haymaker on the top of the clock, who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes; and looked out of the window, where she saw nothing, owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And my opinion is (and so would yours have been), that she might have looked a long way, and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back and sat down in her former seat, the cricket and the kettle were still keeping it up with a perfect fury of competition. The kettle's weak side clearly being, that he did n't know when he was beat.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! kettle making play in the distance. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m; kettle not to be finished. Until at last they get so jumbled together, in the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter, of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty. But, of this there is no doubt; that the kettle and the cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who approached it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!" CHAS. DICKENS.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friend sthat he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection ; for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart ;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm,
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase,
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer, and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declaration, that as "surely as the vine
Grew round the stump, she loved me"—that old sweetheart of
mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do,
Would write the tender verses that she'd set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot
Hid in the nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,

Where the vines were ever fruited and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray—
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb,
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened and my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign,
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!
Gyrls that's in love I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yet here I am, and here you air; and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like yer mother—purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor 'bout the eyes;
Like her too, about her living here,—because she could n't stay;
It'll most seem like you was dead—like her! but I hain't got
nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ her name acrost the page;
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kept 'em and gyuarded 'em; but ef yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you was n't a year old then
And now yer—how old air you? W'y, child, not twenty! When?
And yer nex' birthday 's in Aprile? and you want to git married
that day?

I wish 't yer mother was livin'! but I hain't got nothing to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress—I'll brush it off—turn
'round.

(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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